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CONTRIBUTIONS TO A CRITIQUE OF RUDYARD KIPLING.*

Not long ago an English paper announced that Rudyard Kipling was said to have received the substantial honorarium of a shilling a word from a London magazine for a new story. Boston must have heard of that; for two editors of that city of culture united to pay a sum total of £500 for 50,000 words by Kipling, which makes twice as much, or two shillings a word. This instance shows that Kipling is one of the most read of English novelists of the present day; and perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that he is the favorite one. The daily papers, headed by the Times, unhesitatingly call him "the greatest English author." After the appearance of "Plain Tales from the Hills," the Daily Telegraph writes: "Who can deny his strength, his virility, his dramatic sense, his imaginative wealth, his masterful genius? He is like a young and sportive Titan, piling Pellon and Ossa in reckless ambition to scale Olympus; he is always renewing his strength like an eagle and rejoicing like a giant to run his course." Shortly after the publication of his latest verse, "The Seven Seas," we read in the Standard: "It is commonly known that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has a happy faculty for writing verse of all sorts, but what is less

understood is that he is a philosopher. He would himself be the first to disclaim being possessed of a mission, but it stands revealed in the volume published today." But even the better magazines and literary reviews are full of his praise, and see in him an "author who is destined to mark a decisive chapter in English literature." The Athenæum¹ and the Academy² boldly place him beside Dickens and Smollet; and all the critics, with scarcely an exception, are united in the opinion that life as it beats today in nature and humanity is truly mirrored in Kipling's works alone. According to the common judgment of the press it may be said that there is scarcely any quality essential to a good novel or a good poem which, according to the common judgment of the press, is not to be found in Kipling. Nay, the young author is even called a genius; for the Times says of his "Barack-Room Ballads," "unmistakable genius rings in every line," and the Pall Mall Gazette adds, "and if this be not poetry, what is?" The superficial criticism now prevalent in the English papers only too often aims at discovering a genius in every new and interesting author, and because it amounts for the most part only to mere puffing, it is of

* Translated for The Eclectic by Arthur Beatty.

¹ Nov. 5, 1896. ² 1890, pp. 527-8.

little value in determining the worth of modern literary productions.

The fairest appreciation of Kipling is found in the *Quarterly Review*;² and a good, intelligent presentation of his stories is given by Edmund Gosse in the *Century*,⁴ together with striking critical observations, which, however, are for the most part too laudatory. Since an excessive appreciation of an author naturally never fails to provoke a corresponding depreciation, the voices of carping critics have also made themselves heard in the English papers, most emphatically regarding him as a thing of little worth, and holding him up to the severest ridicule.⁵ Although I have paid due regard to the significance of English criticism, I have aimed to add something new to the criticism of Kipling and his place in the modern English novel from the more impartial standpoint of a German. I have aimed before everything to arouse the lacking interest of the friends of English literature in its chief living representative.

How is it that Kipling obtained such great applause with such unheard-of rapidity? Do the excellences of his so much admired writings explain their success? Except the newspapers and journals, novels have the largest public: they are almost the only books read by everybody. No wonder, then, if such publications as rise only a little above mediocrity or even such as bring some variety to the mass of reading matter, are marked out for the moment, and greeted with loud acclaim. Novelists and poets overrun Great Britain more than any other country: their number is as the sands of the sea. And, moreover, the craze for reading is nowhere so rife as there. When the Englishman is not busy making money he is reading. When the Londoner turns from his office of an evening and

takes his seat in the 'bus, he follows the example of the other passengers and takes his book out of the brown leather bag which every one carries, just as he has done in the morning on his way to business. Even the coachman utilizes every moment of quiet on his high seat in studying the penny paper. Most frequently the first walk after dinner leads to the Public Library, where the latest newspapers and journals are looked through, and books are exchanged. On Sundays people are absorbed in the Bible and edifying works, in so far as time allows; for the day is almost wholly taken up with public worship. But every one who has really literary inclinations occupies his place daily in the reading room of the British Museum. Here the literary "femininity" of London is also well represented; and one sees with his own eyes how out of ten books the eleventh slowly but surely approaches completion. Indeed, the great majority of English "lady authors" have a perfect understanding among themselves on the matter of compilation; and they know the point of view from which to compose their works to please the public. Originality is not always needed in this process; for if there be a scarcity of the creative imagination, and if ideas should not come from books, even after persistent wallowing in them, then people go to—an agent. One of these, himself the author of popular works, declares himself ready "to assist and advise authors in the writing and publication of their own books—ideas, suggestions." These agents, who boast of their first-class connections, usually have the kindness to guarantee the success of works prepared under their auspices. Soon after the appearance of these works the enraptured author reads this flattering notice: "Everybody must read this novel with

² Vol. CLXXV.

⁴ Vol. XLII, p. 900 ff. See also *Edinburgh*

Review, Vol. CLXXXVII, p. 203 (Translator).

⁵ *Free Review*, I, p. 263 ff.

great interest and pleasure. It rivets the attention to the very last. The plot is out of the common. The chief characters are cleverly sketched and well contrasted. The style is sound and clear, sometimes *original*." What I quote here is not mere invention, but a word for word extract from the notice of a book which was prepared with the before-mentioned assistance, and which soon had the experience of running into a second edition. But are reviews which contain nothing more than such phrases not worse than the most disparaging criticism? To be sure, mere laudatory commonplaces are the best means of making bad books appear entirely worthless in the eyes of informed readers; but they only too often secure for them a good sale among the masses. Now of course I do not say that the majority of writers take refuge with an agent. I only say that a reference to this will offer a new reason for the astonishing productivity in England; and this fact is characteristic both of the incredible vanity and passion of the Englishwoman to see herself in print, and also shows the mercenary, conscienceless standpoint of many English *literati*, such as these agents, who gather in so many "ideas" and "suggestions" that they may dispose of them to others for money. Moreover, the number of English journals and penny papers is so great that even the most miserable hodge-podge may always count on being acceptable somewhere or other; and even in the case of voluminous works the risk of those authors who pay for the printing is not too great, since cunning puffing is, unfortunately, the influence which chiefly determines sales in England, even in the book business. Here we have in mind the innumerable herd of novelists who are of the mediocre. The writers of the distinctively average class, as the modern literature of every people shows,

produce work which can be called neither good nor bad. They write pleasantly and skilfully, and deserve blame only because they do not tell anything of importance or interest, do not fill any gaps in our knowledge of men and things, and do not throw sufficient light on the situations and characters with which they deal. To the better class of authors, on the other hand, who have attained most importance in later years, belong Stevenson, Meredith, Rider Haggard, Marie Corelli, Barrie, Blackmore, Jerome, Russell, Helen Mathers, and a dozen others, whom the public calls "classic." In the front ranks of these, then, Rudyard Kipling has his place.

The speed with which Kipling has so suddenly come into prominence he owes not only to his talent for narration, but also to his originality. This is clearly seen in a two-fold relation—in the choice of material, and in the method of presentation. Besides the stamp of absolute novelty on his writings, two other favorable conditions have increased the enthusiasm for Kipling—his remarkable youth and his astonishing productivity. Born in Bombay, December, 1865, Rudyard Kipling's literary activity began unusually early. He held the position of assistant editor on the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette "when he was a boy fresh from school." His first verse and sketches were published in this Indian paper in 1883, and the first collection of his verse, "Departmental Ditties," was published three years later. His fame was established when, in 1886, his "Plain Tales from the Hills," soon followed by "Soldiers Three," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkle," were published in an Indian Railway Library (Allahabad), and forced the English people to

* See *Academy*, No. 1,282, p. 458.

exclaim, "A capital raconteur! a stronger Dickens!"

We will now explain wherein consists the originality of Kipling in the choice and treatment of his subject, as compared with the method of the contemporary English novel, because that is the chief charm of his writings; and from this we can most readily arrive at an estimate of Kipling's characteristic merits.

It is difficult for a writer whose home is bounded by the narrow limits of England to free himself of national prejudices and habits so far as to become an unprejudiced observer of nature and humanity, and to see in even the meanest of his brethren a man like unto himself and worthy of study. The Englishman leads a self-contained life; friendships are a rarity, and he lives for his business and his domestic life. As a result, in society, where the intercourse is purely formal, he does not come more closely into human relations with his equals. Above all things an intimate acquaintance with people of the lower classes is foreign to his nature; and as his aristocratic literature truly shows, he knows the masses of humanity, the common people and the army, not in their individual characteristics, but only as abstract conceptions. To be sure there exist many clearly-cut types of single characters from these circles; but these are representative of a whole class of men or often only a product of the imagination, rather than truly living persons with bones, flesh and blood, as daily life reveals them. The writings of Kipling present the sharpest contrast to this; all of them, from the first weak attempts at poetry to the latest best stories and novels, have a thoroughly unconventional, original character. Kipling had the good fortune to be reared in India, far from English society, where he lived in immediate contact with nature. "In this country where

you really see humanity—raw, brown, naked humanity—with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used-up, over-handled earth under foot, the notion somehow dies away, and most people come back to simpler theories."⁷ Nature has also endowed him with warm sympathy for this land and its inhabitants; and in these intimate relations with his environment lies the secret of his powerful realism, which has riveted the gaze of the public for a long time on his pictures exclusively, and has made all others appear colorless beside them. Kipling holds the key to the hearts of the worst and lowest men—the British soldier, the native and the outcast; for he delights in their manner of life, he loves to pass days in the barrack-room, in the opium-shops of Lahore, or in the huts of the hill-country; and the vivid impressions which he receives of the outer and inner life of these men he sketches on the spot, as it were, without attempting to lend to the picture a deliberately artistic value. The characteristic mark of all his writings is, therefore, an astonishing intimacy with the habits and experiences of individual persons which were known to the Englishman not in their individuality, but only as men with certain virtues and vices. The Briton feels himself master of the world. His ships rule the seas, his troops maintain possession of his colonies in every part of the world. But fleet and army exist in his mind only as a means of power and greatness: he knows their worth and reads glorifications of their deeds with pride. But he does not learn much more than the glory and bravery, the endurance and daring of the soldiers and sailors from these descriptions. Only single, rough marine figures are known to him from Captain Marryat's celebrated descriptions, which certainly give a better picture

⁷ *Plain Tales.*

of Jack than the sea stories of Clark Russell or Stevenson. Kipling has done for the British soldier what Marryat has done for the British sailor. I will not maintain that Marryat's worth as a literary man is to be compared to Kipling's. The two authors have only this in common, that they introduce their countrymen to the fortunes of individuals which those great aggregates, the army and the fleet, put together, and that they show these primitive, robust figures in their unadorned nakedness, and awaken interest in their joys and sorrows. Kipling has the advantage over Stevenson, because his observations are more deeply rooted in life, and because his method of presentation is more natural; as we see, for example, in "Treasure Island," "The Wrecker," or "The Ebb Tide." Everything that expresses energy has the greatest attraction for Kipling, showing his own youthful, strong nature; and therefore his strength lies in the faithful presentation of primitive characters. Kipling does not conceal any of the failings of his characters, nor does he throw a veil over their moral degeneracy. On the contrary, the ugliness of actuality seems more characteristic and therefore more attractive. He quite intentionally disdains every attempt to seek for poetry for art's sake amid inartistic reality. If the tales and verse of Kipling had such immense success the reason for it lies in his going to the other extreme. People overlooked the lack of one factor because the other, being perceptibly absent from the average modern production, was here impressively felt. The charm of Kipling's writings therefore lies chiefly in the unusual fidelity to life and in the strong accentuation of the environment, so that everything actual may aid the intention of the author, and so that individual tales lacking tendency and ethical aim may reflect nature and

humanity. The Quarterly Review draws a parallel between Kipling and Balzac, to whom, despite his faults, French literature owes a great debt. While this realistic tendency soon produced fruit in Germany, the weak attempts to vindicate the rights of realism in the English novel have had but little success. The decisive appearance of Kipling has convinced the English people how abstractly and untruthfully their authors write, in spite of a Dickens; and how the greater number of them make the mistake of presenting "what is beautiful in nature, noble in man, pure and chaste in woman's heart," but fall into the error of overlooking the beautiful in the actual. The picture which Kipling draws of Anglo-Indian life is so full of filth and roughness that it can be presented only by an artist who despises the truth of the beautiful as such. He speaks of the frivolous life of society there as of a necessary evil from which a pleasure is to be snatched, rather than a something to be bewailed. By preference he reveals the brutal life of the soldier, the core of goodness which may be hidden in him shines forth only obscurely. And yet the author feels sympathy and friendship for his Mulvaney. His natives, in the face of their surrender to their fate, bear hatred and envy in their hearts towards the foreign interlopers. In truth, the modern Indian must present a dark picture, not wholly without sunshine, and yet, since the beauty of which nothing is deprived is unnoticed, the general effect must be very little pleasing. Indeed, Kipling himself says that it is his aim to light up "the dirty corner" of the room; but we cannot know this small part, even by the most circumstantial description, if no light is shed on the rest of the chamber. As Mr. Barrie says, there is a lack of perspective. If an artist wishes to represent a human hand, however artistic his

work, it would be incomplete if we had not the body to which it belongs for comparison. The remark of the artist that the hand alone is not the whole figure is as little satisfying as Kipling's declaration that the dirty corner is not the whole room.⁸ Kipling, like a very modern young man, is quite at home in the narrow circle which he has chosen for himself; and since he has honesty and talent enough, he is successful within his limits in giving a most minute and detailed picture of this section. Unfortunately Kipling has been too consistently faithful to his aim of regarding the dirty corner before other considerations. The old ideas are repeated, from the earliest attempts up to the last and best stories and verse, although in new garments. The "Departmental Ditties" contain the theme presentations which deal with the life of Anglo-Indian society—the sin against the sixth commandment. This, which he calls "official sinning," is certainly so deeply rooted in human nature that the treatment of this subject necessarily exercises a peculiar charm for an artist, and must always arouse interest as well. On this subject Kipling displays a keen sense of fitness: he never treats of adultery with frivolity. The crime exists and he neither reflects on its harmful results nor dallies over scenes of sensuality. He seizes upon it as a present reality and it offers him material, like all other realities. Still further, it appears to him the essence of Indian society, and therefore he puts it in the foreground; for he seeks to lay hold not on the lovely side of life, but on the characteristic. The gravest faults have been attributed to Kipling in the *Free Review*, by E. Newman.⁹ This writer ascribes to him a brutal, abnormal character, approaching to madness. But could a bestial nature have a deep and true understanding of children's minds and for the tenderest

aspects of them? Kipling's "His Majesty the King," "Wee Willie Winkle," and "Baa Baa Black Sheep" fill every reader with emotion and sympathy. Would we not prefer to think that the author of such words as these is himself abnormal? "The mind of the child as of the insane is sufficiently abnormal to be readily understood by Mr. Kipling." The fact against this view is that Kipling's women are commonly cold-hearted, superficial natures, like his favorite figure, the wise, humorous Mrs. Hauksbee, "the most wonderful woman in India," or the unfeeling, ambitious Maisie in "The Light That Failed." In the portrayal of noble feminine figures, both Meredith and, of earlier authors, George Eliot, are far superior, while Stevenson betrays a timidity at the introduction of women, and can never manage to be quite just to their characters. The reason why women with tender feelings are so seldom found in Kipling's stories is for the most part because he has never had the fortune to know them in his circle, and has never felt a genuine inclination for a sensitive woman. "Have ye iver fallen in love, Sorr?" Mulvaney asks him in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." When so addressed he answered nothing, but "preserved the silence of the damned;" and his silence is rightly interpreted in the added words: "Thin I will assume that ye have not." The brutality of soldiers and officers in India doubtless stands out strongly in Kipling's stories. Has the author gone beyond the truth? The error is perhaps only in the great clearness with which the nature of that brutality is shown. In all men there still lurks something of the brute; more in some, less in others. Never before in English literature has any one so boldly sought to convince us that even rough men are yet so far removed from the brute that it can live familiarly with them.

⁸ *Contemporary Review*, Vol. LIX, p. 364 ff.

⁹ p. 236.

Kipling tells frivolous adventures, and yet we listen to him as if they were heroic deeds, which we should have liked to experience. He carouses with his soldiers and laughs at their jests, and while we know them to be rough we share his pleasures in them. The civil service officer, who is cut off from all intercourse with men, gives himself up in despair to the feeling of desolation, until he finds relief and consolation in drunkenness; and we pity him and are not terrified at the frightful irregularities to which vice leads him. We must not forget that India is not a civilized state in the European sense. The men who are sent there, separated from home and friends, must gradually take on something of the rough character of their environment. Evil tendencies there certainly degenerate more easily into vices. We have to judge the morality of such a country as if it formed a world by itself. Kipling by his candor has done a good work, in so far as the Englishman is in the habit of ignoring the existence of vice even when he sees it with his own eyes; as he, on the other hand, makes the stupid blunder of overlooking virtue when he meets it. That he takes account of English prudery at the expense of naturalness is as praiseworthy as the fact that his naturalness has a gross rawness is blameworthy. It is true that he does not pay full tribute to chastity; it is untrue that he is ever vulgar. Above all it must not be forgotten that in the variegated Indian life, even as Kipling represents it, there is hidden a large share of poetry and romance. Every one of his tales is proof of his own words: "Some people say that there is no romance in India. Those people are wrong. Our lives hold quite as much romance as is good for us. Sometimes more."

But the eager welcome that Kipling's writings have called forth is not to be

ascribed to his sturdy realism alone, but also to the special department from which his materials are taken. With a few exceptions, his stories deal with Anglo-Indian life. The name of India arouses the interest of the Englishman. His queen is Empress of this powerful realm. He has conquered it in fierce battles, under generals whose statues adorn the Metropolis. He knows that this land has a wild natural beauty, that dangers from climate, men and wild beasts threaten his brother. He owes to India immeasurable wealth, and his best troops go there to maintain possession. But what most interests him is the peculiar Anglo-Indian life in all its variety among the soldiers and the natives and in society, which has first been revealed to him by the realistic sketches of Kipling. "India has furnished him with an ample field, which, in spite of some earlier sketches, had remained, until the appearance of the *"Plain Tales,"* almost as untrodden as the Highlands were when Sir Walter Scott drew the curtain from before that weird landscape in *Waverley*."¹⁰ All classes of Englishmen were interested. High and low seized eagerly upon these fresh, lively descriptions, which for the first time brought near to their imagination the theatre of British greatness in the East, and made clear to them the contrast between modern India and the poetic wonderland of the past. "It is not a golden country, though poets have sung otherwise. There men die with great swiftness, and those who live suffer many and curious things."¹¹ These "curious things" have a greater interest than eastern fables and the vanished glories of the old Moguls. Englishmen showed their gratitude to the author who gave them a deep insight into the present circumstances of their countrymen and shed light on their relations to one another and to the natives. For many whose rela-

¹⁰ Quarterly Review, Vol. CLXXV, p. 34.

¹¹ Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.

tives live in India as soldiers, officers, farmers, and merchants, Kipling's stories must have an almost personal interest; for their friends must often have found themselves in similar situations. More than this, there is the great variety of the subjects dealt with. "These tales," says Kipling in the introduction to his second most important collection of sketches, "Life's Handicap," "have been collected from all places, and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubara, from Ala Yar the carver, Jiwn the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains round the world, women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight, officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are my very best, my father gave me;" and there is another circumstance, more worthy of note, which has done very much to heighten the enthusiasm for Kipling—his feeling for English nationality, which is particularly expressed in the sailor stories and songs. These sketches and poems, so remarkable in many ways, must arouse in the breast of every Englishman the pleasing thought that they are written by a man who has the proud consciousness of belonging to the greatest nation in the world. The strange view of the Quarterly Review that his patriotism is mere policy seems irreconcilable with his honorable character. That part of the stories that deal with Anglo-Indian life falls naturally into the following groups: the British soldier, the civil service officer, society, the native and the child in India. We shall go more particularly into the contents of these in a separate article.

Just now we observed that Kipling made a doubly happy stroke in the choice of his material, by opening the way for a new direction of taste, and in awakening the attention and sympathy of his countrymen for this theme which he has made his own. But had

he followed contemporary methods in the treatment of these subjects, the success of his writings would have been very much less. A change in the manner of presentation and in style showed itself to be very necessary, because the novels of late years had shown a uniform mediocrity in these things as well. Two extremes made themselves unpleasantly felt: either an endless long-windedness wearied the reader, or an affected brevity—the "scrappy, snappy style"—which attempted to bring about powerful effects by deliberated surprises, fatigued the imagination by over stimulation. English novels, even by the greatest authors, lay too much stress on side-issues; superfluity of beauty in detail may destroy the uniformity and the continuity of flow. Walter Scott goes too much into details in his descriptions of nature and in his portraits. Charles Dickens tries the patience of the reader by his long talks on hard problems. Of the modern novelists Stevenson is most praised as the one who writes the purest English and the best style. But he is thoroughly ornate, and directs the attention from the main issue and concentrates it too much on the incidental, through his love for external adornments. The common wares which of late years have been flooding the market, show so distinct a tendency to dally over the obvious or to idly dissect the simplest processes and to give detailed descriptions of everyday happenings, that the little merit which these hodge-podges have in themselves is entirely based on trivialities and commonplaces. But how can we expect a man to reproduce for us a clear picture of nature and humanity when he himself has received vague and uncertain impressions from the outer world? Kipling's works do not share in this lack: he has the right word for the right thing. What he clearly receives he reproduces in short sentences with freshness and life. We

see what he depicts. Byron's saying, "Words are things," which does not always find substantiation, is fully true of Kipling. Often substantive and verb is enough to put the concrete object clearly before our eyes or to allow us to think and experience the abstract conception in the intended meaning. If an adjective is used, it has the power to give the color necessary to the individuality of the object. As he says in "A Song of the English," "Through the naked words and mean May you see the truth between." It is his aim to so clearly mirror received impressions that the effect is felt by the reader as forcibly as by himself. And in fact he unites an admirable gift of observation with extraordinary skill in presenting the picture with such clearness that every feature of the original is contained in it. Yet he does not lose himself in details which obliterate the character of the thing. His English contemporaries will mention every tree, every stone, almost every blade of grass, to present a landscape. If they are depicting a person, they are not satisfied with a circumstantial description of his appearance, demeanor, dress, countenance, without also bringing in, as worthy of consideration, the buttons and seams of his coat as well.

In many passages of Kipling there is a fine blending of objectivity and poetry.¹³ An example of this is found in "The City of Dreadful Night": "The witchery of the moonlight was everywhere; and the world was horribly changed. . . . Overhead blazed the unwinking eye of the moon. . . . Straight on as a bar of polished steel ran the road to the City of Dreadful Night; and on either side of the road lay corpses on beds in fantastic attitudes—one hundred and seventy bodies of men. Some shrouded all in white with bound-up mouths;

some naked and black as ebony in the strong light; and one that lay face upwards with dropped jaw, faraway from the others—silvery white and ashen gray." But even what is a pure creation of the fancy Kipling sees so distinctly that, for example, we might accept the marvellous in the "Ride of Morrowble" as actual fact. In the wish to reproduce an impression in its original nature, so that the reader may feel it with the same immediate power, Kipling often allows himself to do violence to the rules of correct style. The fault of this method of procedure is that he violates the sentence-structure and so leaves grammar out of consideration. We meet with frequent telegram-like, short, broken-off sentences, from which the subject or predicate is lacking. It is hard to see any advantage in such sentences as, "Sometimes more," "But nothing else," etc., which hardly deserve the name of sentences; and to praise the author for such things by naming him "the ungrammatical Byron" is nonsense. Just as disturbing are the scattered, short remarks which contain raw, unripe judgments, as, "This is wrong," "India is the one place in the world where a man can do as he pleases," etc. Superlatives, too, are applied too lavishly. Kipling seems to have an excessive self-consciousness; and his so celebrated virility shows its harmful results in leading him to overlook the teaching which great models have given. Kipling would not have damaged his originality if he had observed moderation in expression, and had not permitted himself to be carried away by the vivacity of the subject. Art is not to be taught, but technical perfection is essential to the painter, sculptor, or actor, and in the same way authors can learn to see their own failings from the beauty of the works of the great masters. Scott and Dickens read the classic authors with the greatest zeal, and strove to

¹³ e. g. in *Namgay Doola*, *Through the Fire*, etc. (*Life's Handicap*.)

write in an equable flow, avoiding any ruggedness, any violence, which would injure the smoothness of the style. Because strength and intensity mean everything to Kipling he often forgets that the foundation of style is grammatical correctness. Wherever the British soldier or children speak, the broken style is especially fitting, but in many sketches in "Plain Tales" a long succession of short sentences becomes unbeautiful, and a great number of similar beginnings, the same noun or pronoun, adds an unlovely uniformity. It is different in the longer stories. In the beautiful and somewhat long stories in "Life's Handicap," as "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Head of the District," "The Man Who Was," or in "The Man Who Would Be King"—in short in all which are noteworthy because of their content and artistic worth—the style is flowing, simple and original. In these stories, which deal for the most part with native life and which show great skill in their structure, he reveals a real superiority when compared with contemporary English novelists. In the sharpest contrast to his unadorned manner of narration stands, perhaps, Stevenson's style, whose sentences we can see are shaped, filed, and elaborated with such care. Stevenson himself expressly says in his readable essay, "A College Magazine," that he carried forward his style to perfection only through unwearied practice. The reflective manner of a George Meredith or of a Marie Corelli will serve as a second antithesis. The novels of these writers are doubtless more thoughtful; but the long-drawn moralizing sends the reader to sleep. In Kipling everything rings simple, fresh, and strong, affecting fancy and sense with equal power. I have mentioned examples of this, and may refer to the wild ride in "False Dawn." The choice of words in that story is masterly. The despair of the maiden is paint-

ed in her cry of anguish; we feel the scorn of death which makes her urge her horse into the swiftest gallop in despite of storm, darkness and the treacherous ground; we feel the fury of the dust-devil and tempest, and see the garments of the daring rider fluttering back round the sides of her gray steed.

Because Kipling has kept so sternly to reality he has been called a photographer. That is an unfortunate comparison. Photography shows every line, even the most insignificant, while Kipling's pictures give only the really characteristic features. His pictures are not primarily and fundamentally works of art, because he is accustomed to project them only with a few rough strokes of the pencil, which only secures the sharp contours and for the most part entirely neglects the soft and gradual transitions. Thus their defect is the want of finish; but he has not wished to give anything else. His stories are for the most part only a few pages in length, so that great brevity is demanded. The first sentences in the introduction contain everything necessary to make the reader acquainted with the relations of the persons, their appearance and character. The verses which stand as mottoes are so appropriately chosen that they call up beforehand the right toning, with a single stroke. Nearly every one of the short sketches in "Plain Tales" is a notable example of this. The strophe which forms the introduction to "The Brockenhorst Divorce Case" gives in a few words the fundamental note of the story, the reason for the divorce and the sentiments of the husband:

In the day-time when she moved about
me,
In the night when she was sleeping
at my side,—
I was wearied, I was wearied of her
presence,
Day by day I grew to hate her—
Would God that she or I had died!

In order to fetter the attention of the reader on the theme beforehand, Kipling often begins with a sentence which contains a general truth, to which the following special case forms an exception, as in "In the Error, or A Germ Destroyer." The represented events gain very much in probability because the author plays the role of the quietly observing confidant, friend or helper. "I am only the chorus that comes in at the end to explain things," he says of himself in "In the House of Suddhoo." The soldiers tell their experiences themselves, or the author repeats them literally as he has heard them from themselves. These stories possess peculiar dramatic power. Life is gained by the dialogue form and by the use of dialect. Both of these means help the character-drawing in an extraordinary degree. Any one who has read "Soldiers Three" will never forget Mulvaney the Irishman, Learoyd the Yorkshireman, and Ortheris the Cockney: they are living types of the British soldier, such as have never before been known. By the skilful use of the dialogue Kipling, as is universally recognized, has won for himself a peculiar distinction. Besides, he seems to be master of these three dialects; at least his slang and Cockney vocabulary show such richness that it is a proof of how far he has penetrated into the habits of thought of his companions through his intercourse with them. Whether he makes the finer distinctions in the three dialects can be judged of course only by the initiated. Certainly he may have made occasional mistakes, as the *Quarterly Review* tries to show: but that is not a serious reproach against a writer. It is enough if he has hit upon the right tone and the distinctive peculiarities of speech. The reading is, indeed, made very much more difficult for the foreigner, and troublesome for the Englishman as well. But we get accustomed to it

more quickly than to the peculiarities of the Scottish dialect; and it is fundamentally false to maintain that the worth of these tales would have been greater if literary English had been exclusively employed. On the contrary, it is the merit of Kipling to have made the first successful attempt to introduce the rough speech of the common British soldier into literature. In spite of the fact that many pages are overburdened with the crudest dialectal expressions, with oaths and barbarous idioms, yet the reader may rejoice that this speech, whose sounds often ring in his ear, can be expressive of the very aim of the artist. Some of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" owe their witchery of tone and their great liveliness not only to their stirring rhythm, but also to their dialectal coloring. If this were taken from them the poetic atmosphere would be clouded; and, worse still, the spirit of the soldier-nature in which they are conceived would be destroyed. The speech of Tommy Atkins with the missing "h" at the beginning of words and the suppressed "g" in the participial ending, has a homely, popular ring which is so essential to these songs, just as the dialectal peculiarities heighten the charm of folk-songs or dialectal poems.

Whether Kipling will win an enduring position in the history of English literature cannot be decided with certainty. But his undoubted merit is that, unlike any of the modern English novelists, he writes powerfully and unaffectedly, free from all conventional and traditional influences, and is endowed with conspicuous narrative talent. He succeeds everywhere in giving the characteristic side of life, which he has learned in the most varied of homes and on long journeys in different parts of the world; and in putting old things in a new light; for he has sharp eyes to see, understanding to reflect, and conscience to prevent him from dis-

figuring anything. If his conception of life seems somewhat superficial, and if rash judgments show too strong self-consciousness at times, we may count it to his youth. Without doubt it is a great feat for an Englishman, who does homage to the words, "The pleasant is permitted," to act freely and openly in life; and it is a still greater feat to honestly bring this into his writings. English literature thus possesses in Kipling the first naturalistic author, whom his people has received with almost unan-

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imous applause in spite of the actual exclusion of the moral in his works; for the tone of his narrative is so naïve and poetic that even English sensibility can delight in it undisturbed.¹⁹ However exaggerated it would be to call Kipling a sun, a Phoebus, it would be equally unjustifiable to compare him to a meteor, which rises in flames and is then forever quenched in darkness. He is a star, which has been shining brightly for twelve years, and which is as yet in no wise near its setting.

F. Gratz.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

Though, so far as science can yet discern, the great process of evolution, in every department of its activity, proceeds caselessly onwards, never reproducing, in very truth, forms to which it has given birth and then destroyed, nevertheless it now and again develops phenomena which resemble singularly, if superficially, the products of its activity in earlier ages.

The bats and flying-foxes of our own day recall to mind the winged reptiles of the secondary age of geological time, as the huge Ichthyosauri of the then existing seas are dimly imaged forth by our dolphins and porpoises, the probable descendants of some swine-like beast which became marine and legless long after their reptilian predecessors had ceased to be.

In the political development of tribes and nations, in art, in poetry, religion, and the highest regions of human thought, analogous recurrences now and again manifest themselves.

It is to one such recurrence we would direct the attention of those of our readers who may not as yet have interested themselves in the new and important study which may be called physiological, or experimental, psychol-

ogy. No longer confining itself to an interrogation of consciousness, it examines psychical manifestations in the light to be obtained by exact quantitative inquiry. It also recalls to mind, in its conception of nature, certain phases of Greek thought in that most memorable and fruitful period—the fourth century before Christ.

But I may perhaps, at starting, be permitted to make two personal remarks, in order to gain a better hearing for views which I venture to think merit more consideration than they have obtained.

First I would observe that a very eminent scientific friend tells me my biological views and arguments are attributed by some naturalists to a wish on my part to champion ideas with which biology has no connection. I desire, therefore, to repudiate, with all the energy of which I am capable, any such object or intention. If I do not (as in fact I do not) accept as sufficient, causes for specific change and origin which do suffice in the opinion of various other naturalists, I am, of course, none the less certain that such origin is due to some natural causes. I know no causes in nature but natural causes. If I am right in regarding the process of specific origin as being still an un-

¹⁹ See A. Brandl in *Cosmopolis*. Vol. VI., pp. 579 ff., for a valuable essay.

solved enigma, I am not on that account without hope that its solution may hereafter be achieved, and I welcome the new psychology as a possible aid in that direction.

But if what I am thus told surprises me, what I have learned from another biologist adds amusement to my surprise. I had expressed to him a wish to discuss some points of philosophy with his intimate friend Mr. B. I was informed, in reply, that B. was disinclined for such discussion, fearing lest he might so be brought within the pale of a certain definite theological system!

Now, considering that in all my arguments on scientific questions I have ever made my appeal to reason, and reason only, and that the sole authority to which I have referred, as claiming some deference from naturalists, has been that of Aristotle, I do feel that such apprehensions are singularly unreasonable.

But it seems to be a fact that there are some men who are, like Laura in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," quite unable to argue forcibly against a theological system which they detest. They seem, in consequence, beset with an abiding fear of being caught hold of by theology, as by the arms of an octopus, and dragged, willy-nilly, down into a sea of dogma from which they can find no escape. Any arguments, therefore, which they think may tend in this dreadful direction are not to be listened to, or if listened to at all, then with a mind firmly closed against conviction, but keenly on the look out for sophistries and fallacies which *must*, they think, be latent in such teaching.

We would say to such persons: "Shake off all such paralyzing fears and survey nature with an entirely unprejudiced mind. Assume that no revelation of any kind exists; adore the great God Pan or the whole heathen Pantheon; but, whatever else you do,

do not shut your eyes, blunt your senses, or your reason, when you survey the world around you. It is above all things needful to avoid prejudice when we would study such a science as biology."

To be able better to appreciate this science, let us briefly consider the teaching of that philosopher who initiated, and was the father of, the whole system of modern thought—I mean Descartes.

He taught that each man is composed of two entirely different substances: (1) one spiritual, consisting of nothing but thought (the soul); (2) the other, material, possessing no property but motion (the body).

For him, the soul, devoted to thought alone, was a distinct spiritual substance, inhabiting the body and ruling it from, and enthroned in, the pineal gland. Every other power and property of our being followed inevitably, he taught, from the disposition of our bodily organs—as the movements of a watch from its construction. For him, the essence of thought excluded extension and movement; while it was of the essence of extension and movement to have nothing in common with thought or feeling.

How then was the union of the soul and body to be explained? He endeavored to explain it to his correspondent, Her Highness Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, but with small success. Indeed, he terminates his explanatory essay with these words: "*Je serais trop présomptueux si j'osais penser que ma réponse doit entièrement satisfaire Votre Altesse.*" In fact she was not satisfied, but demanded further enlightenment, which she never succeeded in obtaining.

A belief in the co-existence of these two utterly diverse substances naturally led, first to the "occasionalism" of Malebranche, and subsequently to "Idealism."

If nothing exists but a thinking spiritual substance and a material moving mechanism, there must be either two substances entirely distinct (and then a man is not one being, but two); or else he is one substance with the two attributes "thought" and "motion;" or, finally, one of these is but a dependency and modification of the other, in which case we have either materialism or idealism.

What, however, does the personal experience of each one of us seem to be? Do we not each of us know and feel that we are one being—a unity—not a compound of two separate substances? We always "feel" in "thinking," and we mostly also "think" in "feeling." But our experience of unity is yet much more complete, for many vital activities which normally are never felt, now and again rise into consciousness, and sometimes into very painful consciousness; while, on the other hand, many actions which we only learn to perform by means of reiterated conscious efforts, come at last to be produced quite automatically and unconsciously.

It is evident, therefore, that we do not consist of one substance which is all thought and nothing but thought, and of another into which thought and feeling never enter. That we have a body is manifest; and it is also manifest that we possess an energy we may recognize as "thought," but which may merely exist in the form of feeling or may pass into a state of activity which is not recognizable by thought because it is not even felt. This energy (since we have no evidence that our being is dominated by more than one kind of energy) appears, therefore, to operate partly as thought, partly as feeling, but mainly in an imperceptible and quite unconscious manner.

But the influence of Descartes remains so powerful that quite a passion still exists among many biologists for representing, if not trying to explain, the phenomena of organic life as "modes of motion." Such naturalists as Weismann, Nägeli, and many others, have attempted to explain the development of the germ by imagining the existence in it of a multitude of excessively minute particles. Each of these particles, however, when carefully considered, will be found no less to need explanation than do the phenomena they are supposed to explain. Indeed, however we may play with such conceptions, the same inevitable and insoluble difficulty will ever recur; for the energy which operates in sensation, growth, nutrition, etc., cannot be represented by the imagination, since the senses are incapable of perceiving it.

The use of such images to explain any vital phenomenon is equivalent, therefore, to an attempt to make imaginary representatives of things "perceptible" to the senses serve as representations of things "imperceptible to the senses"—which is manifestly an absurd attempt.

The view I have ever defended¹ is that every living creature is the result of the coalescence of two factors into one absolute unity; as water is produced by the coalescence of oxygen and hydrogen. After that coalescence, neither oxygen nor hydrogen exists, but water only, though the water remains capable of being again resolved into its constituent elements—the reappearance of which is the annihilation of the water. But as no two distinct substances can be identical in nature and energy, and as elements with different energies must act with different effects, so we must conclude that in their union to produce water, each element

¹ See our work *On Truth*, pp. 420-440. Professor Haldane, F.R.S., has lately shown (*Nineteenth Century*, September, 1898) how the physico-chemical theory of life is being

experimentally refuted. A very interesting work, by Alfred Earl, M.A., entitled *The Living Organism* (Macmillan, 1898), will well repay perusal.

must have acted differently, and so have had some different effect upon the result which their union has produced. Also, since their energies must have been different, one of them must have been more vigorous or active than the other. It thus becomes conceivable (though not, of course, imaginable) how a new creature, coming into being from the unification of a certain mass of matter with a certain definite kind of energy, may possess some characteristics due to one principle of its being and others due to the other principle; as also that one of them must be more dominant than the other. That the two factors which by their coalescence constitute a living organism consist respectively of a certain mass of matter, and a certain dominating energy, was the teaching of Aristotle. He compared such a union to wax stamped with a definite impress, or seal, which is one individual thing; though it has been produced by the junction of: (1) a certain definite kind of energy (the stamping with the seal), and (2) the matter impressed by that energy.

Judging by observations of animals in their development and life history, viewed in the light of our own self-knowledge, it is the immaterial factor (principle of individualism, psyche, or soul) of an animal which is the immanent principle which dominates in its development, nourishment, growth, reproduction, and sensitivity. The great German man of science, Wundt, to whom I shall have again to refer, has said: "The psychical life is not the product of the bodily organism, but the bodily organism is rather a psychical creation." Thus if, when contemplating a living animal—*e.g.* a dog—we were to regard its material body as composing it exclusively, or predominatingly, we should fall into the greatest of mistakes. We cannot say with truth either that a living dog's body or its principle of individuation (or

psyche) constitutes "the dog;" for neither the one nor the other has an absolute existence, but only the living unity to which their coalescence has given rise. Nevertheless, if we are forced to use an inadequate expression, it would be much less incorrect and misleading to say the psychical force has made, maintains, and *is* the dog, than to attribute such virtue to its mere body.

It is not my purpose to go at any length into this matter here, having, I think, sufficiently advocated the validity of this Aristotelian conception in earlier writings. But that living organisms thus exist, seems to us difficult to deny when we observe the activities which pervade even various species of the mineral kingdom—of the inorganic world—which so enormously surpasses the organic world both in mass and in duration.

Surely, as that eminent expert in crystallography, Professor H. A. Miers, has said,² "Nowhere is the evidence of the paramount order that prevails in Nature written in more lustrous and indelible characters than in the mineral kingdom." Each crystalline species has its own absolute internal constitution and fixed laws, by which it endures from age to age that which it is and no other—the visible expression of a definitely constituted nature, through which ceaseless order reigns. It is also from the mineral kingdom that a novel, striking argument may be brought against the doctrine that the varied, often beautiful, often curious characters which serve to define any species of animal or plant must be due to utility. Yet what is more wonderful than the beauty of marble and serpentine, of malachite and lapis lazuli, of the sapphire, the emerald, and the opal? But these wonderful spars and gems, with their endless varieties of

² In his inaugural lecture as Waynflete Professor.

form and color, have their innate laws of form and other properties, and their definite anatomy and physiology. They most certainly have not been due to any mere triumph of "utility." An as yet unknown energy, an X force, shows itself even here, as it does more eminently in the dominion of life.

And now let us ascend from the consideration of these phenomena presented by the inorganic world to those presented by the highest energy known to us in the organic world—that which enables us to acquire a knowledge of science. "Science" is the highest and most certain knowledge attainable, and this knowledge is divisible into three categories: (1) a knowledge of concrete facts; first of all, that of our own personal existence—memory enabling us to be as certain with respect to some events of our past as we are of much of our present experience; (2) a knowledge of abstract truths seen to be universally and necessarily true, such as "Nothing can, at the same time, both be and not be;" "Nothing can come into existence without a cause," etc.; (3) lastly, a knowledge of the validity of whatever may be seen necessarily to follow from premises the truth of which is certain. Unless we can have certain knowledge of these three kinds, all science is impossible.

Now when we examine the various mental powers we habitually exercise, we recognize that our mind is an energy, or principle, which is conscious of successive objects and events, and is capable of holding them, or various groups of them, in one conception before consciousness, as before a fixed point, and recognizing them as members of a series, every part of which the mind transcends. Such a principle, aware of the various kinds and directions of its own intellectual activity, consciously present to them all, and capable of reviewing its own states and external objects and events in

various orders, must be a unity of the simplest possible kind. Moreover, this energy, as one which apprehends not only truth of fact, but also hypothetical truths and truth as to possibility or impossibility in various instances, must be something altogether different from what we know as "matter in motion"—as merely physical force. If then we know (as we certainly do know) material bodies and physical forces at all, it is *absolutely certain* that this intellectual, enduring principle must be neither the one nor the other, but stands out in the strongest contrast with both. Therefore, if we know—as of course we do—that we have a material body, we may be certain that our being is not material only but that we are a bifold unity—two natures in one person. We are each of us a unity, for we recognize that it is as much the "I" which feels, moves, grows or decays, as it is the "I" who thinks. We are certain, indeed, as to the existence of our body, but it is absolutely *impossible* for us to really doubt the existence of our self-conscious, thinking principle. We consist of one body and one immaterial energy, together constituting an absolute unity possessing two sets of faculties. We are thus, each of us, material and physical in one aspect, immaterial and intelligent in the other aspect. No certainty which we can attain to about any external object can be nearly so certain as this certainty we have concerning our own being—first as to the immaterial, dynamic aspect of that being, and, secondly, as to its material and physical aspect. This is at once the primary and highest truth of physical science.

Though we have no valid ground for attributing to animals a psychical principle which is thus truly and absolutely intellectual, no reasonable person can deny that the higher animals—dogs, apes, elephants, etc.—not only have sen-

sations and emotions like our own, but also a sensuous kind of memory, power of perception and of drawing practical inferences. They must each of them therefore possess a psychical side to their being, more or less like our own—generically similar, if specifically very different.

I believe that it is the above-stated truth about our own nature which can alone explain those remarkable emotional feelings of personal attraction or repulsion which many of us from time to time experience. If, as I have urged and as Wundt has taught^{*} even as regards animals, the material organism is a psychical creation, how much more must the nobler human psychical energy affect and dominate our material framework? If the dog we love is the visible expression of an invisible, intangible energy which is the dominant side of the living animal-unity, the organization, actions, and emotions of which are that energy's expression and manifestation; *à fortiori* the same may be said of the psychical energy, or "soul," of every man and woman. It is, I believe, the special nature of that psychical energy, permeating, informing and dominating the body of each individual—invisible and intangible though it be—which is the cause and foundation of those deep and mysterious feelings, just referred to, which every now and then affect us so vividly. That the "soul" of our fellow-creatures, of the men and women we like or dislike, should be imperceptible to us in and by itself is not wonderful, since, during life at least, it has no existence in and by itself. Nevertheless, being the dominating energy of that compound unity of which we each of us consist, it manifests itself to us through the animated body it informs. It thus manifests itself in the glance of the eye (whether that glance denote love or hatred), in

the smile of affection, the sneer of contempt, or the scowl of abhorrence; in the beckoning or repelling gesture of the hand, and in the carriage of the head, whether it be held proudly aloof or brought near caressingly. In each case it is the immaterial energy, or soul, which thus shows itself, revealing, to a greater or less extent, the essential nature of the individual man or woman whose personality may so powerfully yet so mysteriously affect us. We may have no suspicion of the real cause of our emotion and only note what is visible and tangible, though that emotion may all the time be really due to an unsuspected similarity of psychical nature; and thus the attraction which may spring up quite suddenly between people becomes less difficult to understand.

And when this psychical energy which has dominated us during life has disappeared, and death has reduced our active being to a mass of mere inanimate matter, what becomes of the "soul;" what is the fate of this energy?

Does reason give us good ground for believing, or even hoping, that it will survive the destruction of the body? No one, I think, can venture to affirm that nature affords us any certain evidence that a future life awaits us. On the other hand, the last refinements of science, including the new psychology, do not afford us one new argument against its possibility. Men knew, centuries ago, that "when the brain was out the man was dead, and there an end;" and we know essentially no more now, and we probably shall know no more in spite of any increase of physiological knowledge.

It certainly seems congruous that an energy such as I have just described, capable of knowing intimately so many truths and its own existence and mental processes, should be a substantial and persisting energy. Justice also, which every now and then makes itself

^{*} See ante, p. 265.

manifest as existing in the very heart of things, seems to demand a more persistent stage to work out rewards and retributions than our present life affords; and, for men convinced of the truth of Theism, confidence in a future life may well seem a necessary consequence of the conditions which have been made to surround us here.

There are persons who foolishly imagine that they know a great deal about the condition of the soul after death. But, in truth, we cannot in the least picture to ourselves what the separated soul may be like, or what the means and methods of its activity. The only "soul" of which we have any experience is unable to think without mental images—sensuous imaginations—and it cannot possess these without a brain well supplied with blood, and it could never have acquired them save by a persistent use of the various organs of sense—the eye, the ear, etc. How, therefore, the soul can act intelligently without a brain, we can have no conception of, nor how it can know any material things. But our inability to understand what is beyond our experience in this respect, will be seen to be of less weight in considering the question, when we recall to mind how unable we are to understand analogous matters which are within our daily and hourly experience.

It is most true we cannot understand "how" the soul can reason, imagine, or perceive *without* a brain and without organs of sense, but it is no less true that we cannot understand "how" the soul can reason, imagine, or perceive *with* these organs. "How" knowledge is possible, here and now; "how" the joint action of our eyes and brain produces a field of vision with varied objects within it, who can even pretend to know? The simplest sensation is profoundly mysterious. We have therefore no right to dogmatize as to possibilities of action, the conditions

of which are quite unknown to us; and, for myself, I must confess I see no impossibility in the soul (assuming that it can and does persist after death) being able to apprehend and appreciate other beings like itself and existing under conditions similar to its own. If any such faculty really exists, a very important and consolatory reflection follows from it.

It has been often objected that even were a future life a certainty, such an existence could never supply us with the happiness which affectionate natures specially crave: it could not confer on us the happiness of again beholding beloved ones whom we have most cherished and have lost; to meet whom, once more, has perhaps been for us the most powerful aspiration of all those concerning a future existence.

Some such objections as the following have been urged. Let us picture to ourselves a young mother in an agony of grief at the loss of her little girl. All her infantile winning ways, her smiles and tears, her childish prattle, her little form clad in the raiment made for her with so much thought and pains, all the circumstances of her brief career, rise vividly in the mother's memory, and she tenderly dwells on the thought that in another and better world her beloved little one will be restored to her. But it is her "little one" as she knew her, on which her fancy dwells so fondly, it is with her she desires to be again united. To tell her that in her place she will hereafter be greeted by some invisible, intangible spiritual being, or by some full-grown woman, would be felt by her as little more than mockery of her hopes. If her hopes can only be responded to in one of these two ways, then she must feel that the happiness her heart desires is for ever denied her.

Again, let us imagine a dutiful, affectionate son by the deathbed of his aged mother. During the twenty years or

more he can remember her, she has always seemed old to him. As he has seen her gradual decay, as senility has more and more crept upon her, so his affection for her has augmented. He loves her white hair and wrinkled face, her thin, shrivelled hands, and the tones of a voice which show that many years have crowned her honored age. As he mourns for her when the end has come, a pious hope that he may meet his mother once more springs up within him. But as he indulges this hope, an image arises in his mind of his lost mother as he knew and loved her. His desire is to see her and not another—not a relatively youthful form, such as he had never known. If on reflection he cannot hope for the fulfilment of that desire, he will experience distress and discouragement, and the possible future will have relatively little value in his eyes.

Lastly, we may picture to ourselves a lover whose passionate hopes of happiness have been destroyed by the sudden and unexpected death of his betrothed. It is possible that he may experience some assuagement of his grief in the idea of a future union with her, if the pious beliefs of boyhood remain unimpaired. As he allows this aspiration to grow upon him, it is certain that his imagination will call up before his mind's eye a mental picture of the girl he has lost. He will see again the graceful outline of her form, her slender neck, her well-turned arm. He will seem to clasp her hand once more, and as she turns to him her face with its bright, loving eyes, he notes her sweet smile and the abundant tresses which adorn the head she presses to his bosom. Thus, as he has known her, so, and no otherwise, does he desire again to behold her. No immaterial intelligence, and nobody other than the very one he has known, can possibly seem capable of adequately satisfying his loving aspirations. For any other

future would but mar the word of promise to his hope.

Such considerations as these may at first seem to deprive the conception of a future life of much of its value. And yet some considerations which I have here brought forward seem to me, from the point of view of pure reason, both to strengthen our hopes of future union and to give to them a satisfying character. When we reflect on the mystery as to how our mind is enabled to perceive its fellow-creatures now, and when we recognize that this mystery is as inexplicable as how our mind may be able after death to perceive its fellow-creatures in like condition with itself, a great antecedent objection against the latter power of perception falls to the ground.* That power or faculty is, like a future life, a possibility, if not a probability. No one can justly pretend that it is a certainty.

But that possibility, or probability, is, I think, of a very consolatory nature. We have recognized the fact that in the complex unity of our bodily life it is the immaterial dominant psychical principle which is the man or woman *par excellence* as compared with the mere body; and that it is this psychical nature which reveals itself through, and gives all its value to, the form and manifestations of the living body—that it is at once the source and the explanation of the powerful, and often sudden, attraction which may be felt by one human being for another.

If then the soul, in its disembodied condition, can perceive and apprehend other souls similarly conditioned, it must be able to perceive directly the very nature, the essence, of the soul so made known to it. If it can thus recognize the soul of one known during earthly life, it must be able to per-

*The late President of the British Association declared in his address that there is experimental evidence for the conveyance of thought without the use of organs of sense.

ceive that which constituted it what it was, that which, penetrating, as it were, through the corporeal being recognized by the senses, had given to that being its special charm. It must perceive that which was the source of those characters upon which, not our senses, but our intellect and higher emotions through the agency of our senses, had dwelt, with, it may be, the warmth of hearty friendship, it may be with the rapture of love. Can we deem it probable that an intelligence thus able to apprehend directly that which gave to the material form all its charm, should hanker after, or desire to perceive again, the mere material accidents of that which it can now recognize as having always been the object really prized and beloved, though it may have been such quite unconsciously? In most cases it must have been loved thus unknowingly, since the many do not recognize that through the bodily character appreciable by sight and touch there is revealed to the intellect and higher emotions that which is altogether beyond sense, though it is only through the medium of sense-impressions that it can ever become known to living human beings.

But what has all this, our readers may ask, to do with "the New Psychology?" Many of the excellent men devoted to its study trouble themselves little about such considerations, if they do not discard them altogether. Nevertheless, there is a distinct connection, for the views herein advocated are those of Aristotle, who taught, as before said, that all living beings were each a unity formed by the coalescence of an immaterial form with a certain quantity of matter. But Descartes, from whom almost all modern philosophers descend, entirely separated, as we before pointed out,⁵ an immaterial substance of mere thought from a material body which had no property but motion. The New Psychology will have nothing of this. It directly con-

nects psychical phenomena—sensation, and thought, and action—with what is material and can be precisely and accurately measured and enumerated. Originating in Germany, it has been greatly developed in America, and promises to extend itself quickly in our own country from very small beginnings.⁶ But most memorable are the words of its founder, Wundt, who instituted the laboratory at Leipzig and who distinctly enunciated the close affinity existing between his new psychology and the Peripatetic Philosophy. His words are: "*Les résultats de mes travaux ne cadrent ni avec le dualisme platonicien ou cartésien; seul l'animisme Aristotélicien, qui rattache la psychologie à la biologie, se dégage, comme conclusion métaphysique plausible, de la psychologie expérimentale.*" Here indeed is a remarkable recurrence and revival, such as we referred to in the beginning of this article.

How far reaching then are the results of the sagacious speculations of the great Macedonian sage, and how well justified the judgment, with respect to him, of my old friend the late Sir Richard Owen!

When I was little more than a lad, in reply to a question about the views of John Stuart Mill, whose logic I was then studying, he said to me: "I do not think that, in Philosophy, the human mind will ever get much beyond Aristotle." To any youth consulting me, I should now, in my turn, make the very same declaration. However, let the ultimate results of the new science be what they may, whether in the long run it confirms or puts difficulties in the way of the views which we have here ventured to put forward, I desire heartily to welcome and wish good speed to the most recent development of biological science—to the experimental, or New, Psychology.

St. George Mivart.

⁵ See ante, p. 262.

⁶ See Sully, *The Human Mind*, 1892.

UNDER THE BEARD OF BUCHANAN.

What charm can soothe our melancholy,

What art can wash our grief away?

is unquestionably the problem of the day, and happy will be the literary agent who can solve it. Our writers have become grave as judges, and their occasional deviations into the sadly humorous are received with the lenient enthusiasm of a wearied courtroom. A live rabbit under the partially exhausted receiver of an air-pump exhibits a melancholy excitement that is almost equalled in pathos by the conduct of the general reader in the present rarefied atmosphere of humor. We are fain to laugh at the most unconsidered trifles. To such a pass have we come, that men have recently been seen to smile at Mr. Frank Harris' Shakespearian criticism, and to laugh immoderately at Canon Rawnsley's dally sonnet. The only fear is that Mr. Jerome and his merry men should again take advantage of our necessity. We want humor, it is true; but heaven protect us from a recrudescence of the late New Humor, which after all was never really "new," but only an Anglified and diluted form of the transatlantic substitute for wit. Oh for an hour of Thackeray or Dickens! But Melancholy, it would seem, has marked us for her own.

We had fondly harbored the delusion that the problem novel had gone to its long home with the trunk-maker, and lo! it is with us again in a subtly disguised but no less baneful form. Having toyed with adultery, our lady novelists seem to have become enamored of suicide. Mrs. Humphry Ward made away with her latest heroine, and that none too soon. We contemplated the change with an equanimity which we cannot profess to feel for

the new writer who has recently, in a work of great ability, put the justification of suicide forward as "The Open Question." The ability of the book, and, alas! its earnestness, are only too apparent; but neither of these can extenuate the offence of an author who, appealing to a popular audience, dares lightly to tamper with the very foundations of morality, and vitiates the public mind with a study in mental pathology, tricked out in the guise of fiction. We do not envy C. E. Raimond her responsibility. It is a fascinating subject, truly! the painfully minute record of two neurotic and decadent lovers who marry for mutual gratification, and resolve to die together before their hereditary curse can be bequeathed to another generation. A brave and inspiring gospel this, which to the question whether life is worth living answers, Yes—provided that we realize clearly that the duration of life is in our own hands. A more pitiful shadow of a man than Ethan Gano never trod the stage of feminine fiction, and were it not for the insidious moral of his pulling life, we should heartily applaud the closing scene where—much against his own will, be it said—he finally "steers for the Sunset." The only redeeming character in the book is brave old Mrs. Gano, a mother worthy of a Gracchus, and all too tolerant of her own miserable brood. "You walk in darkness," said the old woman on her deathbed. "Not the fear of God—that's tonic—but in the fear of pain. Oh, I've watched this phase of modern life. It's been coming, coming for years. The world to-day is crushed and whining under a load of sentimentality. People presently will be afraid to move, lest they do or receive some hurt." The vigor-

ous excellence shown in the drawing of this character leaves a loophole of escape for C. E. Raimond, in that it sometimes raises a doubt whether we are to read her contrariwise, and regard the book as a satire of decadence. But this is only a charitable and forlorn hope; and if it be correct, it but serves to show that she has handled deadly weapons which she cannot use without endangering the public safety. There is only one natural interpretation of her book, and it is fraught with the poisonous air of a hothouse philosophy.

Thackeray, we stake the reputation of "Maga" on it, knew a great deal more about the humor and tragedy of human life than C. E. Raimond; and to all poor souls who have read "The Open Question" we would commend his summary of problem fiction as a sovereign antidote:—

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

We are bound to say, however, that recent fiction also offers us several excellent antidotes for this nauseating stuff, and we deemed ourselves fortunate when chance made us acquainted with the tenth edition of the story of "Isabel Carnaby"—a most vivacious and entertaining book. It has all the charm, if all the faults, of youth, and

we gladly forgive a conventional plot for so much sprightly dialogue. Miss Fowler—to use the latest Fleet Street jargon—has "arrived," and "should go far;" but we would respectfully suggest that she would go still farther were she to cease to use "like" for "as," and were she to add to the many "excellencies" of her work the purely masculine virtue of correct spelling. Some of the same magic of youth which gives its perennial charm to "Mona Maclean" has disappeared from Graham Travers' "Windyhaugh;" but we are fully recompensed by an infinitely more matured skill, a more subtle humor, a profounder insight into life. There is, perhaps, enough and to spare of psychology in Dr. Todd's remarkable book, but it is all of the right kind; and there is not in English fiction a more careful and penetrating analysis of the evolution of a woman's mind than is given in *Wilhelmina Galbraith*. But "Windyhaugh" is not a book in which there is only one "star" and a crowd of "supers." Every character is limned with the conscientious care that bespeaks the true artist, and the analytical interest of the novel is rigorously kept in its proper place as only one element in a delightful story. It is a supremely interesting and wholesome book, and in an age when excellence of technique has reached a remarkable level, "Windyhaugh" compels admiration for its brilliancy of style.

Dr. Todd paints on a large canvas, but she has a true sense of proportion—the want of which alone prevents Mr. Eden Phillpott's "Children of the Mist" from being one of the finest novels of its year. The romantic atmosphere he has, and all the literary endowment, but he has smothered a brilliant novel under a plethora of detail. As compared with either of these, Miss May Sinclair is a miniaturist;

but it would be difficult to praise too highly her brilliantly clean-cut portraiture, and her bold and successful handling of an unattractive subject, in "Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson." The story is a little masterpiece, and the literary epicure will find a rich feast in its gracefully easy and pungently witty style. But of all the literary feats of the year one of the most remarkable has surely been achieved by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, who has contrived to make a most absorbing story out of but three characters—two of them being sheep-dogs and the other an irascible little Scotsman. We are not surprised to see that Mr. Ollivant has also been duly told that he will "go far," for we are almost ready to go the length of saying that in "Owd Bob" he has already "been and gone and done it." Red Wull and Owd Bob are the best dogs on paper, and we honestly prefer them to most of their human contemporaries in fiction. If we have a fault to find, it is that Mr. Ollivant, like Landseer, debases his dogs by making them too human for an ordinary kennel; and we should have liked Owd Bob all the better had he been less circumspect and gentlemanly in his walk and conservation in life. None the less, the death of Red Wull is Homeric.

The year of grace 1898 will stand out prominently in the literary history of Poor Jack. Once more the spirit of the age has found literary expression, and the result is a whole revolving bookcaseful of literature, highly charged with the spirit of Imperialism. Taking it all in all, the literature is worthy of the sentiment. The keynote is struck on "Drake's Drum," a magnificent song by Mr. Henry Newbolt, which will insure him a place in all future anthologies side by side with Thomas Campbell. "The Fighting Temeraire" and "The Ballad of the Bold Menelaus" are only a degree less

successful, and throughout all three there runs a haunting rhythm that will swing them worthily into immortality. Mr. Newbolt may surely be content, and we are sorry to find him flogging and spurring his jaded muse. Only once or twice in a lifetime can he hope to reach so high a mark, and he imperils his own reputation by representing—ay, and representing—his undoubted masterpieces in a setting of uninspired and unworthy doggerel. With a commanding rhythm Mr. Newbolt can always be the Kipling of the Fleet; without one, he is no better than a poetaster. Mr. Kipling's own contribution to naval literature, "A Fleet in Being," is not likely to add to his reputation—although it might easily make one for a lesser name. In a word, it is not quite the sort of thing that, like Mr. Steevens' *tour de force*, has recently on two occasions "brought the blood to the cheek" of the "Spectator." And yet nobody but Mr. Kipling could have written it, and we gladly confess that its perusal left us so full of pride in our first line of defence that we felt—for the moment—a perfect readiness to submit to a doubling of the income-tax. And that is surely fame!

Mr. G. Stewart Bowles and Mr. W. F. Shannon describe respectively the humors of the "gun-room" and the "mess-deck," and between them we feel that we have learned all that is worth knowing of what Lord Charles calls "the many-sided life of a seaman, with its chance and charm, its hardships, its occasional pleasures and pastimes, and its dangers and unforeseen contingencies at all times." Mr. Bowles is obviously a youthful and enthusiastic understudy of Mr. Kipling, and he strikes no new note; but his descriptions are always naively entertaining, as his imitations are often clever. Mr. Shannon, also, is an imitator; but more than one of his yarns

is almost worthy of Mr. Jacobs, and we can pay him no higher compliment. Very different is the story which Mr. Harry Vandervell has to record in his unique "Shuttle of an Empire's Loom." The "liner she's a lady" we know on Mr. Kipling's authority, and by the same reckoning the man-o'-war's a gentleman; but it was on neither of these, but on a common vagabond of a cargo-boat, that Mr. Vandervell, shaking the dust of the Stock Exchange off his feet, elected to take his pleasure seriously by signing on as a man before the mast. As we have said, the record is unique, and it reflects equal credit on Mr. Vandervell's sense of humor and on the sterling good qualities of our common sailors that the story is as entertaining as it is. The "Shuttle of an Empire's Loom" has every claim to be called a "human document," and it is calculated to reassure those who delight to paint our merchant service blacker than it is. The British tar, whether he be taken from the "Queen's Navee" or a common cargo-boat, has at least two points in common—unfailing pluck and indomitable good-humor.

It is the humorous side of sea-life alone that Mr. Jacobs depicts, but within his limits he has no equal. Mr. Gilbert's test of humor, if we remember rightly, was its capacity to make a prisoner smile. We applied a severer test by taking up "Many Cargoes" in a dyspeptic moment, and we gladly testify that as a universal remedy for depression it is worth a guinea a page. "The Skipper's Wooing" was no less successful, although its humor had broadened into farce, and it was with some disappointment that we found ourselves reading "Sea Urchins" unmoved. But we took the best available remedy by reading "Many Cargoes" again, and, thanks to this admirable book, we who started on our quest of the humorous with such dismal fore-

bodings, have ended it like the Yorkshireman by "larfing, and larfing, and larfing again."

Melancholy men, according to Aristotle, of all others are most witty, and we could wish that the paradox were as true as it is comforting. But it would be unpardonable, even at a push, to extract a grain of comfort by simply converting an Aristotelian generalization; and we would rather seek an explanation for the prevailing dearth of humor in the fact that the average writer of to-day possesses what Mr. Andrew Lang—in happy English and quite unnecessary French—has termed "the adorable faculty of taking himself *au sérieux*." A singularly brilliant example of this faculty has been given to the world recently by Dr. J. B. Crozier, who has made a gallant attempt to establish an autobiographical record in a volume of five hundred and fifty octavo pages—eleven pages for every year of an uneventful life. This, we submit, is monstrous; and the value of the author's contributions to philosophy cannot for a moment excuse so flagrant a literary indiscretion as is afforded in "My Inner Life." We have the less hesitation in using it to point our moral, as we have Dr. Crozier's assurance that he has learned to treat the "dæmonic element"—i.e., the apathy of publishers and public and the insolence of reviewers—with "the indifference or contempt it deserves," an affectation that is neither impressive nor new.

It takes more than two hundred crowded pages to describe the evolution of Dr. Crozier's mind up to the age of twenty, and half as much again to recount his literary misfortunes, which we may say at once present no deviation from the beaten track of literary experience, save in the immeasurable conceit of their telling, a conceit so colossal that it would need the fountain-pen of a Hall Caine adequately to paint it. "I have often

thought," says Dr. Crozier, "that had Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Buckle, Mill, Lecky, Spencer, Morley, or Arnold started publishing their literary work to-day, they would have been practically ignored"—like Dr. Crozier, that is to say; for with unusual modesty he leaves it to the reader to supply the omission in this ingenious chain of reasoning. Deprecating, with a *naïveté* worthy of genius, "the imputation of taking myself too seriously," the author gives a detailed account of how he vainly assailed the leading magazines with a short "Solution of the World-problem" in an essay of twenty pages (a beggarly allowance, truly, in light of the five hundred and fifty devoted to the Evolution of the Mind of Dr. Crozier!), and how he was invariably worsted by the "dæmonic element." Then he bearded Carlyle, and found him "querulous, cantankerous, and altogether too critical and exacting for ordinary humanity"—too critical even for Dr. Crozier, for the dyspeptic and sorely tried sage, parodying Jeffrey, closed our author's autobiographical confidences with a brusque "Na, na, that winna do."

And Carlyle was not the only victim of Dr. Crozier's attentions. We confess that we have seldom read anything with more amusement than the story of his amiable persecution of authors, friends, and editors; and had there been only a little more of such sack and a less intolerable deal of stale bread, we could have found it possible to speak of this stately volume with enthusiasm. The keynote of Dr. Crozier's mental life, if we mistake not, is struck very early in the volume, where he confesses that he once made "a serious attempt to subjugate the vanity and conceit which were now at their flowering-time with me, and which I already felt to be reptiles throwing a trail of slime and baseness over all of good that I thought or did;

. . . but after several ineffectual attempts to eradicate the vice, I gave up the task as hopeless, and awaited a more propitious day." We shall be glad if we may in some degree hasten the advent of that propitious day, and we forgive much in "My Inner Life" on account of the crowning horror which Dr. Crozier has spared us. "In what other form," he asks, "than the autobiographical could I present my ideas, unless, indeed, as a Novel, in which, however, for want of space, justice could only be done to a small division of the subject."

It is with a distinct feeling of relief that we turn from the vainest of mortals to the greatest and most inscrutable immortal. While Dr. Crozier "abides [nay, anticipates] our question," our Shakespeare still "is free . . . out-topping knowledge"—even the knowledge possessed by Mr. Sidney Lee. Were "Maga" to "crown" the best book of the past year, she would not hesitate to select Mr. Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare." This masterly work is an honor to English scholarship, an almost perfect model of its kind, and it is indeed matter for great national rejoicing that the standard life of Shakespeare has at last been "made in England." Rarely have we seen a book so wholly satisfying, so admirably planned, so skilfully executed. Mr. Lee makes no attempt to offer us æsthetic criticism, and in this lies the great excellence of his plan, for we have hitherto had enough and to spare of "Imaginative insight" and all too little of accurate and well-digested facts. Accordingly, it is impossible to rate too highly this "guide-book to Shakespeare's life and work," which impresses the reader at once by its remarkable width and accuracy of learning, its marvellously lucid marshalling of intricate details, and the unfailing sobriety and modesty of its style. The only portions of the

book that are really open to criticism are the few occasions on which Mr. Lee, departing somewhat from his original design, definitely enters the field of controversy; and though no one has a better right to be heard on those matters, we are inclined to think that it would have been better for Mr. Lee to maintain consistently his rôle as the impartial historian of everything relating to Shakespeare. Dr. Robertson Nicoll has recently been promulgating the very disputable theory that a critic should be set to catch a critic, and—granting his theory—justly pluming himself on having elicited Professor Dowden's opinion of Mr. Lee's achievement. The instance adduced does not inspire us with much confidence in the proposition, for, as might have been expected, the professor reviews only those portions of the book which are really extraneous to its real design, and pays but halting tribute to its total excellence. True, Mr. Lee, while always ingenious, is not always convincing in his positive criticism, and his argument in favor of Barnabe Barnes affords no adequate reason for departing from Professor Minto's identification of Chapman with the "rival poet" of the Sonnets. On other disputed points, Mr. Lee seems to us far more cogent, and his interpretation of the Sonnets is the most reasonable and most convincing that has yet been put forward. But most of these points are likely to remain for all time *sub judice*, and we trust that their final settlement may be long delayed, if for no other reason than to continue and stimulate our critical interest in Shakespeare. We emphatically repeat, however, that these questions do not enter into an estimate of the new *Life of Shakespeare*. Mr. Lee modestly hopes that his work may be found "a complete and trustworthy guidebook," and it is assuredly that, and a great deal more. It is an absolutely indispensable hand-

book for every intelligent reader of the plays.

The industry of biographers has of late been pressing hardly on the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom so many writers persist in referring to as R. L. S.—an affectation which does not make for the dignity of letters. We hope and trust that, when the time comes, Mr. Sidney Colvin may deal as faithfully by R. L. S. as Mr. Sidney Lee has by W. S., or Mrs. Ritchie by W. M. T. So far, however, we have little to be thankful for in the way of Stevensonian biography, if we except Mr. Henley's very masterly and virile portrait in verse. Professor Raleigh, whom the reviewers, not without justice, term the Lyly of to-day, has discoursed in a vein of three-piled hyperbole, but the volume—remarkable chiefly for its wealth of mixed metaphor—did not inspire us with confidence in the critical value of Victorian euphuism. Nor did the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" carry us further than an admiration for Mr. Colvin's astuteness in stimulating a curiosity in the Great Work that is to come. Meanwhile Mrs. Black and Miss Simpson have been busy. "For once," wrote Mr. Frederic Harrison in the wisest and most stimulating utterance produced by the "Choice of Books" inquiry—"for once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that 'voice,' as Wordsworth says, 'whose sound is like the sea,' we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile alliments of his first wife." And thus it is we now know positively that at the age of four Stevenson was gorgeously arrayed "in a blue merino pellsse trimmed with gray astrachan," and that the excellent Cummy was dissatisfied therewith, justly "indignant that

such a bairn should be dressed in a remnant, however excellent the stuff." Says Miss Simpson, "How interesting it would have been to have had a photograph of these two mothers (Mrs. Barrie and Mrs. Stevenson) discussing their sons, their books, or their infantine ailments." We confess that we entertain no curiosity whatever on the subject; but should Miss Simpson see fit to give us a series of imaginary maternal conversations, we shall be glad to hear something of what passed between Mrs. Jonson and Mrs. Shakespeare regarding the juvenile delinquencies of their distinguished sons. All this seems to us the *reductio ad absurdum* of biography; and it would be unworthy of the advertisement of reprobation, were it not that it represents an all too common tendency in present-day journalism—a tendency begotten of vulgar and irrelevant curiosity.

Justice compels us to admit, however, that these efforts at biography have not been written in vain. They tell lit-

tle, it is true, of their hero that is of any literary value, though they ascribe to him a measure of affectation which we hope is as exaggerated as is their praise; but their real achievement lies in the fact that, hopelessly dull themselves, they have driven Mr. Sidney Colvin into a position of delightfully humorous absurdity. No sooner had Mrs. Black's humble volume appeared than Mr. Colvin thundered "Hands off!—let no one touch Stevenson while the chosen biographer perpend." There is much that attracts us in this new Literary Game Law, with its close seasons and its ominous warnings to such as trespass. But it was surely ungallant of Mr. Colvin to bully two very harmless ladies, who have done their work so poorly that we are prepared to be all the more lenient to his long-announced and much-vaunted masterpiece when it does come. Let it be accounted for righteousness to Mrs. Black and Miss Simpson that they have maintained the "open door" against Mr. Colvin's preposterous theory of protection.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHT.

I was told beforehand, by a Spaniard, that the Portuguese bull-fights are absolutely without danger, and that the very weakest head might go to the spectacle fully assured that it would not be disgraced by the feeling of faintness apt to arise at the sight of bloodshed. "They are," he added, "ridiculous performances, worthy of the nation that patronizes them."

Personally I did not feel so confident. Of course international prejudice was at the bottom of his amiable criticism, though one might agree that the famous Spanish *toradores*, who periodically visit Lisbon (at considerable cost to

Portugal) and show the people how they would kill the bull if they were allowed to do so, feel extreme contempt for a nation that claps its hands and bellows with delight at mere pantomime. Moreover, on this particular morning I had attended the funeral of a famous Portuguese *bandarilheiro* in Lisbon's eastern cemetery. Minuto, the *bandarilheiro* in question, had, only the previous Sunday, at Covilha, slipped in the ring while plying his darts, been knocked down and trodden on by the bull, and carried off, amid profound emotion, with two or three ribs broken. It was an interesting

funeral, attended by a crowd of crop-headed bull-fighters and the public, and the speeches by the side of the coffin (of black velvet and gold brocade) were decidedly affecting. "We follow to the grave," said one of the dead man's colleagues, crying like a child, "a wise bull-fighter, a worthy friend, an admirable husband, an excellent sportsman, and a man in everything." The crush, however, was abominable, and the heat was terrible under the cloudless May sky; no wonder a cousin of the deceased fell groaning into a swoon while we halted outside the vault for these orations.

Afterwards it was with the greatest difficulty that they carried the coffin through the crowd into the mortuary apartment of another bull-fighter, who had begged the honor of having *Minuto's* corpse among his own family circle. I never saw so snug and homely a burial vault as this. The coffins lay in niches, completely hidden by broad gay-colored silk ribbons and garlands of fresh flowers. Between them were little tables and chairs, the former crowded with nick-nacks, photographs in frames, small vases, and other ornamental trifles. It was far more like a lady's boudoir than a grave, and not without very shrewd steering could they slide poor *Minuto's* body into the midst of the furniture. This achieved, every one hastily paid deference to the hot sun with his hat, and the scores of carriages with long-tailed horses rattled off by the scorching suburban road (its walls dotted with eager lizards) between the aloes and red geraniums, back to Lisbon, that the visitors might dress for the afternoon's function in the Campo Santa Anna, when perchance, though ever so unlikely, yet another bull-fighter might bite the dust, to the horror of all concerned. For my part, I strolled through the cemetery first of all. It is a pretty tract of high ground, well garnished with flowers

and having a delightful prospect of the blue Tagus and, beyond, the dense, dark pine-forest stretching for twenty miles, unbroken, between the river's southern bank and Setubal. But I was not enlivened by the quantity of bones, dress-material, shoe-heels (both high and low) and other fragments cast up by the copper-colored grave-diggers in the pursuit of their labors, trenching for the unimportant and nameless dead.

The *corrida* was timed for half-past four, by which hour the worst of the heat would be over. Nevertheless it was judicious, at least, to secure a seat in the shade. Others were hastening to do the same, though I listened on a stone bench in the Rocio to a plausible philosopher who was telling his neighbors how often he had paid his extra two hundred and fifty *reis* only to find that the sun was gone, as if to spite him. Portugal's people are much embarrassed by the national poverty, but they do not stint themselves in the matter of bull-fights. And to see how worshipfully they stared at and followed about the streets the bull-fighters themselves, in their heavy gold-embroidered jackets and tight-fitting yellow leather breeches! These gentlemen, as in Spain, were quite conscious of their greatness, and of the fact that they had only to mention the word *refreshment* or *cigar* to be surrounded with impetuous offers of hospitality. Fine massive fellows, they seemed, almost warranted to resist even an unpadded bull's horn, and accepting with kindly stoicism the rather absurd adulation of the public.

Tram-cars, carriages, and omnibuses (of a sort) all plied a fine trade on this Sunday afternoon, as they climbed through the uneven streets and dust into Lisbon's northern suburb, where, just outside the city's gate, the huge red-brick theatre with the blue and gold Moorish towers lifts its assuming

shape in the midst of a goodly area of turf. The scenes outside the bull-ring were radiant with color and freshness. Under the fine old elm trees on one side of the square groups of peasants were feasting until it was time to make for the cheap seats; dancing and music helped appetite and digestion, while conjurers and mountebanks also tried to beguile half-farthings from the pockets of the revellers. But past them (all indifferent to their publicity) the flow of Lisbon's nobility, in stately vehicles, and of the mixed multitude, including cyclists, was constant.

Before starting for the Campo I had been privileged to get hold of an ancient play-bill of this Lisbon bull-ring, composed as follows:

In the superbly constructed and elegantly finished circus of the famous and well-known Campo de Sta Anna, a terrible, fearfully exciting, and delectable conflict will, without fail, take place of at least thirteen most savage and stupendous bulls, to which, with the highest consideration, the honorable inhabitants of this celebrated Capital are invited.

We in England should laugh at such breathless rhodomontade in print; it might suit the green of a drowsy village, but it would be an insult to the intelligence of any market-town. Lisbon, however, claims such language as its due. If it did nothing else, this ponderous advertisement prepared me for a lively afternoon on this May-day of 1897.

Fully ten thousand persons were in the circus when I took my seat on the stone step that was my portion. Old stagers carried little cushions with them, but the stone was at least cool. The King's brother (surprisingly decorated with medals) and an aide-de-camp were in the royal box, the Prince very busy with his opera-glass among the ladies, who were well worth his

attention, in spite of the powder with which they chose to embellish, or preserve, their complexions. It was still hot, though the sun was veiled. Fans were much used, and oranges were in loud demand, though the Lisbon people are not so deft at throwing and catching the fruit as those of Madrid.

Thus early, however, I was warned not to expect too much spirit in the sport. My neighbor to the left,—a portly gentleman in yellow kid gloves, comfortably installed on a red velvet cushion—began to talk as soon as I took my seat alongside him. He seemed a devotee of the past, in disregard of the present. Neither bulls nor men, he avowed, were what they used to be. If I rightly understood him, much of this lamentable falling away was due to the existing government and the sad condition of the exchanges.

Yet, in spite of this courteous pessimist, the beginning of the function, ushered in with trumpet-blasts, was quite charming. The entire company of performers paraded, with bows of especial homage to the royal box, *cavalleiros*, *picadores*, *bandarilheiros*, and those quaint peasants called *forcados*, whose duties, though collateral, are assuredly the most perilous of all. The first and last delighted me with their costumes. The three horsemen, in crimson and blue velvet, with gold lace, cocked hats, and other gay details of the dress of a couple of hundred years ago, made a splendid show, and their thoroughbred horses were as polished and stately in movement as themselves. The *forcados*, in short yellow and black jackets, mob-caps, and knee-breeches, and with the long forked poles which give them their name, won regard for their picturesqueness and their sturdy shoulders. Also in the procession were the four or five woebegone old horses destined to offer their hapless ribs to the bull's horns. These poor quadrupeds seemed very conscious of their

unfitness to take part in so sparkling a demonstration, behaving as if they already scented their headlong and undesired enemy.

The band played while the performers paraded and the populace cheered. The sun just peeped into the eastern side of the circus and withdrew for the day. Then the arena was cleared, and the three courtly *cavalleiros* went through some admirable feats of horsemanship, till one did not know whether more to praise the men or the steeds. After this graceful prelude, two of them vanished, and the third prepared for business. A bull was let loose upon him; the real sport of the day had begun.

Even a Briton could relish what followed. The courage, calmness, and agility of the horse contrasted so well with the blind fury and bulk of the bull. Master Toro chased horseman and rider in his well-known straight-forward manner, now and then lowering his head for a compliment, the pleasure of delivering which was always denied him. He never could quite catch his quarry, and by and by the latter turned on him and, after some excellent and delicate maneuvering decorated him with a brace of the long-barbed darts called *farpas*, one on each shoulder. One does not see this sort of thing in Spain, where the horse is brought into the arena only to be butchered. The agility of the *cavalleiro* and his mount in dodging the vengeful plunge of the bull after this sharp taunt aroused great enthusiasm.

Each of the twelve bulls on the list was thus at the outset taken in hand by one of the three *cavalleiros*. The cream of their vigor and impetuosity was in this way well skimmed from them, and their spirits were considerably broken by the series of disappointments in fruitlessly chasing the fleet thoroughbreds.

But with the disappearance of the

cavalleiro the second stage in the bull-baiting began. In came the *picadores* on their stiff, worn-out hacks, each with a bandaged eye. Though one knew that the bull could not gore anything with a knob the size of a cricket-ball on its horns, it was not pleasant even to anticipate the knocking about these unhappy steeds seemed bound to suffer. A jaded bull is still a bull, and the sting of the darts dragging in the beast's shoulders was a strong incentive to action. In fact some of the charges levelled at the horses were forcible enough almost to kill. These and their riders were tumbled in the sand; but whereas the latter invariably scrambled out of danger, the unhappy horses were rammed again and again with the padded horns, as they lay kicking and vainly endeavoring to get upon their ill-conditioned legs. It is said that the Portuguese are not by nature so cruel as the Spaniards, and one can believe this; nevertheless, it seemed both childish and heartless that such scenes should be applauded so rapturously.

After the *picadores* entered the *espada*, announced by a particularly sonorous flourish of trumpets. This personage was a famous Spaniard of Seville, used to facing bulls with bare horns. His duties here at the Campo Santa Anna did not seem dignified. Indeed, the *espada* has for the last hundred years been merely a puppet on Portuguese arenas, since Donna Maria the First decreed that bulls should not die to make a Portuguese holiday. One knew full well, as the stately bull-fighter bowed to the spectators, with the merest corner of his eye on the wearied bull, that there was a guard on his sword to prevent more than an inch or two of cold steel penetrating Toro's hide. Also, it was at least conjecturable that the Spaniard engaged for this part of the program in his heart despised such puerile exercise as

pricking a padded bull. He had small difficulty in doing his duty, and when prodded the bull was done with. A troop of docile, belled cows were let into the arena, and the blood-stained, irritated, and, more often than not, exhausted gentleman joined the ladies and trotted off, bellowing his thanks with an eagerness that did not seem brave, but was yet, in the circumstances, very excusable.

These are the conventional features of the Portuguese bull-fight. I was fated, however, to see an incident of an unusual kind, which did not gratify. The stoutest of the three *cavalleiros*, in leading one of the bulls a dance round the ring, took matters too coolly. Even when the mob's voice told him of the menace in his rear, he declined to bestir himself adequately. And so, with a rush, the bull caught him, got broadside on and tossed both himself and his noble steed, amid the screams of the ladies. His own injury was a mere nothing, for he managed to fall comfortably into the arms of the men outside the barrier, but his horse was a sad spectacle. The poor beast stumbled up on three legs, with a pitiful neigh, dangling its fourth leg, which was plainly broken in two places. Everyone appeared dismayed. "There goes sixty pounds sterling to the knacker's!" said my critical neighbor, as he waved a shapely jewelled hand prettily in the air.

Two of the bulls were such spiritless fellows that the *forcados* were called

into play against them; and this also was an interesting variant on the Spanish program. The *forcados* made for the bull empty-handed, protected, as it seemed, by their numbers. Then one of them folded his arms and, standing about two yards in front of Toro's astonished muzzle, called him a variety of unflattering names. This was more than the bull would endure, and he promptly tossed the man, afterwards planting his forefoot upon the *forcado's* chest with great force. I looked to see a dead man carried out when the others had drawn off the quadruped, but happily saw no such thing. The man rose with a bloody face, and the next minute he was the most earnest of all in hanging on to the bull's tail, when his comrades had completely captured the brute, which allowed them to drag it hither and thither, kick it and punch it and vilify it just as they pleased.

Another bull suffered even worse indignities. One of the *forcados* leaped on its back and had a wild ride round the arena. He was lucky to get off scot-free, when Toro did at length dislodge him and attempt to avenge himself for the humiliation.

When all was over, I returned to the city satisfied. A Portuguese bull-fight may not be the ideal of civilized entertainment, but neither is it a revolting spectacle. Indeed, even with due regard for the possibility of accidents, it is a show to which one might, with only faint scruples, take a lady.

Charles Eduardes.

Macmillan's Magazine.

WAVING GRASS.

When tired thought flags and the life burns low,
And wearier waxes the world of men,
There is virtue of healing where green things grow,
And the quiet of fields is a power, then;
But most—to wander and watch at will
The ripple of grass on a windy hill.

From Idyls of Thought.

F. A. Homfray.

THE HUMORS OF SCHOOL INSPECTION.

Answers given at examinations, from the universities downwards, have from time immemorial proved a prolific source of amusement to outsiders, though in those more immediately concerned with them—examiner and examinee—their discovery and disclosure has rather awakened feelings of amazement and dismay. We have often felt, however, that many of what would really have been most amusing answers have been specially concocted for the occasion. We believe the slang term would be that they are "falsed" answers. The reminiscences we propose to give within the limits of a brief article can, however, be vouched for as authentic, and, with a few exceptions, as being personal experiences in the inspection of public elementary schools. We should like, by way of preface, to intimate that the wildest and most startling answers came invariably from girls. We used to be taught by a celebrated head-master of a public school—now dean of a cathedral—that what a boy was, so pretty much would the man be. This dictum would, we apprehend, hold good of a girl and a woman. If so, our examination experiences would indicate that of the two—boys and girls—girls, and therefore women, are the more reckless and impulsive, and, if driven into a corner, wellnigh desperate. We should perhaps further add that our first sphere of operations lay in the suburbs of London, which will to a great degree account for the topical character of the first of the absurdities we proceed to chronicle.

We were examining a fourth standard in grammar, and endeavoring to ascertain their knowledge of English conjunctions in general use—part of the curriculum prescribed. In the usual course came the answers "and" and "but." Then there was some hesita-

tion over such remaining conjunctions as "either," "or," and "neither," "nor," and we pressed strongly for further information, when we were met from the lips of a little girl with the simply appalling answer of "Clapham Junction!" The school was close by that railway labyrinth.

On another occasion, we were examining a third standard (girls) in the geography of the British Isles. We were going through the English lakes, and had elicited, or "*illicit*," as some pupil teachers will have it in their notes of lessons, the well-known list of Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, Wastwater, and so on. But we finished up with "*Bayswater*," the topical temptation proving too much for a London child.

Add to these the local attitude of a boy who, on being asked what he knew of St. Paul's Cathedral, replied that it was "near the Meat Market."

The so-called "composition," or little essay on a given subject, prescribed for the sixth standard, proved invariably a fruitful field for original and amusing ideas. We have by us a few specimens of such "compositions," which have survived the lapse of years. On the subject given—the difference between town and country life—one original youth observes that "country people are very simple, and are held in contempt by the higher class of Londoners. London people are rarely so healthy as countrymen, but it is not thought genteel if a person has a red face."

In a "composition" on coal occurs this passage: "Coal is the heat of the sun bottled up in the trees; the trees have fallen down, and stand in the earth. There is a lot of gunpowder in coal." On the subject "What profession would you choose?" I read again, "I have a

strong desire to become a teacher. The hours are easy and the work light, and you can go into any society and company. You get acquainted with Government inspectors." That boy should have been marked "failed" for obsequious flattery.

In marked contrast with the foregoing is this composition exercise, written by a boy of twelve years of age, the subject, "The History of a Table," being given him by a sub-inspector who stood over him while he wrote the essay: "I am not a time-table or a multiplication-table. I am a highly polished, refined, and aristocratic-looking dining-table. I have not always held the position I do now. Once upon a time I was a rough country chap and lived in a wood. However, I was given to understand that I must shift and do something in this world besides standing in the sunshine all day listening to birds and watching the babbling stream. It was a cruel wrench to leave my home, and I confess I was cut up very much to my very heart. I was deprived of all my belongings, not being allowed to carry away anything except my trunk, which contained all I had in the world. I was not even allowed to make my bow when I took my leave, so I trust you twig my meaning."

Here the scholar scores against the inspector, though we cannot believe this irritating effusion to have been original. We contend that it had either been committed to memory from the columns of some comic journal and adroitly utilized by this impudent young monkey, or had been manufactured for his benefit by a facetious schoolmaster who had got wind from a neighboring teacher of the inspector's partiality for this question.

The practice of giving such tips to one another by elementary teachers, where the inspector was reputed to be a "scorcher," was undoubtedly not unknown in the very high and dry result

days, when managers were actually paid a penny a head on every "pass" per cent. in the three R.'s obtained by the scholars in average attendance in a school; *i.e.*, if ninety per cent. of them passed in those subjects in a school of one hundred, 7s. 6d. a head would be paid on each of the hundred children.

One afternoon an examination had been protracted considerably after the usual hour, and the inspector was sitting talking over the results of the examination with the head-master, when a knock came at the door. "Come in!" said the master, and a boy entered. "I'm very busy, my boy; but what is it?" "Please, sir, Mr. S. of St. P.'s has sent me for the inspector's arithmetic questions, and he'd be much obliged by your letting him have them at once." "Not quite at once," struck in the inspector, "for of course it wouldn't do to let him have the lot we've used this morning. Come, Mr. B., I'll ask your assistance in compiling a fresh set." They did so, and when these reached the master of St. P.'s their stiffness drove him to absolute despair. On another occasion an inspector on entering a schoolroom noticed a boy leaving it by the opposite door after a nod from the head-teacher. After a few words to the latter, H.M.I. passed on as if he were going into another department of the school, but really with the intention of following the boy who had just gone out. He lit upon the lad loitering at a shop window. The boy looked up at him, and evidently did not recognize him. "What school do you belong to?" said the inspector. "B. Street," rejoined the lad. "Then why are you not there this morning?" "Please, sir, I've been sent out to Mr. R., of St. P.'s, to let him know that old H. is about." "*Old H.*! then, my boy, I'll go along with you!"

It does not do, however, for inspectors to be too suspicious. The writer

was once morally convinced that a boy was using his slate in an underhand way beneath the desk when writing a piece of dictation. He pounced on the lad, making sure he would find a copy of the reading book from which the dictation was being given lying open at the same page upon the form beside him. Instead, he found the poor child writing the dictation with his toes, his right foot mittened, and tucked up over his knees. The boy was a handless cripple.

And here an instance occurs to us of the total annihilation of a smart young inspector by some intelligent infants in a North of England school. H.M.I. was examining the six-year-olds in object lessons before the Vicar and his lively daughter thus: "What is this made of?" (producing a penny).

Children.—"Copper."

H.M.I.—"No, children, you are mistaken; it is made of bronze, which is a mixture of tin and copper. Now what is it made of?"

Children.—"Bronze."

H.M.I.—"And this?" (showing a sixpence).

Children.—"Silver."

H.M.I.—"Quite right; and this?" (fumbling for a half-sovereign, but, on failing to find it, rashly flourishing his seal ring in their faces).

Children (to the infinite amusement of the Vicar's lively daughter).—"Brass!"

H.M.I.—"My dear children, no! It's gold. Look more closely at it, now—yes, you may hand it round. Now, what use do you think I have for this ring?"

Little Girl.—"Please, sir, to be married with." (Vicar's daughter convulsed in the corner.)

H.M.I.—"No! no! Men don't wear wedding rings. But when your father seals a letter what does he do it with?"

Little Boy (briskly).—"Please, sir, a brass farden!"

We have given an illustration of Cockney self-complacency. National and local characteristics come out oddly enough in this way at the examinations alike of scholars and pupil-teachers. When a sub-inspector was hearing a class of London-Irish boys repeat Macaulay's "Horatius," he inquired whether three soldiers would be likely now-a-days to hold a bridge against a whole army. "Would three Englishmen, for example?" he said. "No, sir!" said the class. "Would three Scotchmen?" They again dissented. "Would three Irishmen?" "Please, sir," shouted an excitable little fellow, "*one* Irishman would do it!"

A North of England pupil teacher was asked to describe the way in which he had spent his Easter holidays. This was his answer: "At Easter I and a companion went to Knot Mill Fair. We did not take much account of the show except for the marionettes and wild beasts. But we much preferred the latter *in cages*, for we were thus enabled to study the works of God without the danger of being torn in pieces!" Here the Lancashire shrewdness is finely illustrated.

A very large proportion of the mistakes of scholars and pupil teachers alike are of course due to "cram" pure and simple. What but "cramming" in geography could produce the following?

"The equator is an imaginary line, going round the earth once in every twenty-four hours."

"The Ganges rises to the height of 11,000 feet in the Himalaya Mountains. It flows along the Chain about 200 miles. The river itself is called the Main River; as you go further on you come to a place where it empties itself into the sea. This is called the mouth of a river, and if it has several, like the Ganges, they are called Sunderbunds."

The shape and motions of the earth used to be taught in the lowest class

of each school by a requirement of the Code, which has since been very judiciously altered. For it is obvious that astronomical geography is quite beyond the capacity of an ordinary child, as the following will go to show:—

Inspector.—“Does the sun go round the earth, or the earth go round the sun?”

Boy at top of class.—“The sun goes round the earth.”

(Inspector passes on question.)

Boy in the middle of the class: “The earth goes round the sun.”

(Question still passed on.)

Cautious girl at bottom of class.—“Please, sir, sometimes one, and sometimes the other!”

At a monthly pupil teachers' examination in the old days, a girl who had been invited in the course of a paper on geography to “give an account of a coasting voyage from the London Docks to Bristol, and to mention all points of interest *en route*,” thus evasively replied: “I only got to the mouth of the Thames and then began to feel very sick and ill, so I went down below and saw no more.”

To turn to historical bulls and blunders. My notebook contains the following extracts, which show very shadowy notions of history on the part of scholars and pupil teachers during the seventies.

“Julius Cæsar invaded Britain 55 B.C., and converted the natives of Christianity.” “Richard I. went to Normandy, and was shot through the eye by a Mormon while capturing the Castle of Chaluz.” “The Salic Law was an enactment that provided that no one descending from a female should ascend the throne.” This is a girl's answer; so is the following: “Queen Mary died of dropsy. Her death was greatly hastened by the neglect of her husband, Philip, Emperor of Germany, who afterwards became King of France. Feeling weary of the English

people, she returned to France and died at Madrid! At the post-mortem examination of her body the word ‘Calais’ was found engraved on her heart.” Of course, this last instance is a clear case of a confusion of ideas. The following short biography of Sir Isaac Newton is harder of explanation:

“Sir Isaac Newton was the greatest orator and statesman England ever produced. His best oratorio is called the Messiah. His essay on criticism and essay on Man are the best didactic poems in the language; his *Dunciad* and other satires have never been equalled.” Can it be that this young lady (for the fair sex is again responsible for this biographical bewilderment) got up what she thought was a sketch of the life and works of Sir Isaac Newton from a textbook out of which the leaves intervening between the letters *N* and *P* had been torn out, and that she had been thus innocently attributing to Newton what really related to Pope? Pope's version of Virgil's *Pollio* might be said to have some reference to the Messiah. The candidate recollected that the Messiah was an oratorio, and then, perhaps, put to herself the question, What ought I to call a writer of oratorios? and answered herself to her satisfaction: Why, of course, an orator—but this is the nearest that we can do to analyze the ingredients of this biographical puddingstone.

From history let us turn to science. Animal physiology is perhaps responsible for the most delightful absurdities in the way of examination answers that we have recorded, though domestic economy runs it hard. Indeed, they give good cause for the complaint of the anxious mother about this subject, that she didn't wish her daughter to learn it at all, because it was “rude to tell them so much about their insides.” The heart is said by one pupil to be contained in a bony box in the north-east corner of the chest. The diaphragm

is a *serious petition* (serous partition) between the thorax and the abdominal regions. The bowels are five in number—namely, a, e, i, o, and u—and the *humorous* is the funny bone. Here is a highly technical answer in domestic economy in reply to the very simple question, What is the best food for infants? "Oxygen, Hydrogen, and a little Carbon." Two of the other sections into which domestic economy is divided for the purpose of instruction in elementary schools—i.e., Clothing and its uses, and Ventilation—netted the following strange answers: "Muslin is a stuff worn in summer to let the perspiration through." "The teachers should keep her windows open bottom and top a trival (a trifle) wherever the weather will *promit* it. If the rooms are not lofty there should be some of Toby's tubs¹ from the walls outside. The teacher should take care not to get too near her class in teaching them, for thus she would take in much poor gas."

When a great gathering of teachers presented him with an address and testimonial at the time of his retirement, Matthew Arnold so far took them into his confidence as to admit that he became a Government Inspector of Schools in order to have an income sufficient to marry upon, not because he felt drawn to the work, which largely consisted of examinations of a very monotonous and detailed kind. To employ such a man to assess grants in aid of elementary education, which meant seeing and hearing children of the lowest classes stumble over their pothooks and primers for several hours a day, was indeed to cut blocks with a razor. But what was at first distasteful to him became, after a while, agreeable, for, to one of his genial and sympathetic disposition, it soon proved full of human interest. He became the teachers' and children's friend, and though many a droll anecdote of his

casual methods of marking and taking stock of his schools still goes the rounds, and though, as he frankly confessed on the occasion we refer to, he was a very unpunctual inspector, none of his colleagues had a shrewder sense of what was wanting in each school he visited, or could reckon it up more readily. For the general body of elementary teachers he thus acquired an honest respect and liking, and could preserve an unmoved countenance even when he encountered such delicious entries in the school logbook as the following:

"Have examined Standards IV.-VI. and am very sanguinary about the results of the examination." It may be added that the adjective used not inaptly describes what the results of the Government examination actually proved to be, for the schedules showed what has otherwise been characterized as "a superfluity of naughtiness."

Another logbook entry refers to the headmaster's recent marriage, of which it would seem he had made a formal announcement to his assembled pupils. It runs thus: "The event of my marriage, on August 10, caused a hearty outbreak of sympathy on the part of the scholars."

But we remember a sister of one of the most prominent members of the London School Board in its early days—a most active and admirable manageress—observing in the logbook of a school under her charge that a certain pupil teacher should attend to *grammer*. This suggests another instance of a manager posing as an authority, this time in geography, and being similarly hoist with his own petard. This gentleman—to the best of our recollection, a retired linendraper—went into school one day with the intention of putting the fifth standard through their facings in the geography of Europe. He began: "What is the capital of 'O'-land?" "Capital H" was the crushing

¹ Presumably "Tobin's tubes."

rejoinder from the smart boy of the class. The ex-linendraper did not pursue his geographical inquiries further.

Of course there are managers and managers, and an inspector with a sense of the humorous has many a chuckle over the eccentricities of the stranger specimens. There was a rural dean among them who could not keep his university achievements out of his conversation with us all—inspector, teachers, and scholars—in the middle of the examination. Indeed he is reputed, when offering up prayer for his brother clerics at a ruridecanal meeting, to have asked for a special measure of grace for those who had not had the advantages of a university education. Though he was an eminent authority on the book of Job, nobody ever tried the patience of his schoolmaster more; in fact, the poor man confided to me that nothing disorganized the school so much as the entrance of the vicar.

Music, as taught in elementary schools, has not always charms to soothe the inspector's breast. An inspector descending a hillside towards a village school, on a broiling summer day, was saluted by an outburst of music which at first bore some resemblance to "Rule, Britannia," but afterwards broke away into the most bewildering discord. He made a mental note *not* to ask the children to sing "Rule, Britannia." He was met at the door by a farmer manager in his shirt-sleeves, grinning from ear to ear. "I reckon, sir, we have summat to please you this time," was his opening remark.

"I'm glad to hear it; and what may that be?"

"Don't you mind what you said about the youngsters learning rounds or catches, as it were so good for the discipline?"

"O yes! I remember. Have they got one up?"

"That they have, sir. You never heerd anything to come up to it." The

inspector, glad, in this way, to escape from "Rule, Britannia," at once called for the round which he found on the list of songs submitted to him. The schoolmistress, cane in hand, led off the first class with the first strain of "Rule, Britannia." As they began the next strain the second class repeated the first with startling effect, and finally the last section broke in with it when the first and second divisions were shouting the third and second strains against each other. When it was all over the manager turned to the inspector with "Well, sir, did you ever hear anything to come up to that?"

"No, I never did," gasped the paralyzed official, "and I don't think I ever shall."

The present Government inspectors have nothing to do with the religious instruction of the elementary schools, but of course they come across many amusing specimens of the theological views of the children frequenting them, now from a diocesan inspector, now at the vicar's dinner-table. Here are some illustrations:—A Sunday school teacher, after having explained to her class that only the patriarchs were allowed to have more than one wife, went on: "But, children, in these Christian times, how many wives may a man have?" Upon which a little girl eagerly put up her hand and cried, "Please, 'm, two only is generally necessary to salvation."

Candidates for confirmation by Roman Catholic bishops are generally asked a few questions by the latter before the rite is administered. An Irish priest gave us a couple of instances of questions and answers on these occasions, one of which we quote. "You say," said the bishop to one boy, "that God is almighty. What do you mean by that?" "That He can do everything, your lordship." "And do you believe that, my boy? Is there anything that you think God could not do?" "Well,

your lordship, there's only one thing that I don't think He can do." "And what's that?" "I don't think He could stop the farmers grumblin' about their crops."

The combined self-assertiveness and crassness of the average male pupil teacher must be held responsible for this kind of treatment of questions put to test his literary perception. On being asked to comment on the following passage:—

Cornhill Magazine.

This England never will and never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror!

A pupil teacher thus contemptuously replies:—

"1. This is *impossible*, because it implies that a conqueror has only one foot, whereas he has two.

"2. This is *absurd*, because pride is located in the heart of man, not in his foot."

WHAT IS CARICATURE?*

I.

It is said that one day in the seventeenth century a king of Spain looked out of his palace-window and saw a man laughing. Feeling that there was nothing in the sorry state of public affairs to justify the merriment of a sensible being, he remarked that the man must be either mad or reading "Don Quixote." In our day the alternative would be—"or looking at the sketches of MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache." For the popular idea of Caricature, as of "Don Quixote," is, that it is something amusing; and were it so, the works of our two most eminent illustrators would indeed be the solitary source of gaiety afforded by the national outlook. Their manikins would console us for men, and their "legends" for history. The primary notion of a caricaturist is that of a jester.

The next is that of a philosopher. The names of the two friends who stand in a corner of *The Romans of the Decadence*, looking sadly and severely on, have at last been discovered. They are Forain and Caran d'Ache. The joyous atrium which Couture once peopled with the smart set of Rome, both male and female, has given place to an up-to-date drawing-room where the two caricaturists lurk behind a door

and look on critically at the end of a world. It must be admitted that the modern orgy is more discreet than the ancient. There is not the same superb insolence of gesture, and we do not see young people *shinning up* the statues of their ancestors, and derisively offering them the foaming wine which is spilling from their own cups. Our own ancestors might have been capable of transports of this sort, but their descendants are not so. The latter seldom offer anything to the statues except cups of milk or glasses of mineral water, and such-like aids to the languid digestion of an effete generation; and the effigies of the victors of Austerlitz could hardly find gestures violent enough to express their disdain of these pallid beverages. But save in a few unimportant details, Couture's picture offers a fair enough symbol of our society, and our two famous draughtsmen may very well stand for the two detached philosophers of that famous canvas.

Are they really philosophers? Are they merely jesters? Are they not, above everything, artists? A great many people feel about our society exactly what MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache feel, but they alone are able to express it. So great is their power of synthesis that contemporary events

* Translated for The Eclectic.

will remain stamped in our memories with their seal and mottoes.

The whole secret of the Greco-Turkish war lies in that remark attributed to a reporter who is dining with some of the Kaliph's officers. "After all, beer comes from Germany." The whole moral of it is in a *bon-mot*, evoked by a scene of devastation—strewn with dead and haunted by orphans: "It will all end in two loans!" There is more told in the following picture, than in the most elaborate report on colonial affairs. Two little soldiers arrive, as victors, at Tananarive. The official report will describe them as having opened a new channel for French commerce and colonial expansion. Meanwhile they want shoes, for their feet have been terribly cut up by a long march, so they step into a shop hard-by—open their poor little purses, which are almost empty, and ask the price of the goods. "Two shillings, sixpence!" is the prohibitive sum carelessly named by the smart gentleman behind the counter, who has a single eye-glass and a button-hole bouquet, and a sublime indifference to France. A certain Affair, which shall be nameless, is completely summed up by Caran d'Ache in a famous two-page illustration. On one side, the master of the house remarks, as he assigns his guests their seats at table—"Let us not speak of it." On the other, which bears the simple inscription, "*They have spoken*," the wreck of china, and the transformation of knives and forks into deadly weapons testify to the attachment of the company, on the one hand to the *Protection of the Defence*, and on the other, to the binding authority of a *Judgment once Rendered*. Never, since the great days of Daumier and Gavarni have there been microcosms reflecting so perfectly the manners and notions of life.

The moment, therefore, seems a fitting one for studying, in connection

with the work of our two great comic artists, the whole subject of caricature. Has the art existed long, and was it always what it is to-day? If it be a case of evolution, whither is that evolution tending? What is, at the present moment, the true function of caricature? Is it, as one inclines at first to think, a mere jest, or is it a dose of philosophy, or is it a political weapon? Or rather, is it not, after all, just one phase of our minor art: a little separate synthetic art, reproducing certain aspects of nature more cleverly than other arts, but with no very fixed intent, either comical or philosophical? These are the points which we propose to examine.

II.

Whatever may have changed in this art, which is as old as the world and as international as the sea, the methods of caricature have not changed. Grandville was thought original, when he depicted the great ones of earth robbing hen-roosts and rabbit-warrens: but the caricaturists of the Revolution, Duhaulchoy, and the author of the famous cut labelled: "How would you like to be eaten?" had done the same before him; and long before Duhaulchoy, in 1685, the English had represented Father Peter confessing Mary of Modena, under the form of a wolf in the sheepfold. Earlier yet, in 1593, which was the era of the satire of *Ménipée*, the Duc de Mayenne was ridiculed under the guise of an ape in a publication entitled "*La Singerie des Etats de la Ligue*;" and far back in the dim ages, terra-cotta figures of apes, wearing the bishop's hood and cape, had been fabricated in Roman Gaul. Latin gems of the best period represent grasshoppers acting as porters, carrying the *assilla* and the *corbes*. The Greeks portrayed animals of all sorts in the guise of men, and

the Egyptians drew Rameses II. at the head of his army, as a rat leading an army of rodents to the assault of a stronghold.

Some of these caricatures, produced at remote intervals, appear to have been inspired by one another. The twelfth-century artist who depicted on the beam of a house in Metz the fox marching upon his hind legs, with a pack on his back and a traveller's staff in his hand, would seem to have simply copied another fox with precisely the same sort of staff and bundle, which has been found in a papyrus of the time of the Ptolemies,—two hundred and fifty years before Christ.

Ever since the invention of printing, the same design has been used over and over again. When M. Léandre draws President McKinley as an ogre encased in iron turrets and watching, derisively, through his lorgnette, the futile blows struck by a tiny Spanish soldier, he is imitating Gillray and his giant George III. looking through an eye-glass at a Lilliputian Bonaparte whom he has caught between his finger and thumb. When M. Caran d'Ache figures our chief magistrate as a Gallic cock promenading the Gallery of Busts beside the Czar, he only does what the *Kladderadatsch* did for Napoleon III. in 1860; or De Hoogh, who, as early as 1706, represented Louis XIV. as a cock whose wings were being clipped by Queen Anne. So then, if we consider only the most general formulas, those for which the recipes are well known, there would seem to have been no evolution whatever in the history of this curious art. And yet there has been a perceptible and even striking evolution, if not in the general ruck at least among the masters of caricature.

There have been three great epochs in the history of caricature, and the fourth, upon which it is now entering, is but a return to the first. It began

by being symbolistic. It was afterward, and for a long time, simply grotesque. In our time, it has become characteristic, and its tendency now is to become symbolistic once more, almost exactly as it was in the beginning. There have also been three epochs in the style of drawing employed:—the linear period, the plastic period, and the period of chiaroscuro. Quite lately it has begun to be as at first, simply linear.

Among the Egyptians caricature was always symbolic. Whenever we visit an Egyptian Museum we see a woman with a cat's head who is Isis; a man with a hawk's head who is Horus; another with an ass' head who is Set; a woman with the head of a lioness who is Sekhet the Guardian; a pot-bellied *poussah*, who is the god Bés, either seated solemnly with his hands pressed upon his knees and grasping the key of immortality, or standing with a rod in his hand. These are great personages, but they all have animals' heads on their shoulders. They are, in fact, gigantic caricatures, immortal and revered. Does any one object to so describing them, on the ground that their authors had no thought of ridiculing these royal and divine personages, but merely of showing them with their attributes? On the same ground we should have to deny the title of caricature to the designs of M. Caran d'Ache. It was not by way of ridiculing the Czar Nicholas II. that he was depicted as promenading with our President in the form of a two-headed eagle. It is not derisively that France is figured under the form of a cock, or Menelek under that of a lion, or Russia under that of a bear; or that the "Punch" of Melbourne depicts President Krüger as a fighting kangaroo.

The representation of the sovereign of any country as an animal may be, in the mind of the artist, merely sym-

bolic, but the point I wish to make is, that such representation is, none the less, a caricature in form; that is to say it is symbolic caricature.

Even if we were to refuse this name to the statues of the Egyptian gods, we should have to apply it to the papyri of Turin and the British Museum, where we find lions playing chess with antelopes, hyenas making propitiatory offerings to bears, and rats to cats or lions; as well as crocodiles, porpoises and asses playing the theorbo.

Whether they symbolize the different provinces of Egypt or stand for individual sovereigns, these pictures of animals engaged in the avocations of men mean something more than a mere sport of the pencil. Caricature began with symbolism. It continued by distortion. All ancient caricature except the Egyptian is founded on the idea of disproportion;—either between the different features,—as in the case of the comic figurines in the Louvre, —where Cyrano might have found a noble inspiration for the tirade against his nose—or between the head and the limbs, as in the combat between pigmies and cranes at Pompeli, or the Gorgon-heads that surmount the Greek antefixes. A lack of balance between the head and the body was the grand caricatural weapon of the pigmy-painters. Those who played in *masques* and *mimes* relied upon throwing the features out of balance. The best of the old caricatures combined both methods, as we see in the old drunkard at Vichy, lately discovered and placed in the Louvre. But in these cases, the distortion is deliberately determined and studiously pursued not to symbolize any idea whatever, but simply to enhance ugliness and excite laughter.

For the entire antique world laughed uproariously at ugliness. Terra-cotta and bronze figurines, carnelian gems, fresco-paintings, big-bel-

lled vases, and cups shaped like the heads of decapitated animals, portraits of Pappus and Maccus, imaginary monsters from distant lands, one-eyed beings, club-footed beings, dog-headed beings and beings with no heads at all,—together with those creatures carefully described by Pliny, who have two pupils to one eye and the image of a horse in the other—all these gross conceptions suggest the same thought,—repugnance and contempt for ugliness, with a counter-suggestion of the worship of beauty. No psychology, no sub-cutaneous sense of the ridiculous,—it is all on the surface. The figures do not even move; they are mere masks. They represent the immutable convention, the everlasting *essence* of ugliness. The dramatic author may make a dash at psychology by suggesting that:—

"Heredis fletus sub persona risus est."

But the draughtsman can do nothing of the sort. He can indicate variety of impression only by variety of expression;—peculiarity of mind, by peculiarity of gesture. Now in the caricature of the ancients, the gestures are meaningless, and the expression absent. There is nothing to be seen but ugliness,—a stolid, baffling ugliness!

In the Middle Ages, however, caricature woke up, and became the grotesque. A soul slipped into the misshapen body. The stupid pigmy became the cunning kobold, or the knowing dwarf. Stupidity gave place to malice, and the stiff mask began to grimace. The motionless ape of the Gallo-Roman terra-cottas began to race and gambol along the frieze. At the very moment, when the cut-and-dried acanthus-leaf, glued on under the Greek abacus, began to revive, unfold and wave, the petrified gorgons broke into hideous smiles, the fantastic beasts who encircled the big bowls, as though imprisoned in a pound, began to leap up

and climb the column, to dance on the friezes, to lean their elbows upon railings, and peer open-mouthed above the gargoyles at the passer-by. To the art of caricature, as to every other art, the Middle Age gave liberty. Never again shall we see such riotous fancy in the artist, such large indulgence in the critic. It was the era of railery in sculpture. Mediæval caricature took the form of a statue; and the standing-order for statuettes occupied all the leisure moments, for centuries, of the master modellers and stone-cutters who decorated the cathedrals. The best caricaturists were usually Flemish. They decorated chairs and stalls at twenty-five *sols* a figure. They are mostly anonymous, but we know that one very famous one was named Sürilin; and if you examine carefully the noble choir of the Cathedral of Amiens you will find that another, the distinguished Trupin, has signed his name to his own portrait. Look at the crouching figure with a hammer in its hand: it is the Forain of the mediæval period! His cold laughter gurgles through all the vast lace work of that fairy-like piece of moulding, quite overpowering the resonance of the tiny columns, which the custodian childishly pauses to twang like harp strings as he goes by.

These pious jesters adorned with all manner of queer figures, not merely the choir stalls and the pendants of the ceiling, but those ironical little seats, where the prelates used to parade their persons during the office, half-sitting and half-standing, thus reconciling their own ease with canonical prescriptions, in view of which concession to human weakness the seats themselves were called *miséricordes*. On them were caricatured all trades and types; the apothecary, the wood-carrier, the blacksmith shoeing a goose, the cooper adjusting his hoops; and above all, the monk,—the fine fat

monk, big-nosed and open-mouthed "galloping through his prayers, reeling off his masses, whiling away his vigils;"—and then the bourgeois with his mighty stomach and lusty enjoyment of all the good things of earth,—now intent upon the turning of spits, and the temperature of soups and the setting in their proper places of bits of lard, and now rolling a cask by the weight of his own person, and touching with the tip of his tongue the "holy water of the cellar;" priests and peasants vying with one another in pulling the bung out of the cask, and sucking at the hole, or toying with the Bacchantes who hover about, grimacing faces and bodies indescribably contorted; sows who spin flax, and bishops grasping the fool's bauble in one hand and giving the Episcopal blessing with the other; foxes in cassocks preaching to chickens, or pulling up the monk's hood to leer at the passer-by, travestying the holy office, blessing and pilfering at the same moment, with the head of a stolen fowl always peeping out somewhere, and "asperging" their flock by a switch of the tail; court-fools up to a thousand unnameable deviltries; stags and asses saying masses with pyx and Bible; minstrels turning the hurdy gurdy, pigs playing the flute, bears the bagpipes, sirens the violin, and asses the harp, tumbling, scrambling, swarming, ringing bells and twanging lutes in a sort of convent farmyard where the aim of the artist has apparently been to personify the Acts of the Councils by figures out of the *Bestiaire d'Amour*.

These puppets all come under the head of grotesque caricature. But our modern conception of the grotesque is quite different from the ancient. However indecent in appearance, these satires have a moral purpose. If the figures are made hideous and absurd, it is by way of inculcating goodness. The visible distortions of the Devil

and his dupes are primitive. In a corner of the rood-screen at Notre-Dame there is a caricature of Pierre de Cugnieres, advocate-general and bitter foe of the Church, and the clergy are crowding round with their tapers, and singeing the nose of the ugly little lost soul. Caricature of this kind is more terrifying than amusing, and it deforms that it may reform. It is laughter used as an instrument of repulsion. The great caricature the small, and the judges condemn at once to death and to ridicule. Thus the victims of the Inquisition mounted the pyre wearing pointed hoods and the *san-benito*, which was a sort of cape embroidered in grotesque designs,—and all to raise a laugh among the pious crowd. In Florence, conspirators were represented as standing on their heads, and at Venice, in the fourteenth century, at the time of the trial and condemnation of Marino Fallero, it was proposed to paint his portrait without the head. This is penal caricature.

This notion of punishing by ridicule survives in our own day, and the fool's cap of the dunce preserves a reminiscence of the *san-benito* of the *auto-da-fés*. The idea haunts a certain order of minds. Not long ago, a sociologist, very properly concerned about the diminution of the birth-rate in France, proposed a new kind of chastisement for the crime of remaining single. His notable device was that the celibate should be obliged to dress in dead-leaf color (not such a very bad costume after all!); and, at the end of two years, if still recalcitrant, that he should be forced to wear a coat spotted like a tiger's skin. He never doubted, apparently, that the unmarried man, in his dread of being made ridiculous, would rush into the bonds of Hymen rather than be debarred the swallow-tail of our delight; but his invention was really only a return to the method of disfigurement and penal caricature.

Disfiguring, caricature still was, at the advent of the Renaissance; but it had ceased, by that time, to be penal, and warred against ugliness only. An era of plastic rather than psychological beauty is always an era of plastic rather than psychological caricature. An ideal ugliness is imagined as an offset to the ideal loveliness, and as a matter of fact the Italian Renaissance concerned itself little with caricature. If Leonardo da Vinci really designed the grotesque heads preserved at Windsor Castle, he did them as M. Eugene Müntz, the learned historian of the Renaissance, has justly observed, in mere wantonness. He worked as a phrenologist or physiognomist, laying undue stress on the signs of disease and mortality:—noses and chins that meet like nut-crackers, and wrinkles radiating from the angles of the mouth like the spokes of a wheel. This brutal emphasis tells us what the great masters thought of caricature. To them it was merely an ignominious notation of ugliness; and ugliness was their arch-enemy. When the figure which they are studying is found to be outside the utmost limit of idealization, they scorn to take refuge in anything like the indulgent irony professed by the modern artist. They "charge" heavily, ruthlessly, without quarter. *Caricare* was the very word they used. Your true Idealist has always done the same. Look at the caricatures of Prud'hom Delacroix, or M. Puvis de Chavannes. These great artists, when they descend into the region of the comic, are as clumsy as big birds when they alight. It is the comedy of Wagner:—the irony of Victor Hugo. We feel that the artist is weary of sublimity rather than moved to pleasantry; and fatigue of any kind in the artist is immediately communicated to the spectator. When a great, intense creature like Delacroix undertakes to caricature a

man, he ridicules his muscularity rather than his emotionality. When an Idealist like Leonardo stoops to caricature he represents a beast in human shape, not an intelligent man. The genuine Idealist cannot bring himself to ridicule a soul; and this is the whole secret of his heaviness in caricature.

From the end of the Renaissance onward we get less and less of the grotesque in representations of the human figure, but more and more of the purely comic element introduced into the acts and adventures of heroes. With Breughel the Droll, in the sixteenth century, the transformation begins; with Callot, in the seventeenth, it proceeds; with Hogarth, in the eighteenth, it is complete. Caricature no longer defies the fundamental proportions of the human frame, but merely compels it to assume comical postures. It no longer devises a grotesque visage, but gives an ordinary visage a grotesque expression. This is the era of the grimace, which deforms the features indeed, but only temporarily. It is made evident that the same features, in repose, would be almost regular and the limbs fairly well proportioned. The tongue is run out, but not so but that it can go back into the mouth from which it has incautiously issued. The fantastic absurdities and supernatural monsters of the Temptations of Saint Antony have gone to rejoin in the shades the *Incubi* and the *Secubi* and the leering tun-bellies. The Devil is quite gone by, and we are beginning to look more closely at man. The antique mask of old, so absolutely motionless, its muscles relaxed by the Middle Ages, its skin filled out by the Renaissance, becomes ever more and more sensitive to the slightest emotion and expressive of the most transient feeling. We are touching the epoch of Lavater's *Physiognomonie*. Von Göz and Chodowiecki

illustrate, and are inspired by it, at the close of the eighteenth century; and Boilly is moulding the facial muscles to his will at the beginning of the nineteenth. His faces are of India-rubber. It is disfigurement still, but sparkling with intelligence, malice and purpose. The period of the grotesque is gone by.

With those truly great masters of modern caricature, Daumier and Gavarni, the era of characterism begins. The "charge"—or technical caricature—of the past is now almost unknown. It was still in the ascendant with Dantan and strove hard to keep its place with Gill. Under the second Empire, when the caricaturist had to get permission from the caricatured, infinite fun was made of the reply of Lamartine to a newspaper which had requested the privilege of "charging" him. Instead of answering like Gustave Aymard,—"You want my head, Hanneton? Take it, but do not scalp it!" or like Strauss, "I hereby authorize you to make a caricature of me—in three time"—the poet responded that to disfigure man was to insult the God who had created him in His image: but that otherwise they might do what they pleased with him, "for is not the sun's image reflected in a puddle?" Roars of laughter greeted this solemn reply: but now, after the lapse of years, the "charges" of that day are regarded as the most pitiful abominations imaginable; while Lamartine's *mot* still lives. Our great living caricaturists have justified him, for they "disfigured man" no more. MM. Willette, Ibels, Forain and Caran d'Ache are always most applauded when they are least grotesque. If public taste still inclined to the old fashioned caricature, M. Léandre, the author of *Ma Normandie* and the *Musée des Souverains*, must have been its prime favorite, for he is inimitable in that line. A glance at his *Sovereigns' Museum*

would convince one that each nation has chosen for its chief the biggest monstrosity within its border. But M. Léandre's "charges" never detain us long. They came too late, into a world grown too old to laugh at them. They seek, by systematic and stupid exaggeration, to stir the risibles of a restless generation, craving "sincerity" above all things, curiously observant, enamored of characterism, or of the symbols which look like thoughts.

Characterization has been, in fact, the chief end of our modern caricaturists. The third epoch of caricature, the characteristic, began when true artists first applied their talents to caricature. For a genuine artist cannot condescend merely to ridicule a man—still less to distort and deface the human type. He caricatures for the sake of characterization—to emphasize some particular gesture or play of feature; so to concentrate and focus the involuntary and unperceived features of the human machine, that the fleshly envelope will yield up its inmost secrets. Ingres is quoted as saying "We must be characteristic to the verge of caricature," and Gavarni protested that he was no caricaturist because he had raised caricature to the power of characterization. And he was not so in the old sense of the word, though he was in the new. There is hardly an instance of deformity among his figures; a smaller number with Henry Monnier and Travès, fewer yet with Daumier, Cham and Grévin and none at all with M. Forain.

It is the same in other countries. The three great draughtsmen of Punch, Tenniel, Leech and Du Maurier, all characterize without distorting; while in Germany, Löffler draws like Gavarni, and Harburger, Steub, Schlittgen, Schlessman and Grögler give us figures in perfect proportion. The grotesque is long gone by. The fierce and diabolical fancy of the great

imaginative buffoons is found only in Tony Johannot and Félicien Rops,—two caricaturists of the second class. An artist now draws a caricature as a wit makes a *bon mot*, to sum up a situation, illuminate a conception, define a position. The motto usually goes a little farther than the picture, but characterizes it better than a long discourse would do. Its aim is not so much to divert by sarcasm, as to impress by truth.

The fact is that caricature now so closely approaches the exact observation of life that it is difficult to draw the line between the caricaturist and the "modernist" in art. What makes a drawing by M. Forain a caricature, while a drawing by M. Rafaelli is not so? When M. Renouard throws off his admirable sketches of bearded anarchists, saying with an angelic smile, "You bourgeois idiots, anarchy is heaven!" why is he not a caricaturist as well as M. Steinlen? Why, if Nicholson's "syntheses" in yellow and black are caricatures, are Whistler's "harmonies" not caricatures? If M. Béraud paints the *Salle Graffard*, and M. Willette draws delicious little Pierrots walking arm-in-arm with chubby undertakers, which is the caricaturist here and which the poet? Shall we call M. Willette the caricaturist because his drawing embodies a thought, and we divine under the special and superficial form a profound and universal symbol?

It may be so, and that we have here an indication of what caricature is to be in the future. There are signs on all hands that, after fifty years or so of mere caricaturism, it is developing in the direction of a more idealistic and generalizing type. Caricature no longer hits off an individual, but a people; it does not confine itself to light jokes and petty spites, but aims at the expression of deep feeling, keen anxiety, and the hidden ironies of destiny. This is the sort of caricature which Mr. Charles

Dana Gibson produces in the United States. In form, his work is mere line drawing; sometimes gay in spirit and sometimes altogether grave;—large surfaces boldly covered, in a style worthy the great masters of design. His theme is usually love in American life, the sumptuous and supremely elegant life of those young heiresses of the great fortunes—whose eyes turn instinctively toward superannuated Europe. From that effete region come titled young men, all very ugly, and all very poor. The American girl, who, by a bold hypothesis of the caricaturist, is always beautiful as the day, dreams disdainfully, and yet rather anxiously, of the dubious future before her, and even when seated between two "authentic duchesses" she does not feel quite happy. What real claim on her respect has this Europe which she despises? It has, what is not made in a day, a history; and it has—what one person alone can never make—it has *homes*. So then we see Europe, personified by the heraldic lion of England, with crowned head and bristling mane, let loose in the arena, where the young American girls in their trained gowns stand huddled together, paralyzed by fear. The heraldic lion advances with a slow and scornful step to claim his prey, while a little Anacreontic Love slinks away pouting, disgusted with a play in which he has no part.

But the new caricature is associated with pity and with irony, on this side of the Atlantic as well. The things of this world are no longer divided into those which make us laugh and those which make us weep. The same things make us do both by turns. The dreams and the jests of M. Willette are alike tearful. Masks and carnival figures pass before us, but they traverse a Corot landscape with a Watteau step; and if they sling it is the melancholy air of "Malbrook's gone over the water." Never, never do we hear them laugh.

They seem to ask whether one should not rather drop a tear over Don Quixote mocked and baffled, Mr. Pickwick condemned, Cyrano unrecognized. Deep melancholy is discernible under their fantastic disguises; their figures take on heroic proportions, and fade away like a dream. The pencil of M. Willette can clothe his puppets with a poetry beyond that of reality. So far from emphasizing only what is absurd, he accentuates what is pathetic. He idealizes as he ridicules: and this is the latest evolution of caricature.

Let us illustrate. A man takes a turn round a drawing-room and the porch on which it opens. There is a cheval-glass in the drawing-room, and outside there are a lawn-globe and a lake. If he stops in turn before each of these reflecting surfaces, he will get three entirely different reflections of himself. The lawn-globe inflates his nose and his cheeks, but contracts his stomach and does away almost entirely with his arms and legs. He sees himself as a convex monster, with the head of an ogre, and the feet of an insect. This is *deforming* caricature.

He steps inside and looks into the mirror. There he sees himself as he is; but if he happens to be a poor man with an awkward figure and a shabby coat and waistcoat, the thing he sees is none the less likely to look like a caricature, because the man who studies himself in a glass stands a good chance of being a fool. This is *characteristic* caricature.

Finally he goes out again, and gazes into the lake; and he his figure never so commonplace a one, the lengthened and reversed image striped with the horizontal lines drawn by the wind on the surface of the water, the unsteady legs and waving arms, give him the semblance of a phantom, of which the substance blends with that of the fluid medium in which it is immersed, its exaggerated proportions

melting away into a background of blue sky and foliage, woods and clouds, as the symbol exaggerates and effaces the reality.

Our friend's promenade is that of Humanity before Caricature, which was first disfiguring, as in the lawn-globe; then faithful, as in the mirror; and finally profound, as in the image reflected in the bosom of the lake. First it made man laugh; then it made him see; last of all it made him think.

The evolution in caricature-drawing is no less remarkable. First it was flat and conventional, like a hieroglyphic. Then it became as realistic and highly-relieved as the image in a stereopticon. In our time it has once more become as immaterial as handwriting. This evolution has been determined in the first instance by the process employed by the artist himself,—and then by the various processes of reproduction. In the time of the Ptolemies all the caricaturist aimed at was a silhouette profile, either drawn on papyrus or incised in stone. In neither case did his implements permit him to make the figures round. He was reduced to a continuous line defining the figure in space, and suggesting by one stroke the ironical or terrifying symbol. He had to select, from among a multitude of lines, the only living, speaking, symbolical ones. He had no thought of producing any illusion of reality. He had something to say, and provided he made himself intelligible, he was content. This was the linear period.

The Greco-Latin caricaturist had comparatively nothing to say, but he tried to say it better. The lines become more complex, the colors employed more numerous. The bronze or clay are run into more varied moulds. The pigmies on the frescoes are as well modelled as the gods. The toga-clad apes in terra-cotta or metal are real statuettes. The tendency is always

toward realization. This was the beginning of the plastic period.

In the Middle Ages, when caricature was executed with bold strokes of the chisel on the portals of churches, or freely sculptured in the wood of choir-stalls, it admitted of rather elaborate modelling. At the same time its purpose was decorative, and it had to be adapted as far as might be to the general character of the edifice. Hence that *huddling* of figures which is so characteristic of the mediæval grotesque; great heads on little bodies, legs doubled up: arms folded under the chin. This was the plastic and decorative period.

From the decorative point of view, which more or less constrained the figure, the grotesque statuette is still an agreeable object to the eye; whereas, considered by itself merely, it would be disgusting. We cannot keep long on view a single statuette by Dantan, or any such caricaturist. We experience a vague sense of discomfort, which tells us that satirical sculpture is in bad style, false, clumsy and repulsive. The reason is that, as caricature is synthetic, it is very much more difficult to express it in a material where all the planes have to be reproduced and the material of the surface imitated, as in sculpture. Moreover, the statuette or the bust always aims at a kind of optical illusion, while the line drawn upon paper, is, in the nature of things, a mere symbol. Ugliness may be indicated, but it is not positively materialized, as in the round. The impression should be transitory. One may evoke a monster, but one ought not to exhibit him.

He is exhibited, however, in all his hideousness, with all his wrinkles and blemishes, in the caricature of the Renaissance. Breughel the Droll, Callot, Romain de Hoogh and Bosse, as well as the caricaturists who succeeded them in the seventeenth century, undertook to model their grotesque figures.

perfectly. They thought to increase their comicality by every added touch. There was the method in caricature of Rabelais, rather than the simple outline, the sobriety and restraint of La Bruyère or La Fontaine. As the art of engraving improved, the drawing of the caricature became heavier and more complicated; and so we come to the *chiaroscuro* of the eighteenth century, and finally to Hogarth, who executes oil-paintings in which all the technical resources of high art are employed to depict the fatuous laugh of a libertine, a fashionable bridegroom, or an electioneer. This was the *chiaroscurist* period.

The canvases of Hogarth marked its culmination. Directly after him the modelling becomes less solid, and the lines lighter and more sketchy. In 1774, in Germany, we begin to get the so-called "shade-drawing," that is to say, a flat silhouette profile in black; where, as in Chinese drawing, the expression is all in the outline. Our French caricaturists continued for some time longer to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by engraving and lithography, to load their sketches with dense and heavy shadows, as in genuine pictures. This was the case with Bolso, Carle Vernet, Pigal, Debucourt, Gaudissart and Bolly. But with Philippon the picture begins to give place to the sketch proper. With Belangé the heavy shadows disappear, and certain lines are so emphasized as to suggest a synthesis. With Daumier, there are still a few shadows, but very rarely any attempt at formal composition. With Travès the composition becomes yet more simple, and the lines become the main thing. With Guillaume-Sulpice Chevallier — better known as Gavarni, composition is reduced to the presentation of two personages at most, and the whole character, expression, suggestion of the caricature, depend upon the lines.

The return to purely linear caricature is plainly in sight. It is in high favor with Granville, it is in higher with Cham; it is definitely adopted by Busch, Crafty, and Grévin in his second manner. The latter gradually clarifies his drawing, which was confused when he began, until he arrives at the simplest possible synthesis. Ever since caricature was introduced into the daily newspaper, which is printed in hot haste and upon poor paper, it has been growing more and more rudimentary. We are fast getting back to the bare silhouette of the Etruscan vase and the Egyptian papyrus, as the designs of MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache plainly show.

III.

There is something in M. Forain both of the detective and of the surgeon. He should have Roentgen rays in his eyes to discern, as he does, under a mass of flesh and of garments, the special band in the gearing which determines an attitude; while the reproduction of it, in India ink upon white paper, without the comfort of a first sketch or the slightest hope of retouching, demands a magical dexterity. Everything tells, and there must not be one drop too much of ink. Accordingly, before tracing his line, the artist sweeps his brush back and forth above the paper, without touching it at all, as though he were making magnetic passes. Then the brush pauses, and the artist deposits, first a broad sweep, and the figure rounds out; afterward, a single line drawn with a fine point. Then he gets up, and there remains upon the paper the back of a hero. The one line is the shoulder-line:—the strongest, the most vital, the most significant line that M. Forain ever draws. Usually this is the only line which he makes continuous, curving and supple. After this, we

have only straight bars following or crossing one another seemingly at hap-hazard,—lines scattered about like spillikens. Even circles are expressed by a series of short, straight lines, as may be seen whenever M. Forain condescends to draw a band-box. The human countenance is also given by vivid touches and angles sharp as those of silex crystals. The mouth is done with a single slash, and sometimes a curl at the corner. The ear is all in the roll at the top; the hands are suggested by quadrilaterals. Another sweep of the brush, and we have the lining of a long garment, and the edge of a streaming overcoat. A ladder of little commas along the side of the overcoat and the trousers stands for shadows. As for accessories,—the vanishing line of a plinth, the corner of a table, three flowers on a piece of tapestry, or the end of a balcony will do. A little shading must be added. The magnetic passes recommence, and presently we see falling, here and there, an oblique line of cross-hatching. The subordinate figures are picked out by means of shadows. One is reminded of the Chinese poem:

The brush charged with ink is a black
cloud heavy with rain.
The agile hand seems to pursue the
lines of its own tracing.

Nevertheless, the artist has realized in twenty seconds a figure over which he has pondered for twenty years.

And this figure is, presumably, the type of our generation. A worse one it would be difficult to imagine. It is essentially feeble; the shoulders are round, the arms pendant, the knees unsteady. The moustaches droop, the very overcoats make faces at being obliged to clothe such ill-proportioned frames and ineffectual arms. And the words these people speak are worse than the things they do. They are neither eager, nor gay, nor hateful, nor

terrible, nor even astonished at what they see. They are simply neutral and flabby. They belong to that great party of *Indifferentists* which, in the break-up of all the rest, receives constantly the largest number of recruits, and threatens to become the National party. They perceive crime without indignation; they exhaust pleasure without enjoyment; they reveal their cynicism without professing it. They are not particularly disturbed when "bad times" come, their view being that life is not a bad thing, but a totally uninteresting one. They have a low expression when they smile. The "great" among them have passed nights in taverns, and slept upon bacarat tables, and their hair has grown thin and dry in the high temperature under the chandeliers . . . They have usually travelled, they know something of Bayreuth—and a little of Mazas. They are inert and effeminate. It is always "their bad year." The whip-lash of criticism has no power to rouse them. They are not concerned about depopulation, or the "Anglo-Saxon danger," or the proletariat, or anything else. They will by no means go to the colonies. It is not a sure thing. The intellect is never with these beings the dupe of the heart. They have no heart, and it is M. Forain who has the intellect.

But here come the subjects of M. Caran d'Ache. There is a flourish of trumpets, and quite another France comes upon the stage. These are brisk and lively folk;—clean and plump. They either laugh all the time or they get angry at nothing. They roll their eyes angrily under the most benign conditions, while, on the other hand, they are undisturbed by the most outrageous adventures. They are gabblers and gobblers; great beaters of record; and showy supernumeraries, gluttons, with muscles of twice the natural size and an enormous swallow. They find

life good, prodigious, amusing, multi-form. They sing in the desert, and are equally moved to tears by the death of an "infant martyr" and the restoration to life of an uncle with money to leave. They cannot conceal their impressions. If they read a tale calculated to make the "hair stand on end," theirs does so stand,—to that extent that three successive hair-dressings would not avail to keep it down. They are as demonstrative as the clients of M. Forain are secretive. They all behave like *Félibres*. They "treat" the Russian sailors, and give back the pocket-books they find in cabs. They are the people who crowd the bridges to see a dead dog floating by, or impede the march of a regiment, quite forgetful of the telegram which is becoming outlawed in their pockets, or the hot pie which is growing cold in their hats. When the creations of M. Forain encounter in life the creations of M. Caran d'Ache, they always get the better of them, but the cheaters remain sad, while the cheated are gay. We say to ourselves that there are, after all, a few people left in France who are not knowing, but simple hearted; and that their good feeling will save us from the wit of the others. Their gaiety is, at all events, an immense consolation.

For M. Forain was born to make us melancholy. He has the eye of the basilisk,—the evil eye; everything which he looks upon withers. A vision rises before us of one of the beautiful and wonderful landscapes of M. Puvis de Chavannes, entitled *A Pleasant Country*. The scene is on the sea shore. There are a few trees with slender trunks and heavy leafage. Women are stretched about, resting after the labors of the harvest, watching the men who are coming back from fishing, or the sails on the far horizon. The women have gathered the fruit that ripened beneath the blue sky, and

the men have taken the fish that swam the blue water. Two children play at wrestling. The baskets are full of fruit, the eyes of dreams, the air of sunshine, and the souls of peace. It is a picture of pious patriotism. But lo, M. Forain appears upon the scene, and all is changed. The women who were chatting so happily begin to abuse one another about the Panama scandals. The children take to squabbling in good earnest, having entirely incompatible views of the matter in hand. The men fling their nets at the stock-brokers. The sky has turned dark, and a storm is evidently coming up. The boat which represented the ship of state staggers under the great waves that are breaking over the deck, while a dishevelled woman crouches to the figure of a man, crying out, "Will you wait till the ship founders before you even go up on the bridge, Mr. President?" This is the sort of *Pleasant Country* which M. Forain seems to us to have made out of the Pleasant Country of M. Puvis de Chavannes. But, on the other hand, M. Caran d'Ache is so kindly, so merry, so *gemüthlich*, that his very foes become obliging, and his criminals sympathetic. He has created a delicious type of Prussian officer. He is so fond of a uniform that he cherishes and furbishes it to the best of his ability, even on an enemy. Gone now, the bearded Pomeranian or stupid *junker* of the caricaturists of 1870, who burned churches and despoiled mantle-pieces of their vain ornaments. The Prussian of M. Caran d'Ache is elegant, circumspect, polite. If he looks at a French clock, it is with covert alarm lest it should be marking the hour of restitution. So, too, the Cossack of the olden time,—the bushy, greasy, ragged bugbear, devouring suet and candles, the Cossack of Vernet and Grandville and Daumier—only see what M. Caran d'Ache has made of him! He has dropped his hir-

sute mask, and is transformed into a Love, and not one of those barbaric Loves either, armed with bow and arrow, whom the stragglers of the Grand Army of 1812 knew too well, but a gay and jovial comrade who will illuminate Petersburg, but never, never burn Moscow!

Even his anarchists, his "Panamists," and his confirmed sots, his corrupt old courtiers and singers of indecent songs, his rakes of the camp and the gambling-hell are not exactly repulsive. M. Caran may unite their eyebrows in a circumflex accent, and pull down the corners of their mouths into bridge-arches; he cannot quite succeed in making them terrible. They are simply sulky marionettes, Punch and Judy in a bad humor,—bilious puppets. Nobody but Don Quixote would ever dream of drawing his sword and falling upon them; and nothing but bran would be shed if they were wounded.

But while he pursues a purely partisan purpose and offers up foreigners, intruders, and cosmopolitans generally to the mirth of his compatriots, M. Caran d'Ache employs methods which are as cosmopolitan as you please. It is the caricaturists from beyond the Rhine who have afforded him his best subjects, and if he pokes fun at the Americans, he borrows their formulas to do it. We have but to compare certain drawings—as, for instance, M. Caran's fleet of European bridegrooms arriving in America (*Lundis du Figaro*, 1898)—with Mr. Dana Gibson's cartoon, *Cheer up Girls! They are coming* (*Pictures of the People*, 1896) to see how strong an affinity exists between the conceptions of the American draughtsman and those of the determined foe of foreign alliances. In saying this, we do not detract in the least from the merit of M. Caran d'Ache, whose joyous personality transforms everything that he adopts,

and gives more to the foreigner, always, than he takes from him; but it is evident that it is a great deal easier in these days to attack cosmopolitanism than to escape it. You may take issue with your time in the thought you express, but your time has you again in your manner of expression.

Our caricaturist's mind is, however, less Parisian than his pencil. The pen of M. Caran d'Ache, so delightfully light in drawing, is distinctly heavy in writing. When he attempts to explain he complicates. He puts notes to his explanations and adds a commentary to his notes, multiplying his parentheses, and unrolling from the lips of his people scrolls the like of which have not been seen since the days of Fra Angelico. If he had used no words, all would have been clear enough. For he puts into his accessories minute yet significant details, which add infinitely to the meaning of his design, and lure the observer to the childish but amusing pastime of guessing.

It is just here that we perceive most clearly the difference between our two great caricaturists. M. Forain's sketches need mottoes, because they are much more artistic than ideographic. M. Caran d'Ache's hardly need them at all, because they are ideographic above everything. On the other hand, since the latter say of themselves almost all that they mean, it becomes doubly necessary that the speeches attached to them should be exactly appropriate. The text is as closely bound to the drawing as the soul to the body. But with M. Forain the case is quite different. If all his bodies,—that is to say, his drawings—were thrown promiscuously into one bag, and all his souls,—that is to say, his "legends" into another, the devil himself would be unable to fit them together. What M. Forain makes his

people say bears no relation to what he makes them do. In fact, he does not make them do anything. Their gestures are no index to their sentiments. They usually emit their philosophical reflections on love, or money, in the act of tying their cravats. But they might say something quite different while tying the same kind of a knot. The lines express form, not thought. A single one sometimes suffices to suggest the entire anatomy and muscular development of a "book-maker." If it were necessary to telegraph a drawing in the smallest number of lines, M. Forain would be the person to go to; which is only another way of saying that he works by form rather than by thought; by bodies rather than souls. He has realized the dream of Hou-kou Sai, "Could I have a thousand years reduced to a single point, they would all live." Yes, but they would not speak.

With M. Caran d'Ache, on the contrary, everything speaks. His characters gesticulate like deaf-mutes. Their hands are amazingly eloquent. They repulse, accept, threaten, caress, are amazed, scandalized, scornful. The single dot under the eyebrow that represents the eye, conveys every variety of impression. We understand the motto before it is written; for action is expressed mainly by the hands, and feeling by the eyes. M. Forain draws neither hands nor eyes. His hands are riddles. Those which have five fingers are the rare exception, and if separated from the body to which they belong, they would not be recognized as hands. As for the eyes, they are rendered by a vague dash under the eyebrows, or not at all. Often the face is entirely wanting, buried in the collar of a coat, or completely effaced in shadow. It is not that he cannot be more explicit; he does not deign to be so. He has no more psychology in his drawing than the merest impressionist.

An impressionist he was at one time, but from that school,—“which leads to everything, provided only one gets out of it,”—he has definitively issued. He has kept what was good to keep,—the cross-hatching, the light, rapid touches which give life and relief to a silhouette. He breaks up a line as his comrades resolve into its elements a compound color. Hence a fire, a movement, which cannot possibly be gotten out of long, unbroken lines. Even when his lines are strictly consecutive, he takes care not to have them touch. Light shines between them and relieves their monotony. M. Caran d'Ache, on the contrary, has borrowed nothing from the impressionists. If he belongs to any school, it is a classic one. His lines are long, continuous, “serpentine,” as Hogarth advised; and sometimes too serpentine. Every form is defined, every gesture complete. His lines are those of a comic Ingres, and there is nothing about him that suggests the era of MM. Renouard, Renoir, Callebotte and Degas.

Yet the two artists are alike in this,—that they have reduced to a minimum the signs requisite to express, in the one case simple attitudes, in the other complex gestures. They are *virtuosi* of synthesis and masters of *suggestivity*. From the point of view of high art, we are indebted to them for having brought synthesis back into favor and restored the dignity of the line. Of course, it may be urged that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as a line in Nature. The infinite succession of planes renders every line a false one. In reality there are only points. To unite them is as arbitrary a thing as to unite specific ideas into a general idea. To suppress what lies on either side of the line is to suppress a portion of the truth. It is like the suppression of detail in any synthesis. Yet if no one point is correct, the *ensemble* is

true; and if the line be inexact in detail, we must remember that nothing but a line can ever convey the idea of motion,—that is to say, of life. Now Nature is alive; and there is nothing so like life as life itself.

The point is analysis; the line is synthesis. The triumph of analysis in philosophy corresponds with that of *stippling* in painting. It was a good thing to restore the line to its great and manifold office. For the synthetic stroke has a double savor: a savor of revelation, in that it discloses something which we had not seen; and a savor of enigma, in that it suppresses a host of things which we have to divine. What it does not display, it suggests. By effacing the superfluous it brings out the main idea, and leaves us to conjecture the rest. It resumes and presumes. The best drawings, both of M. Forain and M. Caran d'Ache, show us this two-fold effect of synthesis carried to the highest point.

IV.

From the point of view which we have now attained, what shall we define caricature to be, and how shall we determine its function in contemporary life? Is it true that it is the art of exciting laughter, and by this means of completely discrediting the objects ridiculed?

If this were so, it would be needful that caricature should first of all make us laugh. But the best caricatures of all have no such aim and no such effect. Who could laugh at Grandville's *Order Reigns at Warsaw?* or at the corpses in Daumier's *Rue Transnonain*? What is there laughable in the figure of the *Old Anonyma* of Gavarni, who says as she takes an alms from a passer-by, "God keep your sons from my daughters!" or about the remark of Cham's Parisian to his little boy during the bombard-

ment, "These are the last rockets of the 15th of August." If two miners' children during the strike at Carmaux stop before a baker's window, pale and haggard, but overjoyed at the sight of two loaves, and if M. Forain writes over the shop door *Old Curiosity Shop*, does he do it to make us laugh? And if the superintendent of a hospital, who has just been visited by an inspector but *not* decorated, bursts into a fit of rage and shakes his clenched fist at an old man in his agony, shouting out, "You moribund old idiot, with your rosaries and your scapularies,—you have lost me my Cross of the Legion!" do we find anything more laughable in the scene than Venice found in the severed head of Marino Fallerio?

Is there anything in the whole range of English art any more tragic than the celebrated cartoon of John Leech, *Gen. Fevrier turned Traitor*, which appeared in *Punch* on February 10th, 1855, after the news had come of the death of the Emperor Nicholas? Who can forget the atrocious irony of that wood-cut, which was quite worthy of Holbein. The Crimean war was in progress, and the Russian troops were getting the worst of it. "Patience," said Nicholas, "Russia's two best generals have not yet taken the field." "And who are they, sire?" "General Janvier and General Fevrier." The war dragged on; in the first days of February the Czar died, and this is what we see in *Punch*: A skeleton in helmet, breastplate, and the boots of a Russian general, steals, in a swirl of snow, into the chamber of a sick man, and lays a bony hand upon the breast of the prostrate emperor, and the legend below is, *Gen. Fevrier turned Traitor*. The profound impression produced in England can only be compared with that made by Hood's "Song of the Shirt." But what was there to laugh at?

Passing now to individual caricature, —what can be more suggestive, but at the same time what can be sadder, than to drag out of the property-cup-board, one after another, the various masks worn by a great statesman during a long career—as M. Spielman has done for Gladstone and Disraeli in his *History of Punch*, and as M. Grand-Cartaret has done for Bismarck and for Wagner in the works which he has devoted to them? As we follow the caricatures in their chronological order, we behold the masks becoming ever more dry, sardonic, wrinkled and distorted. Age is at work in collaboration with the pencil, tracing those lines upon the countenance which no correction can efface. It is thus that we behold Bismarck growing old amid his transformations. He is by turns Ægisthus, an old clo' man, a chimney-sweep, Gessler, a veterinary surgeon, a Cossack, a cat, an opera-dancer, a Cupid with Psyche, a waiter in a restaurant, a Deus Terminus, a champagne-bottle, a Fate, a mountebank at a fair, the statue of a general, a moon, a Jesuit, a cook, a butler, a grocer, a dog, a juggler, a rope-dancer, an angel, a train-wrecker, a shepherd. And then, alas! come the pilot getting his dismissal, the watch-dog being hunted off the premises, the shop-keeper putting up his shutters, a Napoleon musing at Saint Helena,—a giant whose day is done, stumbling back to his domicile, club in hand. We have also Faust's Marguerite in the garden of the Triple Alliance, pulling to pieces a daisy, whose delicate petals take the form of little Krupp guns.

Thus we follow in the papers the successive deformations of the same face, until the day comes when we hear that the great caricatured has succumbed to an apoplexy or some other fatal accident, and,—the portraits are done. There is nothing more to come but the lying-in-state, which

will be done by Death himself, the great and unsurpassable caricaturist. The anecdote is told of Disraeli that, wearying at last of the incessant persecution of Punch, he consented to preside at a dinner of the staff, had Leech presented to him, and undertook to disarm the artist by his amiability. He talked gaily and freely, remained at table long after the viands were disposed of, and finally proposed, by way of a joke, the health of an absent friend whom he would call Mr. Punch. Mark Lemon then rose, and returned thanks in the name of the absent friend. The party broke up very late. But all through that evening while Disraeli stayed, the pencil of the caricaturist, Time, was hard at work, drawing on the face of the old statesman lines of irony unsuspected even by Leech. Every moment that passes adds a touch of caricature to the most beautiful face. "Whom the gods love die young."

The really great masters all give us this feeling of sadness. Neither Holbein's *Dance of Death* nor Callot's *Miseries of War*, nor Goya's *Scenes of the Invasion*, nor Gavarni's *Remarks of Thomas Vireloque*, nor M. Forain's *Pleasant Country*, nor Gill-ray's *Death of Hoche*, where the hero soars heavenward, playing on a lyre in the form of a small guillotine, nor Rowlandson's Bonaparte sitting on a gun carriage and chatting with Death, moves us to laughter. Neither M. Willette in France, nor Mr. Walter Crane in England, nor Mr. Dana Gibson in America, makes anybody laugh. The caricaturists do not amuse us, because the caricaturists were not amused themselves when they set to work. Turn over the biography of any one of these ironical observers of modern life. You find a drama there, but not an inexhaustible source of gaiety. True gaiety belongs to the great idealists, the dreamers of flowery dreams

or the creators of furious epics,—just as it used often to be found among the monks. As for those whom their profession constrains to study the world of fashion from the life—it sometimes makes philosophers of them, but it never makes them gay. Gavarni suffered from mortal *ennui*. "You ask me what I am doing," he writes to a friend. "In the way of business I am doing *Masks and Faces*, and I am amusing myself by applying the infinitesimal calculus to pure geometry." Daumier had a most melancholy old age. Hogarth died of mortification, Travès in despair, and James Gillray in a mad-house. André Gill also died insane, and Robert Seymour committed suicide.

But if caricature be not the art of laughter, is it then the art of hatred, invective and scorn? Are its finest achievements the result of strong moral or patriotic indignation? Do they spring from the hatred of oppression, injustice, triumphant vice? No, this is not true, either. There was never more patriotic indignation abroad than in 1793—nor worse caricatures. The only good ones called forth by the French Revolution were those of Gillray, who was an entirely disinterested spectator of the struggle, and what is more, an Englishman, a pronounced liberal, and a huge admirer of the conventionalities of David. As for the caricatures of individual patriots, whether in Camille Desmoulins' paper, *The Revolution of France and Brabant* or in the engravings of the terrorist Villeneuve or the works of Palloy, they are beneath contempt, and not a single name of any one of their authors has survived. Hatred never quickens the observation, but rather confuses it, and indignation blunts the point instead of sharpening it. Cham's caricatures of Prussians, in 1870, were excellent, so long as the illusion of victory lasted; but when defeat became

irremediable, the man of wit was witty no longer, because he had too much heart.

It is always so with the caricatures which the vanquished draw of the victors, whether it is the French of 1635, who caricature the Imperialist General Gallas beating them in the Low Countries, or the Berliners of 1807 who caricature the French entry into Berlin, or Carl Vernet drawing the Cossacks who paraded about Paris in 1815, or M. Régamey the Emperor William in 1871, the fun is equally poor. The vanquished laugh on the wrong side of the mouth. There is no really good satire without an element of careless good nature. Excitement makes the hand tremble, and the lines go wrong.

Too much earnestness is also injurious. What could be more lamentable in art than the caricatures of Napoleon III. made, after the 4th of September, by the convinced and indignant enemies of the Empire? What poorer and flatter than that collection of pictorial travesties, made by the Emperor himself, which he used to turn over by lamplight at Chiselhurst during the long evenings of his exile, finding who knows what bitter pleasure in reopening the wounds of an irreparable past? On the other hand, the literary caricatures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, so sympathetically drawn by a man who at heart was very fond of his ridiculous hero (M. Caran d'Ache), are more perfect than anything in the world except, perhaps, the caricatures of Mr. Pickwick, whom Dickens, after heaping no end of ridicule upon him, has made us so truly love.

For we do love ridiculous people more than we despise them; and this is the true explanation of certain phenomena of public life which would otherwise be incomprehensible. "In France ridicule kills," is one of the most mendacious proverbs that ever misled public

opinion. The truth is that ridicule never killed anybody who was not already dead, or naturally predisposed to suicide. It did not kill Louis Bonaparte in 1848;—though he was more and more mercilessly jeered at than ever man was before him; nor Gambetta in 1876, nor Gen. Boulanger in 1887, when he was represented as paying a secret visit to Clermont-Ferrand "in a long overcoat, wearing blue spectacles, and affecting a limp." As for the men outside of politics, who have made themselves famous for their extravagancies, it does not appear that ridicule has been fatal even to them; and to some of them, as to the jesters of the sixteenth century, it has even served as a passport and a means of support.

And this is why there is so little objection to ridicule in a democratic country. To have laughed at a man never prevents voting for him. Sympathy is not the daughter of admiration. There are people whose defects we see with startling clearness, and whom we even laugh at, upon occasion, but whom we love warmly, both for their other qualities, and for the very ones which we have ridiculed. There are other men without any obvious weaknesses, who seem impervious to mockery, and the moment a difference with them arises, we detest as much as we admire them. As the shadow grows in length as the statue becomes taller, so our resentment increases in proportion as we get a high idea of a man whom we cannot possibly turn into a laughing-stock. The hatred which cannot explode in laughter becomes something much worse in action. If we could have laughed we should have been disarmed.

Some great personages have felt this, —and have never been hard upon the caricaturists. Louis Philippe was one of these, and Bismarck was another; the one, through his good nature; the

other, through his astuteness. There is a pretty story told of the "king of the French" and a little boy whom he had found trying to draw a *pear* on the park wall at Neuilly. The king was passing without an escort, and the small artist was putting his whole soul into his act of high treason. But the length of the child's arm was not equal to his good will, and he was crying because he could not finish to his satisfaction the top of the delicious fruit. Accordingly, the king took compassion on him, finished the pear with his own hand, and gave the little caricaturist a ten-sou piece, saying, "There's another pear in that!" So good was the heart of the pliriform and constitutional king! Prince Bismarck, too, was often immensely amused by the "skits" upon himself. They did him so little harm! He was, for half a century, the main target for all the caricaturists in the world. In 1890 M. Grand-Cartaret filled a volume with the most famous of these jibes, and there is material for several more to-day. But how much execution has been done by these thousands of projectiles? When we see how easily the giant of Friedrichsruhe shook off these little jeers, we are reminded of Gargantua at the siege of the Castle of Véde, combing the cannon-balls out of his hair. Never was the impotence of caricature more triumphantly demonstrated.

It must be confessed, however, that all the great subjects of caricature have not displayed the same nonchalance; and their anger has helped to cherish among the caricaturists a strong belief in the efficacy of their weapon. Louis XIV. was so sensitive that he burned alive, not alone the Dutch and other Protestant caricaturists who attacked him, but even those who undertook his defence. He was not to be defended by baboons. This is the kind of sovereign who will have no small and ugly men in his body-

guard. George II. always execrated Hogarth for his cartoon of *The March to Finchley*, where the king's army was indeed somewhat disrespectfully handled. The present Emperor of Germany has often been deeply exasperated by Punch. One day in 1892 he closed the doors of the palaces, both of Berlin and Potsdam, upon the English satirist who had been a guest there for forty years. This was in consequence of a caricature by Mr. Linley-Sambourne; and the Empress Frederic, Prince Henry, and all the royal princes followed his lead, and in their turn ignominiously dismissed the buffoon. But the jester had his revenge. He immediately drew the Emperor as an ill-conditioned little boy howling amid his drums and tin soldiers:

Take the nasty Punch away,
I won't have any Punch to-day!

The child's wrath was soon spent, and he wanted his Punch back again, but to save appearances he had it come from London weekly in an official envelope, which he opened with his own imperial hands, and then thrust the dangerous libel into a hole in his library where nobody would be likely to look for it. The Mikado of Japan was even more ticklish. He had been amused by the drawings of Kio-Sai, so he summoned the caricaturist into his presence and was rash enough to order a "charge" or skit, upon himself. Kio-Sai sat down and gravely produced a picture of his sovereign receiving chastisement at the hands of an ambassador from one of the European powers. He was immediately put in prison.

But these gusts of wrath do not in themselves prove that caricature plays the great part in politics which is sometimes assigned to it. They illustrate the spitefulness of the victims rather than the efficacy of the weapon. The caricatured thought they were

wounded when they were not really so, like Tolstoy's soldier at the siege of Sebastopol who was stunned by a stone which hit him on the head, and when he came to himself, thought he was dead, when he was not even wounded. He is safe and sound, while the comrade who had been conscious of nothing but a slight shock in the pit of the stomach, and who thought he had escaped, reels, tumbles, and all is over. In fact, it may be safely asserted that from the appearance of the first modern political caricature in 1490, to the present day, the blows of the caricaturist have been absolutely without effect upon a powerful adversary.

It is not quite true as Prévert Paradol once said, that "the invincible though impalpable irony which envelops and slowly undermines the haughtiest powers has now and then served the best causes ever defended in this world, and there have been times, unhappily, when the smile of an honest man was the only form of expression left to the public conscience." So far from irony's being a weapon against the hateful, it is precisely what men most hate,—the "haughty power,"—against which irony is impotent. "There," in the words of the great Napoleon, "it gnaws at granite." The replies of the wolf to the lamb, in *La Fontaine*, are replete with the most delicate irony, but the lamb is eaten all the same, and the burghers are never on the side of the devoured lamb. For the conception, expression and appreciation of an amusing idea, the freedom of mind is needful with which we regard the pseudo-vice and the semblance of oppression, but which vanishes before the truly odious. There are excellent caricatures of Louis Philippe, but where are those of Napoleon? Charming ones of M. Thiers, but none of Ferré or Raoul Rigault. Passable ones of Cambacérès, but where are

those of Talleyrand? The truth is that it does not belong to caricature to play that part of the moralist and the avenger which is sometimes assigned to it.

The caricaturist, then, is no pioneer of Progress, any more than he is a jester, a moralist, or a philosopher, or a doughty champion of popular causes. He overturns no thrones, and does not excite the laughter of the crowd. The rôle of modern caricature is a very different one on both sides of the Atlantic, and even in those remote and recently settled islands where they publish illustrated newspapers, caricature is merely this:—an interpretation which brings before the eyes certain ideas which do not immediately strike the mind. The contemporaneous caricaturist illuminates living questions, and suggests the proper social and political point of view. He draws neither to raise a laugh nor to excite an antipathy. He caricatures as a means of characterization, and clearly to define a state of mind. His aim is exactly this, even when he employs the method of exaggeration. What results concerns the public rather than himself. He no more knows just the effect his ray of light will produce than the chemist knows, when he discovers a new property in a body, whether his discovery will prove a boon or a curse to humanity.

In Puck, one of the comic newspapers of New York, the following lately appeared: From amid a waste of waves rises a black island whose inky summit is lost in clouds. The form of it resembles vaguely that of a miner digging for coal. The slopes are guarded by a long line of cannon, over which floats the flag with three crosses, one above the other. Upon a pier which runs out into the sea from the base of the mountain, stands John Bull, while ships are seen approaching, having on board, respectively, the

Czar, the Emperor William, and the representative of France. The three potentates all salute John Bull, and request permission to land. But the pier is inscribed with the words *Private Warehouse*, and the black giant of the mountain smiles mysteriously at the notion of a European attack. At the top of the cartoon we read the words, *Coal is King in the Far East*. The author of this sketch has expressed with the rapidity of a lightning flash an abstract idea and a long chain of reasoning; and the picture sticks to the memory, as a hundred newspaper articles on the same subject would not do.

By virtue of the obligation he is under to give a plastic presentation of his meaning, the caricaturist is the exact reverse of the diplomatist. He is a disperser of clouds,—and in this sense the title of the comic journal of Zurich, the *Nebelspalter*, is most appropriate. He pierces with the point of his pen the mists enveloping the formal protocols of bearded sages,—and brushes them all away. While the Ottoman government respectfully replies to Europe, in unctuous but guarded notes, that its recommendations will be seriously considered, the caricaturist shows us the Turk listening to a serenade by the European Concert,—with his thumb at his nose. While the Spanish and American generals are saluting and complimenting one another on the public square at Santiago—after the fashion of Velasquez' picture of *The Lances*, the caricaturist shows us the toréador prostrate and dying, gored by the horns of the bull, McKinley. It is true that caricature casts weird but terribly suggestive lights on things which it is the constant effort of civilization to mystify or suppress.

And so the caricaturist holds a middle place between the buffoon and the prophet. He is permitted to say sad

things because he can say them amusingly, and profound things because he can say them strikingly. His only corresponding figure in history is that of the fool in the courts of the olden time. The *folius* with his cock's comb was much more the caricaturist in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance than the stone-cutter or the wood-carver. Plastically he was himself a living caricature; morally, he was a truth-teller and a censor of power. His shape, his dress, his gestures, were the very reverse, the natural antithesis of all the beautiful and artistic features of the courts of those times. He was so essential a part of them, that Veronese was reprimanded by the Inquisition for putting a fool in one of his representations of *The Last Supper*, and the modern poet has not forgotten in his picture of a *Banquet at Theresa's* to show us

Sur les escaliers

Un nain qui dérobaît leur course aux cavaliers.

On the other hand the witty repartees of the dwarf were the valves which allowed the suppressed scorn of the courtiers to escape in the form of the most unlikely squibs. It was he who was expected to make princes acquainted with the things which nobody else dared tell them. We know how it was that in 1340 Philippe of Valois learned the disastrous result of the naval battle which had just taken place between the French and English fleets at the *Ecluses*. No one of his officers cared to tell him, so the fool assumed the office. He entered the king's chamber and stood grumbling in the background. "Those English poltroons!" he said. "Those chicken-livered Britons!" "Why do you abuse them so, cousin?" inquired the king. "Why? Because they hadn't spirit enough to jump into the sea head-foremost, as your French soldiers

did,—abandoning their ships to a foe who didn't dare pursue them!"

Philosophers would not tell the truth in those days, and the fools were obliged to do so.

The reason is very simple. The fools were, for the most part, weak, undersized and misshapen, as we see them on the canvases of Velasquez. They could not draw their swords and hit people; while, on the other hand, they were easily whipped. Their words were allowed because nobody dreaded their deeds. They were no bigger than gnats, and they stung like gnats. Precisely the same license is now permitted to the comic journal. Up to quite recent times the figures which they displayed were grotesque, undersized, and deformed. The comic paper understands so well that it is carrying on the business of the court-fool that in many countries it has even assumed his name. In France we have the Yellow Dwarf and the Triboulet; in England they have Punch; at Petersburg, The Buffoon; at Buda-Pesth, Stephen the Fool; at Turin, Pasquino. One of the comic papers of Vienna still mounts the cock's comb of the middle ages. The French Triboulet was one of the most faithful servants of the monarchy. When all the descendants of the nobles of Francis I. forsook, one by one, the king *qui ne s'amuse pas*, only the poor fool, celebrated by Rabelais, the deformed but loyal old servitor, would not budge. He shook his bells, and struck the last blow against oncoming democracy with that bauble which the monarchs had given him as a sign of contempt.

But the caricaturist is armed with a weapon more powerful than the writers, because it is one which enables him to express his thought in a manner more intelligible to the masses. The writer reasons; he evokes. The writer demonstrates; he exhibits. Goethe desired that there might be

more drawing in the world and less talking;—and the caricaturist does not talk. He appeals to the sense of sight, and the senses seize an idea before the mind can, and are more common among men than the faculty of judgment. Tradesmen understand the fact perfectly, and this is why in place of a long verbal advertisement they depict the strong man of the penny show quaffing a bowl of their famous bouillon, or a policeman gazing at his own reflection in a boot which is polished brighter than any Venice glass. The American politicians understand it when they portray Bimetallism with two good eyes, while Monometallism has only one. Such ideas are too abstract to be readily understood by the masses, but there is hardly an economic, financial or moral theory which has not been thus visibly demonstrated to the populace. The administration of Mr. Cleveland, the schemes of Tammany Hall, the Cuban and Hawaiian questions—all the most complicated problems of government are made to assume a visible form. It is once more that symbolic or didactic caricature which was noted at the beginning of this article as characteristic of the Egyptians. M. Caran d'Ache's Czar has the very bird's head of the God Horus. The empire of Ménélik is figured in the *Grelot* by the same lion as in the papyrus of the Museum of Turin. For the people, caricature has once more become what it was at the outset,—a means of instruction.

In different degrees, and as applied to various subjects, this is the function which it fulfils everywhere, because it is the one which it is best fitted to fulfil. Caricature is not necessarily an incitement to laughter; it is an indifferent political weapon; it is a feeble moralizing agent. But it is a marvelous process for reducing an abstract idea to the concrete, and thus bringing it to the notice of that mass of men

that rebels against abstractions. It defines and incarnates those ideas which would otherwise float hazily in the mind. It shows us a theory in the form of a man, and a nation in the form of a woman. It gives chin-whiskers to a Law, moustaches to a Responsible Board, and side-whiskers to a Constitution. And by so doing it makes the eyes discern what the mind had hardly been able to grasp.

Then it begins to modify the image, and the evolution of the idea follows the changes in the picture. It is thus that MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache,—to return once more to them—draw for us Frenchmen a Republic which grows younger and younger the longer the régime lasts. This image corresponds to a confessed notion in the minds of men that the Republic is growing more amiable, and the visible presentment reinforces the idea.

The Republic is no longer the shrew of the La Triboulet and the Pilori. Up to the age of twenty, she was represented as growing older. After that she seems to be born again, or rather, she becomes confounded with France. Each year her gray hairs become more golden, and her shape more slender. The crayon also has "conformé." We have no more the *Marianne* of former days, but something more like her daughter; with a slightly vulgar mouth, to be sure, but with enough of youthful grace to make us forget her vulgarity.

The dukes and archdukes whom M. Caran d'Ache shows us coming out of the ball-room, and picking up their crowns in the dressing-room, exclaim, "She is charming!" But one is irresistibly reminded of that word of Heinrich Heine: "Pray Heaven I may always love thee, for 'tis my love that makes thee fair!" For the caricaturist has quite forgotten her former resemblance. She is rehabilitated by his conformity. This is not she who rav-

aged monasteries, exiled princes, trampled on the corpses of Catholic work-women at Chateaufvillain, or pierced the breasts of *prolétaires* at Fourmiés. She never went to Panama. She knows nothing about railways in the South. But this is she who received the Czar, who wept over the victims of the Charity Bazar, and inaugurated the Napoleonic Exhibition and the Musée Condé. She drives about in a landau. Her Phrygian Cap is an emblem no longer. It is a head-dress. She has put the lictor's fas-

ces into an umbrella-case. She does not even look at the regiment marching by. She is no more the virago of September; she is the Queen of the May. If M. Forain allows anything ugly to approach her—it is the men who attend her, not the institutions. The thoughtful *distinguo* inscribed upon Raphael's painted ceilings may be clearly read on the ephemeral pages of the maker of silhouettes. And caricature in his hands, as in that of all the great masters of the art, is—an illumination.

Robert de la Sizeranne.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

MIDDLE-AGE ENTHUSIASMS.

We passed where flag and flower
Signalled a jocund throng;
We said: "Go to, the hour
Is apt!"—and joined the song;
And, kindling, laughed at life and care,
Although we knew no laugh lay there.

We walked where shy birds stood
Watching us, wonder-dumb;
Their friendship met our mood;
We cried: "We'll often come:
We'll come morn, noon, eve, everywhen!"
—We doubted we should come again.

We joyed to see strange sheens
Leap from quaint leaves in shade;
A secret light of greens
They'd for their pleasure made.
We said: "We'll set such sorts as these!"
—We knew with night the wish would cease.

"So sweet the place," we said,
"Its tacit tales so dear,
Our thoughts, when breath has sped,
Will meet and mingle here!" . . .
"Words!" mused we. "Passed the mortal door,
Our thoughts will reach this nook no more."

From Wessex Poems.

Thomas Hardy.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

If Thomas and Matthew Arnold had not happened to be father and son, it is not likely that it would have occurred to any one to link their names together. Given the relationship, it is possible, no doubt, to discern points of contact and resemblance. Both may be classed as educationalists by those who like to use that cumbersome and unpleasing word. Both were deeply interested in the intellectual culture of their fellow-countrymen. Both thought and wrote much on religious questions. Both strove to enlarge the ideas of the public to which they severally addressed themselves; and both seemed, in respect of this part of their work, to be but *voces clamantium in deserto*. But, in spite of these points of resemblance, the differences are great, and are not confined to the surface only, but rather extend deep down into the foundations of their lives. Not only were the spheres in which they worked, the audiences to which they spoke, markedly different, but the temperaments and characters of the two men differed profoundly. The one enthusiastic, vigorous, powerful, sympathetic, speaking to the character and the emotions; the other critical, cynical, sarcastic, humorous, and addressing himself primarily to reason and the intellect: assuredly the tie of natural relationship is needed to group them in our minds together. Yet grouped they are, necessarily; and it was inevitable that an editor who had to deal with the great educators of the world, with a special reference to the English book-buying public, should apportion one volume to the consideration of the

work of Thomas and Matthew Arnold.

For such a task Sir Joshua Fitch has strong qualifications, from his official experience of modern English educational methods and history, and from his personal acquaintance with Matthew Arnold, his colleague in the service of the Education Department. His book, if not remarkable, is at any rate adequate and readable; strongest, as was to be expected, in dealing with purely educational matters, weaker on purely literary topics, such as the poetry and literary criticism of Matthew Arnold, or the historical work of his father. He is not afraid to indicate his own differences of opinion on certain educational matters, such as Thomas Arnold's views on Latin verse, or Matthew's methods of school inspection; and such criticisms, whether the reader agrees with them or not, at least serve the purpose of arousing his attention and stimulating thought on matters which are sometimes of considerable importance to those who are interested in the problems of modern education.

It would be superfluous to attempt to write a biographical sketch of the life of Thomas Arnold, who has had the good fortune to be the subject of one of the few first-rate biographies in the English language; while Matthew Arnold's life, as he himself felt, was not of a kind to lend itself to historical treatment, the external events in it being few and unimportant. It is possible, however, to attempt to sum up the work which each of them did, and to estimate the spirit in which it was done; and at a time when education is one of the most prominent subjects and foremost needs of the day, it may be not unprofitable to consider the thoughts and achievements of two

*Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M. A., LL. D., formerly Her Majesty's Inspector of Training Colleges. Great Educators' Series. (London, 1897.)

men who have left their marks deep on the educational and intellectual characteristics of the present generation.

If the average educated man is asked what Thomas Arnold did, he will probably answer that he reformed the public school system through his head-mastership of Rugby; but this answer, though it would not much mislead the average questioner, is in strict accuracy quite erroneous. It was not the form of the public school system that Arnold modified, but its spirit. In form the system of Rugby was substantially that under which he had himself been educated at Winchester. Winchester has always been in many respects a typical public school, conservative in its traditions, unaffected by special social distinctions, unfettered by special limitations of class, and possessing an exceptionally vigorous and enduring corporate spirit; and Arnold was not only a Wykehamist, but a keen and devoted Wykehamist. The prefectorial system, the recognition of fagging by properly constituted boy authorities, was well established at Winchester, and it was the foundation of Arnold's system at Rugby, as it is of nearly all public schools at the present day. Arnold did not invent the thing, but he developed its inherent possibilities and made it a powerful engine in the formation of character. There are few more potent educational agents than responsibility; and England, as a nation, owes enormously to the recognition of this principle. It is this that makes the midshipmen in our navy and the subalterns in our army capable, not merely of those astonishing feats which some of them from time to time have the luck and the ability to achieve, but of that high average of responsible work which is done, unrecognized, from day to day throughout the services. The same qualities may be seen, by those who care to look for them, in much of

our civil life, though in many careers the opportunities for showing them are less; and it is impossible to estimate how much of the stronger elements of our national character is due to that early cultivation of responsibility of which the prefectorial system in our public schools is one of the most notable manifestations. Arnold trusted his boys; and the result was that they rarely abused the trust. It was often said, especially at Oxford—to which university most of his boys went—that his scholars were unduly serious and oppressed with a sense of their importance in the universe; but this is a fault which is not likely to affect any very large proportion of English schoolboys, and if in the hands of an exceptional master the bow was over strongly bent in this direction, the excess was of a kind which would not be found under more ordinary circumstances.

As with the social organization of the school, so with its more strictly educational system, Arnold did not so much reform as re-inspirit. He found, and on the whole he maintained, at Rugby the normal public school curriculum, in which Latin and Greek occupy the foremost post, with history and divinity as recognized adjuncts, while mathematics, modern languages, and especially science, are relegated to comparatively obscure situations. We have no intention of discussing the merits or the demerits of the system here. Sir Joshua Fitch does indeed take the opportunity to deliver his soul in a denunciation of verse composition as a means of education; but though we wholly disagree with him, and note with satisfaction that Arnold's experience led him from a dislike of verse composition to an increasing belief in it,¹ we will not argue the point here, nor try to appraise the comparative value of the testimony of Dean Farrar (whom Sir Joshua Fitch quotes) and

¹ Thomas and Matthew Arnold, p. 42.

Arnold on educational problems. The point which we wish to make at present is this, that Arnold took over the existing educational system in the main, but filled it with fresh life by his methods and his individual personality. In all his teaching he was thinking, not of the accumulation of exact knowledge, but of the effect on the boy's mind and character. Not merely the divinity lesson, the special charm and force of which have been so admirably set forth by Dean Stanley, but the classical lesson, and still more the history lesson, were used to impress on his pupils' minds the great 'moral teachings of the world's experience. His sympathy with human character made him realize for himself the human interest in ancient literature and history, and enabled him to convey that interest to his hearers. He was among the first of English scholars to adopt the realistic methods of Niebuhr, which may be taken to be the foundation of the whole of the modern system of reading and teaching history; and it was, no doubt, the human, natural, unconventional character of those methods that primarily appealed to him. He felt ancient history as real life, and he taught it for its bearings upon human character. He aimed at producing, not speciallists, but men.

Here, indeed, is the secret of Arnold's method. It was character that he aimed at producing, and it was by character that he worked. Freshness, vigor, strenuousness, honesty, sympathy were the notes of his character, and it was by them that he impressed his pupils. Other teachers have turned out exacter scholars, and have trained their pupils' minds to a higher stage of intellectual development; but few, if any, have possessed his power of at once stimulating the mind and impressing the soul. Hence it was that he put his mark upon his pupils with a peculiar clearness, and inspired them

with a special devotion to himself; and the literary genius of two of these pupils, in adding two imperishable works to English literature (Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold" and Thomas Hughes' "Tom Brown's Schooldays"), has carried Arnold's name and fame into wider circles than a schoolmaster generally reaches, and thereby has made his spirit and his method a part and parcel of modern public school life. It may be uncertain how far the modern developments of our public schools are due to Arnold's influence, and how far to the general march of ideas; and some features of them, such as the increasing attention paid to science and modern languages, lay altogether outside his sphere. But it cannot be questioned that his influence, especially upon the tone and spirit of the schools, was great; and the whole of it was good.

But it was not only in school and from the headmaster's chair that Arnold brought his influence to bear on his generation. Himself a Fellow of Oriel at the same time as Keble, with strong connections of tradition and sentiment with Oxford, it was impossible that he should not take the keenest interest in the great religious movement which was convulsing Oxford and England during the years of his headmastership of Rugby; and when his spirit was strongly moved, he was sure to throw himself strenuously into the conflict. The form which his participation in the controversy took was due to the idiosyncrasies of his character. He had left Oxford too soon, and was too independent in character, to fall wholly under the influence of Newman or Pusey; and his temperament led him in a different direction. Looking always to spirit rather than to form, sympathizing with other men so greatly that he would always rather include than reject, his tendency naturally was to plead for the widest possi-

ble toleration of divergent opinions. The Church of England should be as nearly as possible identical with the nation of England, embracing all who could honestly claim the name of Christian. That was the only test, but that test was to be applied rigidly. With Unitarians he would make no terms. He would have had no sympathy with those who to-day assert that they have a right to call themselves Christians because, though rejecting Christ's Divinity, they yet hold Him in reverence as a human teacher. That quibble Arnold would have rejected without hesitation; but he made little account of the principles by which Christians are divided from one another. The result was, that at a time when nearly all men who took a living interest in religious matters were eagerly debating questions of Church history and patristic teaching and theological interpretation, he stood on an eminence by himself, satisfying neither party and influencing few except those who, as his pupils, came directly under his influence. Neither the Oxford High Church school, nor those who regarded that school as drawing dangerously near to Popery, could regard him as otherwise than unsound in his principles; and the greater the energy with which he intervened in the conflict, the more sure he was to draw down blows on himself from both sides.

So, in religion as in education, Arnold founded no new system, but was the prophet of a true and life-giving spirit. With few disciples to follow exactly in his footsteps, he was yet helpful and stimulative to all with whom he came into contact. If his educational methods required enlargement, so as to include a wider range of subjects, and if his religious teaching required to be guided by a sounder grasp of Church principles, the spirit which inspired both was healthy and true; and the reverence in which his name is

held to this day, and will be held to a distant future, is fully and honorably deserved. Not Winchester only, which educated him, nor Rugby, which he educated, nor even all the public schools whom his example influenced so deeply, but all cultivated members of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, are proud to acknowledge the greatness of soul which inspired Thomas Arnold, and the debt which they owe to his generous spirit and upright manliness of character.

When all that knew him cherished his memory, it was natural that his own family should do so most of all; and Matthew Arnold's recently published letters bear constant testimony to his devotion to his father's memory. Yet in passing to the consideration of the son's career one cannot help feeling oneself surrounded by a wholly different atmosphere. The difference is partly one of circumstances, but it is still more one of temperament and character. Having been, in the first instance, sent to Winchester, like his father before him, he was removed thence when his father went to Rugby, and thenceforward lived at home, receiving practically the education of a day-boarder. Possibly this amount of separation from the common life of a school had something to do with the aloofness which characterized him afterwards; possibly, too, the uncongenial character of his work in later life contributed to the same end. While his father's lot had fallen in a great public school, his own was cast in an Inspectorship of elementary education among schools especially patronized by Nonconformists. He did his work honestly and adequately, but (as Sir Joshua Fitch regretfully admits) he never regarded it with that enthusiasm which a properly constituted Inspector of Schools should feel. He looked upon it as bread-and-butter work, necessary to him as a father of a family,

but not affording scope to his special and proper powers. But behind these differences of circumstances there lay also a difference of temperament which was fostered by them—a temperament intellectual rather than emotional, and critical rather than enthusiastic.

Given, then, this temperament, intellectual rather than emotional; given, too, these uncongenial, or but half-congenial, circumstances, which dulled enthusiasm and encouraged criticism; and given in addition the reaction from religious and theological excitement which characterized the generation following that of the Oxford Movement, we can fairly account for the lines upon which Matthew Arnold's genius developed itself. Like his father, he tried to educate his generation, but his aims and his methods were different. While his father endeavored to touch men's hearts and elevate their characters, he aimed at touching their minds and widening their intellects. His method was sarcasm, not enthusiasm. His watchword was culture, not religion.

On his official work as an Inspector of Schools it is not necessary to say much. There have probably been many better inspectors; and the best of his work was probably due to the fact that he was not only an inspector. His reputation as a scholar, a critic, and a man of letters, gave weight to his recommendations on all matters touching the intellectual development of educational methods, and also (as Sir Joshua Fitch points out) gave a pleasant stimulus to many managers and masters of schools whom he met in his official progresses. He was always averse to Procrustean systems of examination and reward (a characteristically Arnoldian feature), and was constantly on the look-out for opportunities to inculcate a wider literary culture into the children under his charge. He advocated (without much success) increased reading of the Bible, not as

religious instruction but as literature. Further, he was more than once despatched on missions to the Continent, to report on foreign educational methods, of which his love of French intellectual characteristics and his distaste for contemporary English Philistinism made him a sympathetic student; and his reports of these missions contain much that is interesting and suggestive, though we do not know that they have left much impression on the educational policy of English governments. But the greater part of his official work bulks no larger in his life's achievement than the folios filled by Charles Lamb at the India House. Like his father, he had interests outside his profession to which he devoted his spare time; but, unlike his father, it was in these outside occupations that his greatest work was done.

The literary work of Matthew Arnold falls into three, if not four, divisions. There is what may be called his didactic work, part of which may be described as his teaching on religion, while the other part is his teaching on culture. Next, there is his work in the sphere of literary criticism; and finally, there is his poetry. Of his writings on the subject of religion it is not necessary to say much. That he was earnest in his desire for the good of humanity is unquestionable, but the trace that he left upon either his contemporaries or his successors in this respect was small. His father had passed through a long and severe struggle with doubt, but had emerged victorious, and could thenceforth throw all his vigorous enthusiasm into the cause of Christianity. Whether the son struggled with doubt we know not, but it is certain that doubt was victorious; and his teaching was in the name of a God whom he knew only as "a stream of tendency, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," not a God revealed to us in Christ. This in itself weak-

ened his position as a religious teacher; but it may be doubted whether, with his somewhat reserved and critical temperament, he could ever have exercised a wide influence in this direction. He could not speak to the emotions, he could only arouse the intellect; and it was in his appeals to the intellect, in his efforts to purify the taste and enlarge the culture of the English public, that he was most truly and effectively a teacher.

It may be doubted whether, even in the sixties and early seventies, the taste of England was so low as Matthew Arnold habitually represented it, or its vulgarity so blatant and self-satisfied. It must be remembered that, before the passing of the Education Act, his work lay wholly among schools supported by the Nonconformist bodies, the managers of whom were, presumably, mostly Nonconformists; and this was hardly a sphere in which Arnold was likely to find many congenial spirits. Hence his continual warfare against Dissent, not *qua* religious Dissent, but on account of its intellectual barrenness, its narrowness, and its want of culture. But it would be useless to contend that this is the whole explanation of the matter. At no time could the average taste of a large and very busy community reach the standard of taste and culture which Arnold desiderated; but the England of thirty years ago fell very short of that ideal indeed. A reader who will take advantage of the recent reprint of that most characteristically Arnoldian *jeu d'esprit*, long so inaccessible, "Friendship's Garland," cannot but feel that many of Arnold's gibes have lost much of their weight to-day. But if this is true—if the strivings after culture are to-day more genuine and more wide-spread; if the standard of popular taste has been raised above the level of early Victorian days—the credit is in no small measure due to Matthew Arnold

himself. Not, of course, to him alone. Other workers, such as Ruskin among his seniors, Hunt, Burne-Jones, Morris, Rossetti, Pater, among his coevals and juniors, were in their own different spheres laboring in the same direction and incurring the same opposition and ridicule as he met with. But however much his catchwords—his "Philistines" and "Barbarians," his "sweetness and light"—were scoffed at, the phrases stuck, as he intended, and some impression was made on the well-nigh impenetrable hide of British self-complacency. It is not merely self-flattery to say that intellectual interests are more widely diffused now than before Arnold wrote; nor is the change wholly a gain. If culture is more diffused, it is also less concentrated, and in literary achievement of the highest order the present generation compares but poorly with the last. Still, for the public at large the gain is clear. More good books are read, more good pictures are studied, more good music is listened to, than was the case a generation ago; and if it is the case that much of this apparently cultured interest is a sham, it is clearly a gain that fashion should require an appearance of refinement and good taste rather than an appearance of vulgarity and indifference.

In the intervals of his "puny warfare against the Philistines," of his attempts "to pull out a few more stops in that powerful, but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman," Arnold found time for many excursions into literary criticism, wherein he set an example of that culture which he would fain inculcate on his contemporaries. If one is asked for the most salient characteristic of his literary criticism (and in this brief notice we have no space for more), it would seem to be his constant insistence upon a high standard of taste. He tries to rise above temporary and superficial qualities, and to test every-

thing by certain supreme canons, valid for all time. He asks of this poet and of that, Has he the "grand style?"—of the translator of Homer, Has he rapidity, plainness and directness of style and thought, and nobleness of soul?—of the critic, Has he sweetness and light? The grand style in creative literature, lucidity in criticism: these were his ideals, which he was never weary of preaching. His criticisms of other writers have a way of abiding by one, because he cultivated this lucidity himself, and because he had the gift of arranging his study of an author round some central feature or idea, which is imprinted on the memory by the way in which it is handled and enforced from all sides. It was this love of lucidity that gave him his admiration for the French school of literary prose, with its clear logical arrangement and precision of phrase, and especially for Sainte-Beuve, the most clear-sighted, suggestive, and withal sane of critics. The sensationalism which tries to get a hearing by forced novelties of phrase or idea, which takes but one side of a truth and distorts that, never appealed to him. His judgment was sober and "of the centre," yet by his manner of expressing it, by the illuminating gift of apposite phrase and suggestive thoughts, he avoided monotony and commonplace. Culture of mind, lucidity of phrase, went hand in hand for him; and like Chaucer's parish priest,

He taughte, but first he folwed it himselfe.

And finally, Arnold was a poet, and a poet in a generation which reached a very high level of poetic production. The Victorian age may not have so many names of the first rank as the Georgian, which can bring into the field such giants as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Scott; but a generation which can claim Ten-

nyson, the Brownings, Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris, may hold up its head with the best. Among this distinguished gathering Arnold has a well defined position of his own. Without the beauty and charm of Tennyson, the force and dramatic power of Browning, the extraordinary rhythmical mastery of Swinburne, he excels them all in what may be called intellectual poetry. The grave meditative solemnity of such poems as "Obermann" and the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" and "Rugby Chapel" touches notes such as few poets have reached, due to a peculiar combination of intellectual culture and genuine poetic feeling. His poetry always has the tincture of intellect, of meditation, of deliberate and studied art; but it would not be so impressive as it is if there were not a genuine spirit of poetry at the back of it, a sense of beauty (seen perhaps most clearly in certain stanzas of "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy") and an insight into the springs of thought and character which make their possessor a poet. The "Spirit of Intellectual Beauty" whom Shelley invoked must surely have been the Muse whom Arnold served; and, in consequence, his disciples and admirers must always be drawn from those who have had some intellectual and literary training. But among these (and the class is not a very narrow one) he will find a train of followers, at least so long as the problems with which he deals exercise the human mind. On the minor poets of the younger generation his influence is marked and unmistakable; and many readers, in times of intellectual unrest, will turn to him for sympathy and congenial companionship when a greater poet would help them less.

Mr. Hutton once singled out Matthew Arnold as the typical representative of that Oxford generation which followed the generation of Newman. The tur-

bulent excitement of religious controversy had given place to an intellectual questioning of all things, to an attitude of doubt which was not merely a fashion, though in some cases it degenerated into that. It was a natural reaction, and has itself in turn given way to the combination of High Church views with critical scholarship which characterizes the Oxford of to-day. Possibly Clough is a fairer representative of it than Arnold: Clough, with his paroxysms of doubt and blind gropings after faith, with his struggle of the soul in hope against the insistent whisperings of the intellect. The Olympian, if melancholy, serenity of Arnold marks the older man rather than the youth. He stands rather aloof from his generation, girding at its vulgarity, striving somewhat hopelessly to elevate its standards, teaching it by

his example in literary criticism, and from time to time retiring into himself to commune with his soul in verse. His father taught his generation by a sympathetic mingling with it, stimulating it by his own enthusiasm and generous championship of right; the son taught his later generation as it were from outside, more by his example than by his exhortations. But both left their marks on the England of their day; and if in any respect we have advanced in the tone of our public school education, in a sympathetic and tolerant view of human nature and of religious controversy, in a wider range of intellectual interests, in a higher standard of taste in art and literature, we owe not a little of it to the advocacy and the example of Thomas and Matthew Arnold.

The Church Quarterly Review.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

One night, just two hundred years ago, at a meeting of a certain Kit-Cat Club, famous for its mutton pies and its Whiggism, a little person, not yet eight years old, and uncommonly shrewd, quick, and bright-eyed, is unanimously elected as the Club's toast for the year, finely complimented by the noisy fine company (the little toast understands and remembers the compliments very well indeed) before she goes back to dull lessons, a "home-spun governess," and obscurity.

This little adventure is, indeed, only the beginning of a life full of adventures—and of ventures, one may add—for the child-toast of the Kit-Cats grows into the girl who elopes presently with a certain Mr. Wortley, accompanies him through a thousand difficulties on his embassy to the Porte, introduces into England a harebrained scheme called inoculation (at which the

pompous faculty look greatly askance), is loved and hated by Pope, is my Lady Bute's mother and a great figure—not a little dreaded and admired—in a great society, leaves her husband and England for many years' obscurity in Italy, and writes letters which have none of the delicate softness of Madame de Sévigné or the polish of Lord Chesterfield, but a bold, vivid, daring portraiture, and a strong, coarse, honest view of life, which is no one's in the world but Lady Wortley Montagu's.

My Lady does not write at nearly such great length as that witty enemy of hers—Horace Walpole. While he is etching in a single light or shade into one of his fine pictures, she has painted a dozen impressions with her great brush. Is her Ladyship's style more vivid when she is struggling home from Constantinople through the Eu-

rope of two hundred years ago with a "numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast"—when she is writing from stormy Twit'nam ("Dr. Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's," says she, "and their conjunction has produced a ballad"), or as an old woman, forgotten by the world she dominated, from Lovere? One hardly knows. She writes always with the broadest humor, vigor, and spirit. Her jolly laugh rings out from those letters still. Her deeper views of life—My Lady is surely the pluckiest woman who ever suffered sorrow—are as fresh as if they were written yesterday. There is an honesty in her very coarseness, which clears an air murky with Swift's foulness and Pope's indecencies. The times she lived in live again. One sees the Continent of that great eighteenth century, with its "boys and governors" from England doing the Grand Tour, the "certain person" a loyal Hanoverian must needs avoid at Rome, the birth-night and the coronation of his Majesty King George II., the gay company at the Bath, the frolics of the Maids of Honor, the dull country life, the easy morality of the town, polite assemblies listening to "Tom Jones," the lords and the wits, invincible old Sarah Marlborough, "dear Molly Skerrit," Congreve, Steele, Young, Swift, Pope, Addison, "Sophia," Duke of Wharton, "Fanny," Lord Hervey, great Burnet of Salisbury, and the greatest woman of the day, the letter-writer herself.

My little Lady Mary has, with the brilliant exception of that Kit-Cat incident, the dullest neglected childhood that ever prepared a woman for greatness. She is sent, when she is still a very small shrewd creature, to be educated by Grandmamma Elizabeth Pierrepont, from whom, perhaps, she gets that taste for reading which is to stand her in such good stead hereafter; and is not yet eight years old when

she is removed to the care, or the carelessness, of his Grace her papa (her mother is already dead), and the society of her little sisters and brother, and of that good stupid old nurse, with her tales of bogeys and hobgoblins and her Methodist religion, at Thoresby. "My own education was one of the worst in the world," says her Ladyship, long after. Whatever she knows (and at twelve she is imitating Ovid with a splendid audacity, and carrying on a "regular commerce" with that other clever old grandmother at Denbigh, at a very early age) she learns mostly without assistance. She has lessons presently from the professed carving master three times a week; is permitted the friendship of Mistress Dolly Walpole, the sister of a certain Robert; and is in years still a child and in mind a woman in a thousand, when one day, at some girlish party, she meets a grave elderly Mr. Wortley, whom she "surprises" (there is an account of the meeting still extant in her own handwriting) with her vigorous criticisms on a new play.

My Lady Mary is, in fact, no more afraid of this serious man of affairs than she is of any other creature in the world. She expresses her opinions to him no doubt with a delightful frankness and freedom, and looks up at him—she is in the girlish dawn of such vivid beauty that it would make any opinions palatable perhaps—with the eyes which a certain little crippled poet is to immortalize hereafter and with a shrewdness and daring all her own. Mr. Wortley introduces her presently (after an ingenious time-honored method) to his sister, Mrs. Anne, and Mrs. Anne, who is very charming and accommodating, begins a regular correspondence (the brother guiding the pen as it were) with "My dear Lady Mary" and the opening chapters of the subtlest love story ever written.

Her girlish Ladyship at Thoresby

understands very well indeed from the first those pompous compliments to her wit and understanding from a "humble servant of yours," or "a Cambridge Doctor." Can't one fancy dearest Mary running to her chamber to read alone, with a twinkle in her eyes and some fluttering pride in her heart perhaps, those remarkably effusive productions of dearest Anne's, and replying to them with all the spirit and cleverness she can muster (which is not a little) by the very next post? It is not until the gentle intermediary dies that Lady Mary corresponds directly with Mr. Wortley; and by the time she does so, it is pretty evident that they are both well on that course which never did run smooth.

It may be, indeed, from the first (as it is from the first the pair are always quarrelling and wanting and distrusting each other) that Mr. Wortley has a passion for a beautiful creature rather than a sober affection for a great woman; while Lady Mary (she is but twenty years old and already far too clever to be happy) will have him give her, above everything, his respect and esteem, and *will* bargain, as it were, for a lifetime of content in place of a few weeks of delight. One can't somehow but pity her. It is as if she were always asking her heart if she loved the man, and could never distinguish its answer. "I can esteem, I can be a friend," she says, "but I don't know if I can love."

And her father, who first approved of Mr. Wortley as a son-in-law, breaks off the engagement on some question about settlements without consulting Lady Mary, and rouses her on a sudden into fidelity and determination. She is introduced into society—a wit, a beauty, and a duke's daughter, has plenty of admirers one may be sure—and she won't look at one of them. She is forbidden to speak or to write to Mr. Wortley. And she meets him—

secretly—at Dick Steele's; or at Corticelli's, the singer; or "coming downstairs after service at St. James;" and writes to him (even in these secret letters the strange couple are always doubting and reproaching each other) by any messenger she can get.

Driven desperate at last by the appearance of another suitor (favored by My Lady's father) on the scene, the lovers arrange an elopement. "Reflect now, for the last time," writes Lady Mary to the man who once showed signs of declining to marry her without a handsome dowry, "in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a nightgown and petticoat, and that is all you will get with me." She faces her fate, and decides it. Her whole world is in opposition to her. Her uncle tries to help her and cannot. Brother William, whom she has trusted a little, fails her. Her father, deaf to her passionate prayers, tears, and entreaties, and as obstinate as destiny, has already laid out four hundred pounds in "wedding cloaths" for the marriage of his own choosing. The final runaway details are arranged—the obliging friend's house—"the coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow." And on the last night of all (or what the lovers take to be the last night, for the elopement is still further frustrated and postponed) Mary writes to her lover that very little letter, which is so much more pathetic than all the long-winded pathos of Clarissa over which she is to weep hereafter, and which begins: "I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never repent?" and ends, "My resolution is taken. Love me and use me well."

The young wife spends the first year or two of her married life in hired houses in Yorkshire or staying with friends, while her husband is a good deal in London. The pair remain lovers a good while—or they reproach and

distrust each other, at least, just as they did in their long courtship, for some time after the birth of their son. Little Edward is put out to nurse, after the pleasing fashion of the day, and then returned to his mother, who is perfectly bold and enterprising even now, and tries on him, for his delicacy, "hazardous remedies" like cold baths. She offers her opinion pretty freely, too, to Mr. Wortley upon his political prospects (My Lady makes the mistake through life of always offering opinions when she has them, and of always having them upon all subjects), and her views are so uncommonly sound and sensible that one doesn't wonder if Mr. Wortley—who looks out of his picture with lips very positive and obstinate—should resent their wisdom a little and prefer to be clever, as it were, by himself.

At the opportune death of Queen Anne, he brings his Whig notions and his brilliant wife to the Whig Court, where her ladyship entertains not a little those dull Germanic persons with that daring wit of hers, which is no respecter of persons, not even of the sacred person of her royal admirer, his little strutting, stupid, dapper Highness George, Prince of Wales. There is, indeed, but one woman in that circle who is cleverer than my Lady Mary—and George's wife, the Princess, has little of Mary's bold beauty and charm. It is at this period of her life that Mary first makes the acquaintance of Congreve, Addison, and Vanbrugh, and of a certain little Mr. Pope, most likely, who very soon begins to pay her those witty indelicate compliments, which her ladyship, who is robust rather than refined, and has a very honest virtue protected by a sometimes (it is to be feared) very coarse speech, values at quite their true worth, and accepts with perfect complacency. There are, no doubt, plenty of highflown admirers besides Mr. Pope, to assure the Flavia

of those Town Eclogues (which Lady Mary writes in the year of the happy accession of his Majesty King George I.) that even the smallpox has been powerless to destroy her beauty, and to very sincerely regret, when she accompanies her husband on his Embassy to the Porte, the loss of such a jolly, vigorous, original, social power.

Mr. Wortley and his wife—or his wife and Mr. Wortley, as one chooses to put it—leave Gravesend with two servants, and a very small son, on a certain day in July, 1716, for Adrianople and Constantinople *via* Rotterdam, the Hague, Cologne, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, and Vienna. It is at Rotterdam that My Lady begins writing, in letters to Sister Mar, Mr. Pope, and others, that famous description of her travels—than which there is, perhaps, none more frank, vivid, vigorous, and faithful. She writes under a thousand difficulties and from all kinds of places. She observes everything. She learns all about the manners, language, and customs of the countries she stays in. She records the latest fashions in Vienna. She is "pretty far gone in Oriental learning" at Adrianople. She copies Latin inscriptions from the monuments at Eski Stamboul. She dines with a Grand Vizier's Lady, and wears the Turkish habit in which her miniature is painted. She sees "as much of the seraglio as is to be seen"—which, in point of fact, is not much. She writes a famous account, quite outspoken and characteristic, of the baths at Sophia. She pays and receives state visits. She copies Turkish verses for the benefit of Mr. Pope. She maps out for herself, for a summer holiday at Belgrade, such a course of study as would put a modern blue-stocking (My Lady has far too keen a sense of humor to pose as a blue-stocking) to the blush. She observes the custom of inoculation, and tries it with a triumphant success on little Edward. At

the Peri of Constantinople her little daughter ("the passion of my life") is born to her. She has a bodily vigor and courage not a little extraordinary. She is at all times mentally alert and greedy of fresh knowledge and new impressions. She is now only twenty-eight years old and has the judgment and wisdom of forty. It has already become the motto of her life that "one must pluck up a spirit," look at the humorous side of everything, and make the best of a bad world. To Mr. Wortley she does not now allude very much in her letters. But she speaks once of her own "principles of passive obedience" which carry her through everything; and would find that summer at Belgrade "Elysium if it had a river Lethe in it." Each student of the human heart must draw his own conclusions.

The little party proceed homewards presently (even her Ladyship's stout spirit falls her somewhat at the prospect of passing "those dreadful Alps" with her young family), ascend Mont Cenis, "being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders," and, having posted through a France ripening to revolution, reach England safely. It is on her travels that My Lady has received those famous, witty, highdown, artificial, and not a little indecent letters from Mr. Pope (they are written in the language of an exorbitant passion, each indorsed by Mr. Wortley and copied by Mary verbatim into a diary), and it is at Dover that Mary (who can't for the life of her be prudent or restrain that wicked wit of hers) writes and sends to Pope a finely satirical parody on his "Lovers struck by Lightning," which she is to find hereafter the sensitive little bard of Twit'nam does not at all appreciate.

By the time they reach London Mary finds herself the first woman in England. She was a wit and a beauty

when she left, and is now not less witty and beautiful, and the greatest traveller of her day. Pope has immortalized her in undying lines. She has brought back with her a splendid scheme for the good of mankind. All the talent of her country is at her feet. She has, indeed, in her absence lost certain illusions and replaced them by a plucky philosophy. She is no longer the girl arguing with her lover on the subtleties of love, and dreaming in her heart of a happiness in which her sage head would never let her believe. She and Mr. Wortley have accepted the most fatal of all alienations and are very good friends.

She is so famous and "pulled about" presently over this inoculation scheme that he takes a villa for her at literary Twit'nam, where she lives with a "small, snug set of dear intimates," gallops across country to get away from a melancholy which she is fighting with a great deal of spirit all her life, minds the children ("My daughter . . . grows a little woman," she writes), sends to Paris for the latest fashions, and satisfies, so far as she can, the most insatiable passion for learning that ever a woman had.

She has "dear Molly Skerrit" to stay with her presently—Molly hereafter becoming the stepmother of Mary's bitter, brilliant rival, Horace Walpole. Mary runs up to town for a masquerade or the birthnight; and back to Twit'nam to escape those married lovers "beautiful Molly Lepell" and "Fanny," Lord Hervey, who are "perpetually cooling" in her ladyship's town house. She goes to the Bath and the Wells to see the company and preserve herself from boredom. She writes the latest town scandals in the most perfectly direct language to Sister Mar, in Paris. She has all the births, deaths, marriages, divorces, intrigues, and the most piquant of little stories at her fingers' ends. At Twit'nam she

sees "Mr. Congreve sometimes and very seldom Mr. Pope." She is involved in, and extricates herself from, a money affair connected with the South Sea Bubble and a Monsieur Rémond. She has an "immortal quarrel" with "Sophia," Lord Wharton. She writes a ballad on a notorious adventure of a certain Mrs. Murray, and is quite surprised when Mrs. Murray is offended and attacks her ladyship "in very Billingsgate at a masquerade." (It is characteristic of Mary that all through her life she never understands why any one should feel hurt at being the butt of her jolly laugh or the object of her candid satire.) My Lady's father dies, at the end not quite unforgiving. "That ungovernable little rake," her son, runs away from school. Her daughter is growing up at her side. She is herself getting nearer middle life—perfectly humorous and plain-spoken, and not at all refined.

It is not known at precisely what time in her career the coldness that has been between her and Pope since that Dover parody of Pope's "Lovers" breaks suddenly into fire. Before she settles at Twit'nam the little bard is still writing her fine letters (though briefer and colder than they used to be), and it is at Mr. Pope's request she has her portrait painted by Kneller. And then of a sudden the pair are at each other tooth and nail, vilifying and insulting each other, furlous, unscrupulous, unclean. My Lady gets the worst of it, of course. She is the less in the wrong, it seems. No woman (and my Lady Montagu least of any woman in the world) could be defamed so foully and make no reply. If she is beaten by the matchless malignity of the little Popish bard, she makes a good fight for it, at all events, and hasn't any overstrained delicacy in alluding to her enemy's doubtful ancestry and personal defects. Can't one fancy her, stung to the last point of passion at length

by some unquotable couplet of that evil genius collaborating with Lord Hervey, who himself has good cause to hate Pope, and is himself a poet,

(The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day),

and flashing out those famous verses which end:

Then whilst with coward-hand you
stab a name,
And try at least t'assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But, as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked
mind
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by
God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through
the land.

The lines are not genius, perhaps, but there is such a rage in them that one can but think Pope's "furious Sappho" must have made him wince at last.

The effort exhausts her somehow. She is indeed always more or less game for a fight, if the expression may be used, to the last hour of her life, but she is neither so young nor so capable of throwing off her burdens and laughing at them as she used to be.

The "lies" of "the wicked wasp of Twickenham" can't but affect one who thinks "the most groundless accusation is always of ill consequence to a woman." She has nothing to keep her in a country where all friends are reading such accusations, loudly disbelieving them, and wondering a little if there is not some truth in them after all. Edward is wild and away. My Lady's "dear child" is married to Lord Bute, and has her own cares and interests; while Mr. Wortley is to follow his wife to the Continent in a six weeks which extend into many years, during which husband and wife ex-

change innumerable letters, over which the world may still conjecture.

One wonders if My Lady leaving England for the second time—fifty years old and not a little falling in health—contrasts this going with that earlier brilliant journey to the Porte. She is famous enough now; and then still hoped for better things than fame. She turns her back resolutely on her old world and looks out for a new; cultivates a very agreeable general acquaintance at Venice, visits La Trappe at Florence, all the "fine buildings, paintings, and antiquities" at Rome, settles for a while at Chambéry and Avignon, and finally for years at Lovere.

There have been, naturally, a thousand surmises as to the motives which induce her to remain away from her husband, her daughter, and her country for almost a quarter of a century. She makes interests and a world for herself, very carefully, in the various places at which she stays. Here, she teaches the old priests of the town whist and plays with them—penny points—regularly every evening. There, she has a garden and dairy, bees and silkworms. She walks and rides. She studies medicine a little and doctors the simple people about her. The travelling English come to visit her. She has a blessed quarrel, to relieve the tedium of things, with a certain Cardinal Querini (My Lady has always at least one quarrel on hand, it seems). Her rank, her wit, and her reputation make her, as may well be imagined, the lioness of all the simple parties she attends, and, true to her principle of so banishing care, she attends all she can. Her dearest Lady Pomfret, to whom she is always writing in terms of a delightfully extravagant compliment, comes to see her. The woman who once was worshipped by all the wit in England, makes a "very shining figure" in a very little Italian com-

munity by the introduction of "custards, cheesecakes, and mince pies." There is nothing beneath her notice, as it were. If one is to be content, one must be interested above all in the trifles of the passing moment. Human nature, too, is human nature here as at Twit'nam or in town, and My Lady studies it with an irresistible twinkle in those clever eyes, and not a little melancholy sometimes in her heart.

That she has always a clinging to the country from which she has banished herself will certainly not be doubted by the readers of the letters of this period of her life. She has her views still (expressed quite plainly in her characteristic fashion) on its politics, its future, its Court scandals, its literature.

My Lady's dear daughter is always sending her mother (with a very proper and British-matronly regret that My Lady should read such "lumber") boxes of the latest fiction ("Pamela," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random"), which Mary, who preserves a number of girlish traits to the very end of her life, sobs over, and despises, and sits up all night to devour. As to that dear daughter herself, she is in her mother's thoughts and heart always. My Lady, who won't ever let herself be sentimental, and is parted from her child by her own act alone, writes her letters, in which through the sound common-sense, the wisdom, and the mirth, one may hear very plainly a crying note, not a little pathetic, of yearning and tenderness. The daughter forgets to write sometimes, but the mother never. If My Lady lacks, as some say, a thousand virtues, she is at least capable of one infinite affection.

She writes to her husband too. The causes of their long separation are, perhaps, like the causes of a yet more famous estrangement, too simple to be easily found out. They remain apparently good friends. They are quite

solicitous about each other's health and welfare. They discuss the subjects they have in common—which are not a few. It does not seem to occur to them to want to see each other. Perhaps they do not realize how long they have been parted; or find, by some tacit agreement, that they can like and respect each other better apart after all.

Mary has been away from him one-and-twenty years when the news of her husband's death reaches her. She is herself, by now, old and broken in health. "I am preparing for my last and longest journey," she writes, "and stand on the threshold of this dirty world." Can't one fancy her recalling for a while that bold bid for happiness of her daring youth—that brief dream to which the awakening came so soon? She is at Venice, and alone, as she has been alone almost all her life, and as all great people must be perhaps. And the indomitable spirit of the woman reasserts itself, and she returns, in spite of "a great snow, weak sight, trouble of mind, and a feeble body," to England.

What a return it must be! The society she left behind her has passed away. There is a new king on the throne, and the dawn of a better age in the land. The "dear child" from whom My Lady parted is a middle-aged woman. Mary's own wit and fame are nothing to this new world. Only one person even remembers to be malicious, and that is a certain little cynical rival letter-writer, who calls upon her Ladyship in Hanover Square and goes home to speak "of that old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage." My Lady has other visitors, kindly and generous. A "terrible distemper" that has come upon her. "the most virulent cancer I ever heard of," can't abate the woman's spirit and courage. She faces death as bravely as she has faced life. She has, to the end almost, "more than the vivacity of fifteen." Not a month

before her death she is at a party at Lady Bute's—with that hideous disease concealed under fine clothes and the paint and plaster at which Horace Walpole mocked. Can any one but admire such pluck? The last letter she writes is to do a friend a service. The physicians soothe the dreadful tortures of her last days with hemlock. And on the 21st of August, 1762, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, and after a career extraordinarily daring and chequered, dies My Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

As to the robust genius of the woman, about that at least there can be very little doubt. No written opinions have ever received so completely the sanction of posterity as her Ladyship's. It is Mary who writes "*Ne plus ultra*" in her copy of "Tom Jones" and characterizes "Pamela" as "the joy of the Chambermaids of all nations." It is Mary who speaks of Cousin Fielding "as having no choice but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman;" and of the then anonymous "Rambler" as the work of a "laborious author," and written "in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper." She would not be such a true woman as she is if she could give Swift (Swift being Pope's friend) all his due, or such a great mind if she could altogether deny his dark and dreadful genius. Her range of reading is extraordinarily catholic and versatile. She quotes Italian poetry and the plays of the Restoration. She reads Hobbes, Boileau, Rousseau, and Jeremy Oller. She is familiar with Virgil and Theocritus. She is "scarcely twenty years old" when she translates, in a week of solitude, the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus. She writes French essays—not in very good French, to be sure, but in pretty daring and untrammelled French after all. Her poems are uncommonly hasty, clever, and candid, as one might expect them to be. She writes a history

—also very candid, no doubt—and burns it. What an energetic intelligence it is! What a pose of learning such a woman might have made if she had chosen! And she writes: "I do not doubt God and nature have thrown us (*i. e.*, women) into an inferior rank; we are a lower part of the creation, we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this rebels against the law of the Creator and indisputable order of nature;" and apologizes to Lord Bute for recommending that his daughters should have a learned education, not, indeed, that they might share "that fame which men have engrossed to themselves," but simply to amuse their solitude, moderate their passions, and teach them "to be contented with a small expense." Mary has, in fact, that rare quality in clever women—wisdom. Her axioms are not half as brilliant as some people's, but they are infinitely more true. "There is nothing more foolish," she says, "than to be too wise to be happy." "General notions are generally wrong." "Where passion is only on one side, every marriage must be miserable." "In this mortal state of imperfection, fig-leaves are as necessary for our minds as for our bodies," and (from her own experience, perhaps), "A love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety." She does not lay herself out to be witty, as it were; she is content to be wise. She is not a bit averse to being criticised, or to fighting the critic, if he is uncomplimentary. She lacks, perhaps, some of the finer graces of style; but her letters have that one supreme charm, beyond all other letters ever published, or ever written perhaps—they are herself.

Take up her volumes and you see

not only—or chiefly—the chameleon world she portrayed, but the woman who portrays it. There she is, with her stout, shrewd, wise old face, looking at you through the pages. Are you a humbug of any kind? Be sure Mary has found you out, as she found out the little weak points of St. John Lord Bolingbroke, Samuel Richardson, the great Dean of St. Patrick's, and the false prudes of society. She will quarrel with you—for sixpence. She will tell you a jolly, imprudent, scandalous story before she has known you five minutes; and laugh that loud, candid laugh of hers at quite a doubtful joke. Mention the immortal name of a little crooked poet, and the old eyes will flash fire, hate, and rage; and the name of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the Porte, and there will come a something on the old face that will warn you that Mary knows how to hold that imprudent tongue of hers sometimes, and on one subject at least to keep the world at bay. She has been dead—is it a hundred years?—with a fine cenotaph to her memory in Litchfield Cathedral; and as she stands beside you, you can hear her old heart still beating life, fight, and courage. You can see the human sadness underneath the twinkle in the eyes, and remember how she is all her life battling the demon Melancholy, and vanquishing him, and laughing at him prostrate, and fighting and vanquishing him again, when he gets up, newly armed (as he always does), the next day or the day after that. The firm mouth will soften into a rare tenderness at the mention of her Ladyship of Bute. Who is it says that Mary is close-fisted about money, careless about person and reputation, malignant, shameless, vile? What does it matter who says it? When you read the letters you look up at her, not doubting, and lean across a century to take her hand.

S. G. Tallentyre.

WOMEN ARTISTS.

The year of the forty-fourth exhibition of Women Artists is not too early a date for some general reflections on the results of the efforts made by women to gain a name and a living for themselves by the practice of the arts of design. Here is nearly half a century's record of an activity which in the last twenty years has been feverish. Those who have watched with sympathy the fight women have made to secure bread-winning careers, or the right of entrance to intellectual occupations, and the success that has crowned these efforts in various directions, have been unwilling, however free from illusions as to the upshot, to pronounce judgment before the experiment in this line had been fairly tried. The experiment has been tried, girls in vast numbers have studied art under the same conditions as men—the statistics of art-studentship at the end of this century, if ever worked out, will form a curious and incredible chapter of social history—and practically nothing has come of it. In other fields there is a different story to tell. Women have made good their footing in all the subordinate ranks of the teaching and medical professions, and in these professions the work of subordinate ranks is valuable and necessary. They have also proved themselves capable in clerkships, and even the direction of business. Again, where there is an executive department in the arts, now as always they reach first-class rank—namely, in acting, singing, dancing and the performance of music. Modern literature as well as ancient courts women of genius, and modern education and freedom have opened the learned branches of letters to the sex with satisfactory results. But the

arts of music and design have not from the beginning of time till now a single woman of the first rank, or even of very high rank, to name. In these fields women have been little more than parasites; only some rare exceptions have given to their imitative work anything of individual charm. In music the separation of the executive from the composing function has given women a reason for study and abundant employment. In the arts of design it is more difficult for them to find a corresponding office; for in the case of sculpture and painting, execution is inextricably welded with invention. In architecture and the arts of design, where this is not so, the work is not only mechanical, but is apt to be physically arduous; it brings little fame to the executant, since it does not depend on the possession of a rare voice, ear, touch, or person, but only of an ordinarily accurate eye and hand, nor is it highly paid. Competition in this field is with the skilled artisan—and at the wages of skilled artisanship.

The disappointing nature of the prospect is very much disguised for women and those about them by the fact that, exactly in measure as a woman lacks the originating inventive power of design, she makes an admirable art-student, eager, industrious, docile. The first steps are delightful. To get away from an ungrateful social routine at home into the amusing society of a band of students, with the prospect of the businesslike setting up in a studio later on, is in itself tempting. Add the halo that hangs about the word "art," rapid progress in the early stages of rendering the appearance of models, the emulations and admira-

tions of the art school, and it is easy to understand its seduction. Above all, the instincts of the woman prompt her to mould her efforts upon the teacher's ideas with a devotee's ardor; where the boy of character keeps something of obstinate suspicion under direction, the girl is plastic to a hint. Hence an astonishing progress in the school of a quite deceptive kind, a burst of precocious imitative production upheld by example and precept, and when both are withdrawn, nothing more. The imitation weakens or hardens, or the pupil tumbles about among new influences on emerging from the first.

Of late years a certain disillusionment over painting, combined with the preaching of arts and crafts apostles, who are apt to invite all the world to practise crafts very imperfectly comprehended by themselves, has drawn off a good deal of energy from "fine" to applied art. Again, there has been plenty of application, but no more art than before. Dreadful crafts have been devised to meet the necessities of the case, of which the beaten copper dish is perhaps the most perfectly fatuous. The supply of such objects has created a certain demand, based upon affection and timidity, among the friends of the makers, but the hollow amateur's paradise must be a very short-lived one. I can recall only one example of applied design by a lady of remarkable quality: that was the painted harpsichord by Miss Coombe at the last Arts and Crafts exhibition.

It may be retorted at this point that what I say of women is true also of the vast majority of the men who enter the arts. That is perfectly true, an unpalatable truth which critics must drive home till the amateur women's ideas which rule in the Academy and the other exhibitions are discredited, and this pastime of painting is driven

back to its proper place, the Charity Bazaar. In the meantime, it is our duty to discourage parents from allowing their children to embark on this ambiguous career.

The Women's exhibition itself has less reason for existence than any other. The exhibitors whose work comes up to the modest standard required at galleries like those of the Academy, the Institute, the British Artists, have no difficulty in getting their work hung with that of the men. Why then a specifically woman's society? There would be equal reason for a painters' society of men with red hair or blue eyes. And when we recognize that the best members merely reproduce the ideas of popular painters of the other sex, a little defaced, deformed, or emptied out, what room is there in the world for those who are not so good? What is true of the pictures is more glaringly true of the applied art section, where by the nature of the case the absence of design declares itself more baldly. The present effervescence of shallow decorative art fostered by schools and illustrated reviews reminds one irresistibly of the monkey house at the Zoo, when a visitor's hat has been snatched by one of the eager mimics. Even so is any poor little motive in design seized, passed round the cage, torn to shreds, parcelled out among competing throngs of decorators.

I have always shrunk from the disagreeable task of noticing these exhibitions, and only do so now in hope that the clearing away of illusions may do something to save all this loss of energy and to direct it more usefully. Here is a great deal of industry, enthusiasm and training spent on the defacing and vulgarizing of ideas. This waste depends on the illusion that education can supply the place of a kind of inventive gift, so rare among women that there are millions

to one of odds against its occurrence. There remains the question, Can women employ their power of imitative accuracy and patient nicety under direction in executive branches of design with good results and profit to themselves? The market, I think it must be replied, is very limited. Take the crafts of woodcarving and metal-work, which have been made a favorite amateur toy. At present there are no living arts of woodcarving or metal-work for any one to enter, and there will not be till a sculptor of genius appears to revivify them. When that happens, the designer will call for the most efficient of journeymen carvers and modellers, and train them under his own eye to his own ideas of execution. Women will therefore have to compete with journeymen, and at *journeymen's wages*. Physique, and the grain of inventive freedom necessary even in this work, will settle the question. There remain a few crafts like embroidery and needlework, all sedentary occupations of a mechanical kind. Here, too, the rate of payment must be a wage-rate.

So much for the economical side. But a great deal of women's activity

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in the arts arises among leisured people from the desire to do something, to gain the self-respect that springs from a worthy occupation. On this side there is more hope. I have just spoken of needlework. If the designers of the future should be inspired to continue Morris' efforts in reviving tapestry, not only would there be employment for wage-earning women, but there might well be a call for volunteers to execute work for churches and public buildings, otherwise too costly. The patience and modesty of former times enriched churches and halls with incomparable wall-hangings. The combination of volunteers under an artist to carry out big works would be a wholesome substitute for the amateur art school, with its depressing lumber of superfluous canvases, battered pots, outraged wood and leather. As I see the future, then, for the "woman artist," it divides itself into the earning of moderate wages in such executive work as can be done as well by women as by men, or the performance of the same task under direction for no wages at all, but for the love of it.

D. S. M.

A STUDY IN THE PAST.

The minor antiquities of the generations immediately preceding ours (says Professor Goldwin Smith), are becoming rare, as compared with those of remote ages, because nobody thinks it worth while to preserve them. It is almost as easy to get a personal memento of Priam or Nimrod as it is to get a harpsichord or a spinning wheel, a tinder box or a scratchback. An Egyptian wig is attainable, a wig of the Georgian era is hardly so, much less a tie of the Regency. So it is with

the scenes of common life a century or two ago. They are being lost because they were familiar.

These words are a fitting preface to, perhaps an apology for, this little study in the minor antiquities, the vanished habits and customs, which are preserved for us in the pages of old novels, and which, but for these novels, would have passed almost

without record. They contain no pictures of long past scenes drawn by those who never saw and can only conjecture of what they present to us. They are photographs, with all the fidelity which only photographs can possess. Their actuality is their charm.

Take the oldest of our readable old novels, the "Vicar of Wakefield." That most charming, that most careless and unfinished and yet perfect work is but little more than a century old—it was published, as every one knows, in 1766. "The thing has a hundred faults," says Goldsmith in his preface; and it has, but its faults are forgotten. The humor, the inimitable humor, is as fresh, as amusing, as suitable to the sense of humor now as when it was first written. Mrs. Primrose's delicious attempts at wit, the Vicar's wise sayings, are as fresh to-day as when they were first penned by him who wrote like an angel and sulked like a schoolboy in spite of the wisdom he indited. Is there any book from which we so often quote, whose aphorisms we so often recall? "What the conversation wanted in wit it made up in laughter." "Persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies." "Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding." "To tell the truth, I was tired of being always wise." "Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy, for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice." "I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those charming delusions that tend to make us more happy." "Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy."

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

These, and the like, have become proverbial philosophy, and the characters, too, are of to-day, age cannot stale their infinite freshness. Have we not all some Flamborough among our acquaintances, and are not his *longueurs* borne with the more patience because we remember those stories—"very long and very dull, and all about himself, which we had laughed at ten times before, but which we were kind enough to laugh at once more"—of the original Flamborough? And I suppose most of us know some controversial lady who pesters us with opinions diverse to our own, and for the support of which she is about as well equipped as was poor Olivia, who had read the controversy between Thwackum and Square, and between Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and who is dismissed by the Vicar with the delightful sarcasm which makes us, too, long to be able to dismiss our antagonist as neatly and as effectually. "Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl. I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make gooseberry-pie."

All these things are of to-day; the humor, the fidelity to human nature; and we suspect if a novel of the reign of the first Rameses were to be discovered to-morrow it would be the same. If the novelist had writ his annals true to then human nature we should find it was but little altered through the centuries. Tables and chairs and the dinner hour and the dishes might be different, but there would be a likeness in the characters to those of our acquaintances to-day.

But although much is the same, we find as we turn over the honored leaves of the "Vicar of Wakefield" once more that outward habits and customs are much altered, that some of the allusions are now almost as hopelessly difficult to un-

ravel as are Shakespeare's "desperate passages," to which even "Notes and Queries" can give no clue. The anodyne necklace, the sussarara, thunder and lightning cloth, for such things as these we need an annotator indeed.

In approaching these old novels from the side which we have indicated, the clothes in which the characters are arrayed will not unnaturally have some interest for us. Fashion, that fickle jade, dressed her votaries more gally then than she does now, and made a more emphatic difference between sorts and conditions of men than cheap shops and modern equality will now permit her to do. The Primrose trains, on the descent of the family to a more lowly estate than that in which we first find them, are, by their father's request, cut up into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill; "and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing." The immortal figure of Moses going to the fair is arrayed in a coat of that thunder and lightning cloth to which we have already referred; his waistcoat is of gosling green; his sisters have tied up his hair with a broad black ribbon. The squire, when he goes a-hunting, has gold lace on his fine clothes; the ladies plaster their hair with pomatum and patch their faces to taste; they still love laces, ribbons, bugles and catgut, in spite of the Vicar's sumptuary edicts. "My wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her." In this year of grace few of us can say off hand whether a paduasoy is a cloak or a petticoat; and the "catgut," which is mentioned three times, has seemed to some even more hopelessly difficult of comprehension. One writer fondly, as he himself tells us, took "flourishing upon catgut" to mean playing on the fiddle, until Mr. Austin

Dobson unravelled the mystery by a quotation from an 'old dictionary, which explained catgut as a kind of canvas for ladies' embroidery. But Goldsmith himself told us as much when he makes Mrs. Primrose, with modest pride, rank working samplers on catgut as one of her daughter's accomplishments.

The first introduction of the simple family to the squire, that "new and great acquaintance," is like a scene on an old tapestry, enwrought with figures dim. They are sitting out under a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle, when, not twenty paces away, a stag bounds nimbly by, followed by dogs and horsemen. Here, indeed, is a picture which we have seen in some old house, in some tapestry that we remember. The colors are faded, the green trees are very dark, there is the dust of a century upon their leaves. But we can see the heavy horses, the great hunting horns, the huntsmen's long coats which once were so bright; the stag is in sight too, and the hounds, but they resemble none we see now. Perhaps we find it hard to transfer the picture to real life, hard to believe that when Goldsmith wrote stags bounded nimbly across fields where hares can only find a precarious existence to-day. But White of Selborne, writing a few years later, tells us that "the Holt was well stocked with fallow deer, unrestrained by any pales or fences more than a common hedge;" and although we may perhaps doubt the accuracy of the author of "Animated Nature" when he describes the wild England of his day, if White corroborates his statements we feel they are correct; there is no appeal from him.

But the horizon of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is necessarily somewhat limited; and passing by the pictures of the prison, a subject on which Goldsmith could not impose on his con-

temporaries, could not exaggerate with impunity, and which may well be taken as truthful pictures, we turn to Miss Burney. She writes of "the hub of the universe," London and its season, and we learn far more of manners and customs from her novels than we can learn from Goldsmith's eclogue. In looking through "Evelina" for the first time we are perhaps filled with some alarms at the cumbersome beginnings and endings of the letters. "I am with the utmost respect, Madam, your most obedient humble servant," writes a young lady to her intimate friend, her equal in all but years; and the friend signs herself in reply her faithful, humble servant. Lady Howard addresses Mr. Villars as "Dear and Rev. Sir," and is his most obedient friend and servant in more lines than we have space for. We tremble. Can any spark of real human interest lurk in letters which begin and end so differently to our own? We soon, indeed, find our mistake. There is the same heart dictating these lengthy letters as that which dictates the shorter and less ceremonious ones of to-day. But this is not the place to point out the charm of these novels. We are but searching for their curious revealings of the world of four generations ago.

"Evelina," Miss Burney's first novel, teaches us that the London season began and ended earlier than it does now. By April 2 the Opera had commenced, town was full; by June 18 it was empty, the country squires had gone down to their hay. Here is her impression of a London Sunday in the season. They go in the morning to Portland Chapel; in the afternoon to the "Mall of St. James' Park, which by no means answered my expectations. It is a long straight walk of dirty gravel, very uneasy to the feet, and at each end, instead of an open prospect, nothing is to be seen but houses built of brick. When Mrs. Mirvan pointed

out the *Palace* to me I think I was never much more surprised." And then "we are not to walk in the park again next Sunday, because there is better company in Kensington Gardens; but really if you had seen how much everybody was dressed you would not think it possible."

Kensington Gardens remind us that London was but a small place in those primitive days. Kensington is out of town: a "coach" is necessary to go to town from thence. Miss Edgeworth in her "Belinda," written twenty years later than "Evelina," incidentally reveals that there was a turnpike between Grosvenor Square and Knightsbridge; it was one of the entrances to London then!

Here is a glimpse of the shops of 1788. "They are really very entertaining," writes Evelina with all the delight of youth and ignorance. "There seem to be six or seven men belonging to every shop; and every one took care by bowing and smirking to be noticed. We were conducted from one to the other, and carried from room to room with so much ceremony that at first I was almost afraid to go on." And here we need the annotator again: "The dispatch with which they work in these great shops is amazing, for they have promised me a complete suit of linen against the evening." What was this "suit of linen?"

"I have just had my hair dressed," she writes presently. "You can't think how oddly my head feels, full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell, for my hair is so much entangled—*frizzled* they call it—that I fear it will be very difficult." Miss Burney is certainly giving us her own experience of *il faut souffrir pour être belle*.

Dining out seems to be a lengthy affair. We gather that they dine at

four, for Evelina writes: "Before our dinner was over yesterday Madame Duval came to tea; though it will lessen your surprise to hear that it was near five o'clock, for we never dine till the day is almost over." They dine at four; the guests stay to tea—tea set out on a round table in the drawing-room—and it is even on record in Miss Burney's pages that they stay to supper, and this at eleven o'clock—seven hours! Well may such dining-out as this be called, as she calls it, "spending the day." Visits of ceremony are made at breakfast time, or soon after, and traces of this strange custom linger into Miss Edgeworth's novels.

There is, of course, much formality. People staying in the same house, and on the most intimate terms with each other, send messages by their servants "to entreat the honor of an interview." Mrs. Delville, wishing to administer a well-deserved scolding to the irrepressible Honoria Pemberton, begs her "to do her the honor to attend her toilette," when the Mrs. Delvilles of to-day would be far less ceremonious. Every one is madam, or sir, or my lord; shaking hands seems almost unknown, but gentlemen kiss the ladies' hands as an ordinary salutation. Swords are worn at the opera. If a gentleman comes into the room with boots on, it is a solecism requiring to be chronicled. There is more state, more splendor; there are more servants. Young ladies have a footman of their own, as well as a maid; they cannot go out in London without his attendance. Evelina is ushered upstairs by an array of gorgeous footmen in the house of a man whose fortune would now allow of but two at the most. The coaches drive up to the doors with such pomp, such an air; they drive along streets and squares which we all know—Queen Anne street, Berkeley square, Portman square—but there are no such gilded

coaches, no such brilliant liveries now.

If ladies in the country visit cottages on their estate the poor people are frightened out of their wits at such unexpected events; they did not run in then as a thing of course to see old Cole or Mrs. Hughes, to bring them contingent remainders purloined from luncheon tables. "Away we went in the chaise full drive to the cottage," says Lady Honoria in "Cecilia," "frightening all the people almost into fits. Out came the poor woman, away ran the poor man; both of them thought the end of the world was at hand."

Phaetons, any mode of conveyance but a cumbersome coach or "chaise," are a new thing, an excitement; only the *jeunesse dorée* drive about in them. They take terrified ladies out for drives, ladies who are fatigued to death by the novelty of the swift driving, the dust, the heat. Their amateur coachmen run races along the roads with these new toys; the law does not concern itself with furious driving on the highway yet, or is in the state of feebleness and uncertainty on the subject that magistrates and judges in these days betray with regard to bicyclists and furious riding. "We met Mr. Lovel in his new phaeton," says Lady Agatha, "and my lord was so cruel as to drive against it. We really flew. I declare I could not breathe. Upon my word I'll never trust myself with you again, I won't indeed." But one of Lord Orville's charms is that he forbears to frighten sensitive ladies when he drives; "he drove very slow and so cautiously that, notwithstanding the height of the phaeton, fear would have been ridiculous." They are all gone now, these cumbersome, old-fashioned vehicles, which seemed so glorious in Miss Burney's pages. Time has obliterated them as effectually as did Jupiter their namesake coachman.

And yet, in spite of the greater display, the more numerous servants, the more decorated carriages, and the brighter liveries, there was homeliness in the midst of display. At one of Lady Delacour's brilliant "assemblies" Sir Philip Baddeley "cannot think of anything more interesting, more amusing, to whisper into Belinda's ear than, "Don't you think the candles want snuffing famously?" And we must realize a London without gas, without electric light, with a blaze, indeed, of candles in the "elegant" drawing-rooms, but even those need snuffing. And then the dinners. The dishes are placed on the table; the master of the house must carve for his guests himself. The food, too, is very solid, very heavy. No old novel that I can at present recollect gives a bill of fare; but many old country houses can produce records of these dinners of our ancestors, where "roast" at one end and "boiled" at the other were varied by equally heavy side dishes and sweets. I remember one such old book of dinners now; the guests, the dishes, are faithfully chronicled. But not in parenthesis must its contents be made public. It deserves more attention indeed.

And without any doubt the world is less brutal than it was when Miss Burney wrote. Captain Mirvan's treatment of Madame Duval is a picture of brutality which apparently amused that generation, but which can only disgust in this. It is as impossible now as is the villany of a Montani. Cecilia walking down "Oxford Road," her footman behind her, turns aside because she meets a gang of wretched criminals going to Tyburn, where is now the Marble Arch—criminals in an open cart surrounded by a pleased rabble—and the sight hardly distresses her, although the possible inconvenience of the crowd does. Lord Merton and Lovel setting the two old women

to race, the ladies looking on, would be an impossible scene now.

But leaving Miss Burney we come to Miss Austen, whose novels—too few, alas—were all written between 1811 and 1816. The forty years between "Evelina" and "Pride and Prejudice" were years of immense progress. Miss Burney is not free from the exaggerations of character which then formed part of the novelist's art, although she is free from the improbable incidents which are one of the charms of Mrs. Radclyffe's works, and which Miss Austen smiled away by her parody of the three villains in horsemen's coats, by whom the heroine is forced into a travelling chaise and four and driven off at incredible speed; of the house left deserted and uninhabited for years, and to which the family comes back unexpectedly without giving notice, and sleep without fear in rooms and in beds which have been unoccupied since their departure. But her characters are exaggerated to a fault, and many of them are burlesques, while Miss Austen's are such as we meet every day—men and women of like passions with ourselves. It is, indeed, painting the lily and adorning the rose to point out the perfections of her who is all perfection; but we read somewhere of some one who had known beings erect on two legs and bearing the outward semblance of men and women, and of men and women of education, who had not read Miss Austen, and to such, if such still exist, we hint at her perfections. "Have you," says Jowett, "thoroughly made yourselves up in Miss Austen, the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and Boswell? No person is educated who does not know them." Of Miss Burney or Mrs. Radclyffe ignorance is excusable. They are still buried in old editions, the paper yellow and perhaps "foxed," in the language of book catalogues; but the new editions of the immortal Jane vie with

each other in their variety and their charm.

But to return to our subject. Miss Austen writes at the beginning of this century and not, as the other novelists we have been considering, at the end of the last. We expect, therefore, a change in manners and customs, and we find it, although we have not yet reached the manners and customs or the thoughts of our own days. One indication of this change is seen in the curious rage for doing away with old things, old furniture, old houses, which was just commencing in "Cecilia," and was in full force when Miss Austen wrote "Mansfield Park." In "Cecilia" Honoria Pemberton recommends Mr. Delville to sell the castle and "run up a mighty pretty little box near Richmond."

"Can you possibly think," she asks, "this ugly old Gothic place at all comparable to any of the new villas about town?"

"Gothic ugly old place!" repeated Mr. Delville, in utter amazement at her dauntless flightiness. "Your ladyship really does my humble dwelling too much honor."

But Mr. Delville was in the minority. The world was pulling down its old houses and building more convenient dwelling-places; building, perhaps in imitation of the old, with Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, but anxious to have something lighter and more modern looking than *bonâ fide* old walls and windows. By Miss Austen's time it would really have destroyed that drawbridge which "vaped" one to death; and Mr. Rushworth's proposal to cut down the avenue at Sotherton was no unusual proceeding in a generation which had no reverence for the past and was given to landscape gardening.

I said that none of the old novels give a bill of fare. But I must not forget the famous supper in "Emma," that homely

delightful little meal which, with four o'clock dinners, has vanished from us. All lovers of Miss Austen will remember how the little table was set out and moved towards the fire in the Hartfield drawing-room, will remember the minced chicken, the scolloped oysters, and Mr. Woodhouse's feelings in sad warfare at these times.

He loved to have the cloth laid, because it had been the fashion of his youth; but his conviction of suppers being very unwholesome made him rather sorry to see anything put on it; and while his hospitality would have welcomed his guests to everything, his care for their health made him grieve that they should eat.

Some further notion of what was eaten at the little homely meal is gathered from Mr. Woodhouse's next speech:—

"Miss Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled soft is not unwholesome. Serle understands boiling an egg better than anybody. I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else; but you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see; one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help you to a *little* bit of tart—a *very* little bit. Ours are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you to half a glass of wine? A *small* half glass put into a tumbler of water?"

Scolloped oysters, minced chicken, apple tart, boiled eggs. What a strange meal it is! And yet there is a coziness, a childish simplicity about it which is delightful.

In Miss Austen's pages we still find that early calls are the fashion, as they were in Miss Burney's days, although hardly as early as those breakfast visits which have so much surprised us. But the four, or half-past four, o'clock dinners necessitated their earliness, as they necessitated too those *petits soupers*

of "Emma." There is one such visit described in "Pride and Prejudice;" and there the young and shy mistress of the house has to be reminded by her older friend to ring for "the cold meat, cake and fruits," for the refreshment of the guests, which seem to have been as much a necessary part of a visit as is afternoon tea with us. Some lingering remains of this custom, filtered down to lower life, is still found in the farm-houses of the West, where the good wife offers cake and cider or home-made wine, and at Christmas time mince pies, to her visitors.

In Miss Austen, as in Miss Burney, we have a mixture of homeliness and ceremony, both of which have passed away. Mr. Bennett's horses in "Pride and Prejudice," when not needed to draw the heavy family carriage, are employed in farm work; and our surprise at this is lessened when we recollect that clipping and singeing were both unknown. But if the horses were, to our modern ideas, wild in their attire, they were much more plentiful. Edmond Bertram, a cadet of a careful family, has three horses of his own, and we have many indications that four horses to a private carriage were by no means uncommon. General Tilney sets off from Bath in a fashionable chaise and four, postillions handsomely liveried, rising so regularly in their stirrups, and numerous outriders properly mounted. But the progress of all this grandeur is slow, "the sober pace in which the handsome, highly-fed horses of a gentleman usually perform a journey of thirty miles." And bye-and-bye, compared with Henry's light curricula (phaetons are gone by now), Catherine finds it but a heavy and troublesome business in spite of its wheeling off with some grandeur.

Much more, indeed, might be said on vanished manners and customs; but time would fail, and, indeed, in turning over the pages of these old novels

for indications of the changes which have so insensibly crept in, we are led unconsciously to consider the different view of life which these novels reveal to us. To take one subject alone—the education of girls, which is assuming such gigantic proportions in our own days. Miss Burney has but little to say on the subject, but her favorite heroine, Cecilia, furnishes herself "with a well-chosen collection of books, and this employment, which, to a lover of literature, young and ardent in its pursuit, is perhaps the mind's first luxury, proved a source of entertainment so fertile and delightful that it left her nothing to wish." A mild course of literature loved for its own sake, and not as a means of passing examinations, was all that an educated woman then aimed at. Then Miss Edgeworth comes forward with, for her day, very advanced opinions on the subject of women's education. Her contemporary, Jane Austen, has a less ambitious ideal, and consequently her children are not forward little prigs like the young Percivals, nor, happily, are her young ladies replete with "solid information, moral philosophy, and natural history," as are Rosamond and Laura.

Mrs. Goddard (writes Miss Austen in "Emma") was the mistress of a school, not of a seminary or an establishment, or anything which professed, in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combine liberal acquirements with elegant morality upon new principles and new systems, and where young ladies, for enormous pay, might be screwed out of health and into vanity—but a real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold at a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to be out of the way and to scramble themselves into a little education without any danger of coming back prodigies.

This is all that Miss Austen wishes or hopes for in the way of education,

and before we condemn her, let us ask ourselves whether her young ladies, if they have less education, have not more cultivation than those turned out by modern systems? "Without being prodigies," her heroines are the most companionable of women, capable of rational and interested conversation on what they have read, or, indeed, on

Temple Bar.

any subject which is presented to them; and they have a really disinterested desire of making themselves unselfishly agreeable, a consideration for others which the coarser, rougher life of what we may call public school education does not always produce in the girls of the present day.

MORS, MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

Like mariners we sail, of fate unwist,
With orders sealed and only to be read
When home has faded in the morning mist,
And simple faith and innocence are fled!

Oft we neglect them, being much dismayed
By phantoms and weird wonders
That haunt the deep,
By voices, winds, and thunders,
Old mariners that cannot pray nor weep,
And faces of drowned souls that cannot sleep!
Or else our crew is mutinous, arrayed
Against us, and the mandate is delayed.

But when the forces that rebelled
Are satisfied or quelled;
When sails are trimmed to catch the merry wind,
And billows dance before and foam behind;
Free, free at last from tumult and distraction
Of pleasure beckoned and of pain repelled—
Free from ourselves and disciplined for action—
We break the seal of Destiny to find
The bourne or venture for our cruise designed,
Then, at that very moment, hark! a cry
On deck; and then a silence, as of breath
Held. In the offing, low against the sky,
Hoves the black flag. . . Therefore I hate thee, Death!

F. B. Money-Coutts.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NIGER TRADE.

Two white men were hard at work in the galvanized iron oil-shed of the little trading factory of Gwelo, which lies far away among the Niger swamps, one sweltering July day. Young Charles Carson, clad in cotton singlet and thin duck trousers, stood with the perspiration dripping from him beside a big tub "cooler," into which a swarm of naked river-men cast basket after basket of greasy black kernels until the measure was full. Then he handed the native trader a brass "tally" as a voucher for the goods brought down. Meantime a middle-aged man, Agent Crosby, carefully probed the calabashes of sticky yellow oil thrust upon him one after another, lest the wily bushman had inserted a chunk of wood therein—timber being cheaper than oil. Every now and then he squeezed a coil of viscous green rubber together, in case a heavy stone lay in the centre, for it is by no means so easy for an unprincipled white trader to victimize the unsophisticated savage as some missionaries aver. It was fiercely hot, and the sickly smell of palm-oil mingled with the fetid odor of raw rubber, which is considerably worse than that of rotten eggs, and savors even more disagreeably; while every negro endeavored to thrust his comrades aside and shouted at the top of his voice. The din and awful atmosphere would have driven a stranger gasping outside in five minutes; and yet these two white men had toiled there from early dawn to noon, and their day's work was but half-done. Presently four pompous Krooboys cleared the shed with staves, and, followed by an unruly mob, the traders crossed the scorching compound and entered the "store-shed" or "shop." The room was at once filled with a shouting, strug-

gling crowd, and a scene of wild confusion ensued. Each negro hurled down his tally, and proceeded to grab at whatever took his fancy, regardless of value. Cases of gin, pieces of cloth, flintlock guns, and powder were most in demand; but bottles of pomade (used as a condiment), scarlet jackets, battered silk hats, and brass-framed looking-glasses were also fought over; and amidst a babel of contentious cries the white men did what they could to protect their property from wholesale loot. As usual, the weakest went to the wall, and in the confusion the savage with the strongest hands secured as much as he could of his neighbor's goods in addition to his own; and this is how trade with the natives is carried on among the Niger creeks. Once or twice Carson noticed a naked bushman calmly appropriating double the value of his tally right under the agent's eyes, and wondered thereat, for Crosby was not a man to trifle with. That afternoon, however, there was a weary look in the shrewd face which he had never seen before, and the agent seemed to have lost his usual keenness over a bargain. At last, when the scorching day drew near its close and the shadows of the palms lengthened across the dusty compound, the babel of voices ceased suddenly, and the surging crowd grew still. Agent Crosby laid a hand upon his revolver and swore savagely beneath his breath. Then a tall negro, only distinguishable from the rest by the intricacy and beauty of his tattoo and the curious device standing out in relief upon his naked breast, passed through the shrinking negroes, and, gazing for a moment at the white man, turned suddenly away.

"One of those condemned Ju-Ju men,

only a half-fledged poisoner this time. I'd have shot the brute, for there's always trouble when they're about, only this unhallowed crowd would have burned the factory about our heads. Anyway, it's time to close," said the agent harshly, and his face twitched as he spoke. Then he raised his voice. "No more trade live, palaver set. Hyah, Krooboy, clear them store. Get out, all of you."

Two hours later, after finishing their scanty meal, the white men sat out upon the wide veranda, tormented by buzzing mosquitoes, and gazing across the moonlit river. Behind them lay the reeking swamps, and in front a sheet of shimmering water, streaked with trails of fevermist, beyond which a great cottonwood forest rose like a wall against the starry heavens. The inevitable whiskey and a syphon of lukewarm mineral water stood upon a carved Accra stool by the agent's side; and Crosby's speech was slow as he said, "No one could be cheerful in this weather; but I've been unusually unfit all day, and there's a curious weight upon my mind to-night." The young assistant made no reply. He knew that alcohol and fever had spoiled his comrade's nerve, and he was used to talk of the kind. Then the agent continued: "I suppose it was that Ju-Ju man. Every time one of the brutes has set his foot in the place something has happened; and I wish to goodness we had left their condemned fetich-house alone." Carson only nodded. He had heard that when the factory was established the spot most available for a canoe landing was occupied by a little basket-work hut, erected in honor of the river-devils and wandering ghosts. This Crosby had promptly destroyed, and had regretted it ever since.

Presently the thick voice went on: "Two oil-sheds burnt, no one knew how, and three assistants dead in eighteen months—though that was fever;

and I hardly expected you would have lasted so long. Pah! it's a sickening, soul-destroying business, and I was not always a gin-trader. The old life, when I walked among my equals at home, with clean hands, comes back very plainly to-night. That's all gone, long ago; the rest are dead, and I'm stewing here in this pestilential hole, expiating my sins, I suppose."

Charlie groaned inwardly. There were times when the awful isolation and the deadly monotony of the life appalled him too; and, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling, he answered, "Take a tabloid, and sleep over it; you'll feel better in the morning. Good-night."

When the young assistant entered his room he lighted a kerosene lamp, and smiled bitterly as the glow fell upon a scrap of printed paper, which, with grim irony, he had nailed to the mouldy wainscot above the medicine-chest. It was an advertisement from a provincial paper: "Wanted, a young man of good physique for West Africa factory. Interesting life, easy work, sport and adventure. Salary, £70 first year, with prospect of rapid advance." Then, shaking his fist at the delusive cutting, as he had done many times before, with the words, "You cruel lie," he flung himself down on his canvas couch, and, in spite of the heat and mosquitoes, was soon asleep. Twice he awakened from a restless doze, and walked out upon the rickety veranda, feeling a strange uneasiness, for the agent's words weighed upon his mind; but forest and swamp were sleeping silently in the tropic moonlight. Fireflies flashed and sparkled among the half-closed purple cups of the flowering creeper about the balustrade, and he heard the drowsy chatter of the Krooboy boys below, who apparently never sleep at all. Reassured, he flung himself down again, and passed far away from the dreary factory into the fairy-

land of dreams. Suddenly a strange, choking cry awoke him; and while he wondered drowsily what it could be, the veranda stairway creaked. Then the ringing bark of a Snider awakened all the echoes of the forest, and he heard the whirring flight of a heavy ball, followed by a dull thud as the projectile buried itself in a palm-trunk. There was a babel of many voices, and a rush of feet into the veranda; and Carson, wide awake at last, entered the adjoining room with a smoky lamp in his hand, while a crowd of trembling negroes clustered about the door. Agent Crosby lay gasping and fighting for breath upon his couch, with blue lips and ashy face, a reed spear buried in his breast. As the shuddering lad bent over him he choked out, "Remember the big lot of oil. A hard life. Ah! it's over," and, with a groan, turned away his head. There was a sudden silence; and while Carson gripped a post with quivering fingers a big Yoruba, who had once served the Niger Coast Protectorate as corporal, approached the couch.

"Trader live for dead, sah," he said, holding up the spear, and proceeded to relate how he had fired at a shadowy figure flitting through the gloom of the palms. Charlie took the weapon mechanically, and, like one in a dream, noted the tuft of red rags which adorned the haft—a symbol of the Ju-Ju mystery. Then he drove the wondering negroes away, and, this done, locked the door, and seated himself upon the veranda to wait for dawn, shivering in spite of the heat.

Shortly before noon next day he stood beneath the dusty palms, the burning sun-rays beating down upon his uncovered head as the curving fronds swayed to and fro in the sultry breeze. A shallow trench yawned at his feet, dust and sand upon its edge, and two feet of ooze and water below. Four Krooboy's leaned upon their ker-

nel-shovels beside him, and in the sloppy mud lay one of the rough deal cases the long Dane-guns are shipped in, and this held all that remained of Agent Crosby, while his successor with dry lips and shaking voice repeated such portions of the burial service as he could remember. Presently he raised his hand, and two naked Krooboy's stood upon the case to hold it down until their companions shovelled over the sand. Twice the thing tilted sideways, and floated to the surface; but at last the work was done, and Charlie Carson turned away with faltering steps towards the lonely factory. And this is a characteristic funeral in the Niger swamps.

A Protectorate official came up a few days later with an armed launch to investigate the affair. A native village was mulcted in palm-oil for the supposed offence of concealing the murderer; but the latter could not be found, and the officer went back uttering vain threats about closing that river to trade. This the natives knew he could not do without ruining the white factories at its mouth; therefore they laughed in their sleeves, and, as the weeks went by, sent down dribblets of adulterated oil in payment of the fine. Meantime the young agent hardened his heart to face the months of solitude that must elapse before assistance could arrive from home. To make things worse, it was the wet season, and his Krooboy laborers sickened one by one, while the intermittent fever came upon him too. Still, the chance of being duly appointed agent, at a salary of £300 per annum, was not likely to happen often; and, staking health and reason upon the uncertainty of surviving, he held grimly to his post, working twelve hours a day in the steamy heat of "the rains." Then, when darkness came, he dragged himself towards the quarters of the stricken Krooboy's, whom he treated with

draughts prepared according to the Government Manual, which sometimes proved efficacious and sometimes the reverse. But no European may overwork himself with impunity in Africa, especially if reduced by fever; so week by week the health of the lonely man gave way, and strange fancies filled his mind. There were times when the wakeful Krooboys shuddered and told strange tales of Ju-Ju magic and the power of the wood-devils, as they heard him pacing to and fro upon the veranda all night long. Also, when trade was slack, he would sit for hours gazing vacantly at the forest with stern, set face, and there was no negro among them dare approach him.

Then it came about that Captain Hinton Clifford was sent up the river with a dozen Yoruba soldiers to inquire why certain installments of the fine had not been paid, and to ascertain by whose authority a stiff-necked headman levied a heavy toll upon all the oil-carriers passing his stockade. Hinton Clifford was lately out from India, and brought with him a high opinion of himself and a very low one of the Niger country, which latter was perhaps justifiable. He was five feet ten in height, with shoulders to match, and had a way of looking at one out of half-shut eyes and speaking in a languid drawl, as though there was nothing in Africa worthy of his interest, which was trying to those who did not know the man. This, together with the spotless neatness of his dress, which is a thing rarely seen on the Niger, gained him the sobriquet of "Dainty Jim," though the observant Consul had an idea that his languid subordinate could be very much awake when occasion demanded.

The fever-mist was rolling in woolly wreaths across the tumble-down factory when his panting launch shot alongside Gwelo landing. The roar of

the rains was in the air, and every palm-frond vibrated and quivered with the rush of falling water. A few sickly Krooboys dragged themselves about the entrance to the oil-shed, for trade was very slack; and there was an indefinite something which spoke of sickness and death about the whole place as the officer, accompanied by a big boar-hound, splashed through the compound towards the factory. When he stood dripping upon the veranda there was no one to meet him, and, thrusting open the door, he entered the trader's room. A young man, with deep lines upon his hollow face, knelt beside an open medicine-chest, measuring out drugs with a shaking hand.

"Glad to see you. I haven't heard a European voice for two months," he said; and Captain Clifford answered slowly, "A mutual pleasure; but you don't seem particularly cheerful. Alone here for two months! How any white man can live in the place at all is beyond me."

"As a rule they don't live very long. You can see four crosses, there, beneath the palms," was the quiet reply. "But you must be hungry.—Hyah, Kaloto, hurry that chop!"

Captain Clifford did not delight in half-bolled yams, rancid palm-oil chop, and two-year-old Chicago beef; but there was nothing else, and he ate with the best grace he could. Afterwards he explained that the factory would be honored with his presence for a fortnight, and handed Carson a letter announcing the fact that two new assistants were on the way, and that he might return when they arrived. Then the young agent commenced a rambling narrative, in the course of which he said various things which nearly shook the imperturbable officer out of his usual calm. When he concluded, "Crosby's dead; he died two months ago—I buried him myself; and yet—do you know?—he walks about the house all night

and calls me," the officer's eyes were open wide.

Presently Carson went out to resume his work, and Hinton Clifford became suddenly intent. "I've heard that kind of talk in the Indian jungle stations, and he's too young for the life—he knows it now," said the officer as he proceeded to overhaul the medicine-chest, for this man knew a little of many things. "As I expected—all the opiates gone; that accounts for part of the story, but no one can live for weeks without sleep. I'll take a few precautions," he continued, coolly appropriating various rough phials with red labels. Afterwards he visited the quarters of the sick Krooboys, and the sights he saw there haunted him at nights, though it would have been hard to recognize in that eager, thoughtful face and those skilful hands the indifferent dilettante of the Consular headquarters. Hinton Clifford did not enjoy that visit. The little tumble-down factory seemed full of whispers. The dog whined mournfully all night long, and it was disconcerting, to say the least, to be awakened at midnight by a creaking of the veranda, and to hear the hoarse voice of his host conversing with an unseen something in the mist below. More than once he had doubts of Carson's sanity, and wondered whether he would be justified in sending him down to the coast by force; but, after a glance at the carefully-kept books, he dismissed the idea. At last, as the officer afterwards said, the whole place so got upon his nerves that he fancied he saw two shadowy figures, and not one, pacing the dark veranda, and caught his breath when the rotten flooring creaked behind him for no apparent reason. At this he dosed himself with quinine, and compared the climates of Hindustan and Africa, to the disadvantage of the latter.

Then one evening he returned, cov-

ered with ashes and soot and glory, having burnt the water-gate of the offending chief, and after a scanty meal flung himself down to sleep. The trader lay in the adjoining room, which was that of the murdered agent, and a Yoruba sergeant slept upon the veranda. This was contrary to all ideas of discipline; but discipline is relaxed upon the frontier—and it was comforting to have him there. Tired as he was, the officer could not rest. It was intensely hot, with that damp and clammy heat which checks the perspiration and puts the fear of death into the hearts of Europeans dwelling in the African swamps. The mosquitoes, too, were unusually thirsty, and their triumphant trumpeting over a new victim nearly drove the officer mad. At times the boar-hound also crept about its master's couch, whining as though in pain or fear; and Clifford abused the animal, then stretched out a hot hand and patted the rough head, for he remembered that dogs suffer from the malaria as much as men. At last he sank into a restless doze, and awakening some hours later, saw the hound standing in a stream of misty moonlight, with every bristle of his neck erect. This had happened before, and, with a malediction on all things African, Clifford turned over on the other side. Then the dog crept softly out, and he heard the patter of its footsteps across the veranda; after which from the other side of the wood-work there rose a low, angry howl. "A most distressful brute; and I'm as nervous as a frightened child," he muttered, sitting up and rubbing his drowsy eyes. For a space there was no sound save the growling of the dog, the dry rustle of the palms, and the monotonous "crick-crack" of a boring-spider eating its way through the wainscot. Then the floorings creaked mysteriously; but they often did that. This time, however, there was something unusual in

the sound; and, with the big revolver which always lay beneath his pillow in his hand, Clifford sprang to the floor.

As he did so he heard a short, half-breathless cry, and something struck the partition a blow that made it shiver. In an instant the officer was out upon the veranda, keen-eyed and resolute, now the need of definite action had come. The door of Carson's room was shut, but a thrust of the powerful shoulder tore it from its rusty hinges, and, preceded by a crash of falling wood, Clifford leaped across the threshold. Two indistinct figures were swaying backwards and forwards in the gloom of the farther end; then, as he stood breathing hard and wondering what it could mean, they reeled into the stream of moonlight that entered the doorway. The pale rays fell upon the naked limbs of a huge negro and the thin form of the white trader, who, with one hand upon his assailant's throat, and one upon the sinewy black arm that raised a short reed-spear above him, made desperate efforts to withhold the thrust. Even as Clifford gazed, waiting a chance to intervene, the trader's head was forced backwards, and with a choking gasp he loosed his hold, while the negro raised his arm to drive home the glinting blade. But the broad black breast was now uncovered and the foresight of the officer's revolver trembled across the tattoo-device on its centre; then there was a flash of red flame, followed by a sharp detonation, and the room was filled with smoke. Through the smoke a wild object leaped towards the white man. Twice more the revolver flashed, but the assassin came on unchecked, and Clifford flung back his arm as the spear-head glittered before his eyes. But before it fell the steel butt of the heavy revolver came down upon the ebony face like the head of a battering-ram. In went teeth and jawbone; the negro lurched forward and struck the

creaking boards beside the officer's feet with the crash of a falling tree. Then there was a glimmer of lamps upon the veranda, and a rush of feet to the door as the Yorubas and Krooboys crowded round the entrance.

Wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, Hinton Clifford said languidly, "Carried a lot of lead and died hard; but that fellow will fight no more." The factory Yoruba bent over the limp, black form, with a lamp in his hand, and pointing to the tattoo-work upon the naked breast and the curious carving on the spear-haft, rose suddenly and cried in the vernacular, "It is blood for blood; truly this is the justice of Allah."

"What does he say?" asked Clifford sharply; and when a soldier translated, added thoughtfully, "Perhaps he's right—these things are beyond me; but I should say that the man who killed Agent Crosby has met his deserts at last."

Charlie Carson came feebly forward, and, holding out a shaking hand, said hoarsely, "How can I thank you? You were only just in time; another moment there would have been an end. Pah! I can feel the choking fingers about my throat now."

"Very glad I did it. There, that will do. No use making a fuss," was the quiet answer. "Some of the Consul's tales about the power these brutes possess must be true, or the dog would have torn him to bits. See, he's afraid still, and the beast never showed the white feather before." Then Clifford stooped to pat the trembling hound, which crept whining to his knee, and afterwards raised his voice: "Take him away, you, Krooboy, and bring plenty lights. I don't want to sleep any more to-night," he said.

On the following morning the new staff, consisting of an alcohol-soaked agent, with more energy than character, from Lekki lagoon, and two young

assistants fresh from home and evidently little pleased with what they had seen of the Oil Rivers, arrived in a broken-down launch. Thereupon Charlie Carson shook off the dust of that factory from his feet, and departed with Captain Clifford in the Consular despatch-boat. He was invalided home, and when he reached England found a letter from the Government officer had preceded him; and six months later he returned as full agent to a healthier station.

It was, of course, coincidence; but, owing to disputes between a certain bush headman and the oil-carriers over the right-of-way, which were argued out with the aid of poison and ambush, the Gwelo factory did little good.

Chambers's Journal.

Therefore the owners abandoned that particular creek, and the forest closed about the rickety buildings and swallowed them up. Festoons of rope-like creepers are steadily pulling down the tottering oil-shed; the house has crumbled into a mass of mouldering timber before the grasp of the ti-ti trallers; and the compound is covered feet deep with brushwood though it is barely two years since the last white man left it. Nevertheless the native traders, who are above all things superstitious, will not enter that creek in the darkness, and at all times give the ruins a wide berth. They say there is a curse upon the place; and perhaps they are right.

Harold Bindloss.

ONLY A SONG.

Love says not much, but says it, oh! so well,
We cannot tell
What is the meaning of its secret spell.
Its charm divine
Is like the murmur of a sounding shell,
Heard in the pauses of the ocean's swell,
In Beauty's oft-recurring parallel.
Its feeling line,
Artless of rule, yet more than rules of art
Unconscious pierces, probes, with inward smart
The lover's breast, the patriot's swelling heart.
Its music fine
Is such, that if the singer break his song,
And stop, the very spheres seem all a-wrong;
We bid him take his lute, and sweet and strong
Renew his strain.
"O singer, sing once more the old refrain!
And Echo faint its burden still prolong
In memory's chain!
And lest it perish, being only song,
Unconscious pierces, probes, with inward smart
Sing it again!
Again! again!"

A. G. B.

THE BROWNING LOVE-LETTERS.*

Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, by whose authority these letters are published, has seen that so unusual a proceeding required to be justified to the world, and he has accordingly prefixed to the book an explanatory note. He writes:—

In considering the question of publishing these letters, which are all that ever passed between my father and mother, for after their marriage they were never separated, it seemed to me that my only alternatives were to allow them to be published or to destroy them. I might indeed have left the matter to the decision of others after my death, but that would be evading a responsibility which I feel that I ought to accept. Ever since my mother's death these letters were kept by my father in a certain inlaid box into which they exactly fitted, and where they always rested letter beside letter, each in its consecutive order, and numbered on the envelope by his own hand. My father destroyed all the rest of his correspondence, and not long before his death he said, referring to these letters, "There they are; do with them as you please when I am dead and gone."

To say this was certainly to give permission to publish, but there will none the less be a difference of opinion as to whether the son has done well to avail himself of it. The letters are very intimate and very long, covering more than 1,100 closely printed pages. The story which they unfold is of the simplest; there is little variety of sentiment, and not even a lovers' quarrel over the whole twenty months; there are no incidents more remarkable than Browning's speech at the Literary Fund dinner, the visits of Mr. Kenyon to Miss Barrett, and the capture of "Flush, my dog," by a gang of White-

chapel dog-stealers and the story of his ransom. On the other hand, the volumes form a record, perhaps unexampled in literature, of the passionate feeling entertained for one another by two souls *d'élite*; they tell the story of an intellectual friendship quickly ripening into love, and into a love which rooted itself deeper and deeper as the days went by, and as the obstacles offered by an unsympathetic family seemed to become stronger. The curious thing about the love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett is that it was kept a profound secret from everybody, although Miss Barrett was living with her family and was receiving for more than a year weekly visits from her poet friend. The reasons for this secrecy, which shrewd old Mr. Kenyon was apparently the only one to penetrate, may be better gathered from the former volumes of Mrs. Browning's letters than from these; they seem to be summed up in her fear of her father, a man of obstinate temper, and perhaps not quite sane, who, the lovers seem to have thought, would probably regard Robert Browning as a fortune-hunter. Elizabeth had a few hundreds a year of her own, whereas the poet had nothing but his pen, which appealed to a narrower circle in those days than twenty years later. Judging from the evidence of these letters alone, it would seem that the Browning-Barrett story offers no exception to the good common sense rule that in nine cases out of ten a secret engagement is a foolish mistake. If Robert Browning, whom the Times at this very moment was calling "a prince of poets," and to whom Moxon was saying, "Your books sell and will sell," had, with John Kenyon to back him,

* The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-1846. With portraits and fac-similes, 2 vols.

boldly tackled Edward Barrett and asked for the hand of his daughter as soon as she might recover her health, the probability is that all would have been well and that everybody would have been saved a great deal of trouble and anxiety. This procedure, however, commended itself to neither lover: Browning saw nothing of his new family, and in the end, on September 12, 1846, Elizabeth and her faithful maid, Wilson, slipped out of the front door of No. 50 Wimpole Street, went round to St. Marylebone Church, and there the poet and the poetess were married—she to return home, to take off her ring, and a week later to join her husband in what was to all intents and purposes an elopement to Paris. The furious anger of the father is described in the earlier volumes of letters, published sixteen months ago.

The letters before us, then, cover the period between January 10, 1845, and the date last mentioned. At the beginning Miss Barrett was an invalid, only from time to time receiving her few intimate friends, and it was not till May 20 that she could allow Browning to come to see her. But in the interval the friendship begun and carried on by these letters had become very close, founded as it was upon an instinctive sympathy and upon a genuine mutual admiration. In his very first letter Browning speaks of "this true thankful joy and pride with which I feel myself yours ever faithfully;" three weeks later she claims to be treated *en bon camarade*, to which, if he will consent, "why, then I am ready to sign and seal the contract, and to rejoice in being 'articled' as your correspondent, only don't let us have any constraint, any ceremony." A few days afterwards he is wishing that some way could be found "to make my 'dear' something intenser than 'dears' in ordinary, and 'yours

ever' a thought more significant than the run of its like." Then came the first and subsequent meetings, and the addresses on both sides grow to "God ever bless you, dear friend," though of course the contents are as yet mostly literary and more or less abstract. By August he calls her "my one friend without an 'other,'" till by and by we slip into "dearest," and his claiming her love, and this touching answer (September 27):—

I will say, I must say, that your words in this letter have done me good and made me happy, . . . that I thank and bless you for them, . . . and that to receive such a proof of attachment from you, not only overpowers every present evil, but seems to me a full and abundant amends for the merely personal sufferings of my whole life. When I had read that letter last night I did think so. I looked round and round for the small bitternesses which for several days had been bitter to me, and I could not find one of them. The tear marks went away in the moisture of new, happy tears. Why, how else could I have felt? How else do you think I could? How would any woman have felt . . . who could feel at all . . . hearing such words said (though "in a dream," indeed) by such a speaker?

And now listen to me in turn. You have touched me more profoundly than I thought even you could have touched me—my heart was full when you came here to-day. Henceforward I am yours for everything but to do you harm—and I am yours too much; in my heart, ever to consent to do you harm in that way. If I could consent to do it, not only should I be less loyal . . . but in one sense, less yours. I say this to you without drawback and reserve, because it is all I am able to say, and perhaps all I shall be able to say. However this may be, a promise goes to you in it that none except God and your will shall interpose between you and me, . . . I mean, that if He should free me within a moderate time from the trailing chain of this weakness, I will then be to you whatever at that hour you shall choose . . . whether friend or more than friend . . . a friend to the last in any case. But she wishes him to consider himself absolutely free and unentangled; she can hardly believe that she will

ever be well enough to marry. Of course he scouts the notion, and henceforth the letters on both sides are as warm as the letters of an engaged couple should be. They are also, as is right, over and beyond the expression and analysis of affection, a record of whatever things and thoughts, experience of the world or of books, may have been interesting each in the intervals between the weekly visits. There is criticism—admiring, but on the whole, sound—of each other's verse; for, be it remembered, this was the moment in which Browning was bringing out the different parts of "Bells and Pomegranates," especially "Luria," and many of the shorter poems which have been household words to the true lovers of poetry ever since. There are also occasional criticisms, sometimes rather sharp, of other writers; of Mrs. Shelley, for example, and her book on Italy:—"The 'Mary dear' with the brown eyes, and Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and who surely was something better once on a time . . . once she travelled the country with Shelley on arm; now she plods it Rogers in hand—to such things and uses may we come at last!"

Both the writers have something to say about a young critic and poet who came to be much heard of in later years. The following was perfectly true in 1845, but as time went on the subject of it took himself seriously in hand and became a really learned man. "How right you are," says Browning, "about Mr. Lowell" (this refers to his "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets"). "He has a refined fancy, and is graceful for an American critic, but the truth is, otherwise, that he knows nothing of English poetry, or the next thing to nothing, and has merely had a dream of the early dramatists. The amount of his reading in that direction is an article in

the Retrospective Review." At that time Browning did not quite like the Americans—what English author did before the days of copyright?—but he is ready to recognize the sudden progress which they were making in culture about this very time. Some Boston publishers had made a proposal to Miss Barrett that she should collect and edit certain papers of hers which had appeared in a periodical; she asks Browning's opinion, and this is his answer:—

Do pray reply without fail to the proposers; no, no harm of these really fine fellows, who could do harm (by printing incorrect copies, and perhaps eking out the column by supposititious matter . . . *ex-gr.* they strengthened and lengthened a book of Dickens's in Paris by adding *quant. suff.* of Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers" . . . as I discovered by a Parisian somebody praising the latter to me as Dickens' best work!—and who do really a good, straightforward, un-American thing. You will encourage "the day of small things"—though this is not small, nor likely to have small results. I shall be impatient to hear that you have decided. I like the progress of these Americans in taste, their amazing leaps, like grasshoppers up to the sun—from . . . what is the "from," what depth, do you remember, say, ten or twelve years back?—to—Carlyle, and Tennyson, and you! So children leave off Jack of Cornwall and go on just to Homer.

On the other hand, here are some spirited sentences of Miss Barrett's in defence of George Sand, and incidentally of other French writers of genius, against a Phillistine attack of a type that was commoner then than it is now, though it is not yet extinct:—

I have glanced over the paper in the Athenæum, and am of an increased certainty that Mr. Chorley is the writer. It is his way from beginning to end—and that is the way, observe, in which little critics get to tread on the heels of great writers who are too great to kick backwards. Think of bringing George Sand to the level of the same sentence with such a woman

as Mrs. Ellis! And then the infinite trash about the three eras in the Frenchwoman's career . . . which never would have been dragged into application there, if the critic had heard of her last two volumes . . . published since the "Meunier d'Angibault," "Teverino," and "Isidora." One may be angry and sin not over such inapplicable commonplace. The motive of it, the low expediency, is worse to me than the offence. Why mention her at all . . . why name in any fashion any of these French writers, for the reception of whom the English mind is certainly not prepared, unless they are to be named worthily, recognized righteously? It is just the principle of the advice about the De Kocks; whom people are to go and see and deny their acquaintance afterwards. Why not say boldly, "These writers have high faculty, and imagination such as none of our romance writers can pretend to—but they have besides a devil—and we do not recommend them as fit reading for English families!" Now, wouldn't it answer every purpose? Or silence would!—silence, at least. But this digging and nagging at great reputations . . . it is to me quite insufferable; and not compensated for by the motive, which is a truckling to conventions rather than to morals. As if earnestness of aim was not, from the beginning, from "Rose et Blanche" and "Indiana," a characteristic of George Sand! Really, it is pitiful.

There are passages too of equally generous appreciation of some English contemporaries, and especially of Tennyson, though we may perhaps detect here and there in Miss Barrett's judgments a natural unwillingness to place the future Laureate quite as high as her own "prince of poets." The following, considering its source, is a very interesting criticism which apparently was suggested by her sight of the prize poem on Timbuctoo, written some fifteen years before:—

Yes, the poem is too good in certain respects for the prizes given in colleges (when all the pure parsley goes naturally to the rabbits), and has a great deal of beauty here and there in image and expression. Still, I do not quite agree with you that it reaches the Tennyson standard anyway; and for the blank verse I cannot for a mo-

ment think it comparable to one of the grand passages in "Enone," and "Arthur," and the like. In fact, I seem to hear more in that latter blank verse than you do . . . to hear not only a "mighty line" as in Marlowe, but a noble, full, orbicular wholeness in complete passages—which always struck me as the mystery of music and great peculiarity in Tennyson's versification, inasmuch as he attains to these complete effects without that shifting of the pause practised by the masters . . . Shelley and others. "A linked music" in which there are no links!—that you would take to be a contradiction—and yet something like that my ear has always seemed to perceive; and I have wondered curiously again and again how there could be so much union and no fastening. Only, of course, it is not model versification—and for dramatic purposes it must be admitted to be bad.

But we are dwelling too long upon the non-essentials of these volumes, for such passages as these might have been written from "any friend to any friend." Even outside the love-passages there are others more personal, more self-revealing, among which may be mentioned Browning's long essay, for it is nothing else, in defence of duelling, containing a story which would have made a dramatic idyl as fine and as terrible as "Ivan" itself (II., 51); and, still more interesting from the dramatic contrast of characters, the correspondence about the stealing of poor Flush. Here are the two Brownings, their temperaments, their poetry in a nutshell. A pet dog is stolen: the chief of the gang presents himself and offers to return it for a certain ransom; what is to be done? What are the ethics of the case? She, all affection and emotion, is for instantly paying, and for rescuing the darling animal from his ravishers, his possible murderers. He, the man, the embodied conscience of the community, is for instant attack, for tracking down the gang, for stamping it out, for exterminating the public nuisance, even though the prime consequence should be Flush's

head sent home in a charger. Really the passion, the eloquence on both sides are splendid; the eternal opposition of sex is here, called out and made living by a little stolen spaniel! Only one cannot help remembering that the spaniel was hers, not his. Perhaps if he had lost some favorite he would have been less magnificently logical and public-spirited in considering the case.

Among the letters published in 1897 is one written by Mrs. Browning, a month after her marriage, to her friend Mrs. Martin, which summarizes for the outer world the whole story which is here set forth in two volumes. Speaking of Mr. Browning's first request to see her she says:—

It was utterly impossible for me to refuse to receive him. . . He writes the most exquisite letters, and has a way of putting things which I have not—so he came. He came, and with our personal acquaintance began his attachment for me, a sort of infatuation call it, which resisted the various denials which were my plain duty at the beginning, and he persisted past them all.

But this infatuation for a fragile, sickly little woman of forty (she was born in 1806) was as true an instance of love, pervasive and enduring, of love felt and returned between two human beings of the highest sensibility, as history has ever recorded, or as has ever remained hidden in the consciousness of lovers. It was in vain that the good Miss Mitford, blunder-

London Times.

ing through ignorance of the situation, denounced love-marriages to Elizabeth Barrett:—

She asserts that every marriage in her experience, beginning by any sort of love, has ended miserably. It was in vain that she denounced man in all his varieties:—"She told me last autumn that all men, without exception, are essentially tyrants—and that poets are a worse species of men, since all human feelings they put into their verses and leave them there!" She did not frighten her friend, and the only apparent effect of her tirade was to make Browning write forth the most enthusiastic, the most enraptured of all his letters, extolling his love's "adorable spirit" and her "phrases which fall into my heart and stay there."

The sequel we all know—the marriage so perfect in spite of all drawbacks of ill-health and family opposition. But of that the record is not here. The letters end with that married elopement of which we have spoken. The story which they tell is of the birth and growth of love, not of its full fruition. Written out by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, it cannot fail to be of the rarest interest. But the reader as he lays down the volumes is inclined to ask himself whether there is not something almost profane in such a revelation, and whether the world had not been brought sufficiently near to the sacred Mysteries when it was invited to read the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the lines beginning "O Lyric Love!" and the exquisite "One Word More."

LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE.

Little Holland House. These three words evoke a picture of an enchanted garden, where it was always Sunday afternoon—afternoons prolonged, on rare red-letter days, into moonlit evenings full of music and delicate delight.

It has been said of a royal house of France that all its men were brave and all its women chaste; of the brilliant company that used to assemble on the green lawns of Little Holland House on summer Sunday afternoons in the

late fifties and the early sixties, it might be as truly said that almost all the men were famous and almost all the women fair. Of the men, some, lapped in lead, now lie under the pavement of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; other some lie in quiet country churchyards, their graves a goal of pilgrimage still, and the names upon them striking a chord of memory and regret in even the casual passer-by. Of both men and women, a few—how few, alas!—still remain with us.

The house to which this fair garden belonged was a low, irregular building, once a farmhouse, which had been added to from time to time, the latest addition at this date being the studios, first one and then a second one, built by the most illustrious of its inmates, George Frederick Watts. When, some two years ago, Mr. Watts made his princely gift to the nation of the portraits of Carlyle, Lord Lawrence, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Hallé, Joachim, Browning, and their comrades in that noble company of famous men, the reading of their names in the records of the gift brought back the interest and delight of those past days when the portraits were painted, and it was one of the privileges of those Sunday gatherings to go into the studio and see the progress of the last new work.

There was a tinge of romance about the legend of the coming of Watts to Little Holland House that harmonized agreeably with the enchantment of the place. It ran that, having been invited to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep some years previously, when the hour of departure came it was found to be raining. Watts had no umbrella, cabs in that neighborhood fifty years ago were not so plentiful as now, so he was asked to stay the night; day followed day, an attack of illness supervened, through which he was carefully and tenderly nursed, and the day of departure was deferred *sine die*. Frail

and delicate-looking, I seem to see him still, to my young eyes a graybeard even then, in his long coat and skull-cap, a very artist, modest and kindly, surrounded by his noble works in that studio which has ever remained to me as a perfect example of what a studio ought to be—the French have but one word, *atelier*, for studio and workshop—a workshop of the highest and sublimest craft, with every accessory beautiful, but partaking neither of the character of a curiosity shop nor of a fine lady's drawing-room.

The question of *Senior's* health was often an anxious one in those days, and it was generally doubtful whether or no he would appear on those Sunday afternoons, or be kept out of sight and sound by his careful hostess. How he came by the appellation of "Senior" I know not, but it was firmly affixed to him, and then, as now, used by all his familiar friends. Now that his name is as a household word, and established as one of the artistic glories of his country, it is curious to remember that he was then—although he had done some of his finest work—known to a comparatively restricted circle, and that it was possible for casual visitors to be brought to Little Holland House who had never heard of him. The amazed expression on a young lady's face may be imagined as she turned a bewildered look upon Richard Doyle, who was showing her round the studio, and exclaimed: "Why, he is a great artist!" "One of the greatest of this or any other age," was the prompt reply. Millais and Leighton were then in the very flush of their early fame, and the embodiment of youthful vigor and manly beauty. They were the most prominent in the constellation of brilliant artists gathered around Watts, all several years his junior, and but one of whom, Holman Hunt, remains. Their portraits, painted by that frail but nervous hand, keep before us, as

nothing else can, the image of their earthly clay.

Leighton had leaped into a sudden plenitude of renown by the success of his *Procession of Cimabue*, its purchase by the Queen being the first of a series of fortune's favors that continued to rain upon him to the end. No man could grudge him them: they seemed as natural a part of his inheritance as his talents, his good looks, his sunny good nature, and exquisite kindness and tact. The full tale of his innumerable acts of kindness will never be told. In his own swift, sure-footed ascent of the ladder of fame his hand was always ready to give a friendly, helpful grasp to those toiling behind. The first picture of Mason's ever seen, the first knowledge of his name in London, came to be seen and known through Leighton. In his studio in Orme Square, Bayswater, on one of his show Sundays in those early days, he drew the attention of every person who came in away from his own works to show them "a picture by my friend Mason," expatiating on all its beauties with eager insistence and the joyous enumeration of its qualities, ending in a subdued change of tone as he added: "He is in very bad health, poor fellow!"

To one who formed part of the group of children who had their own habitual corner of the sunny garden of Little Holland House, the image of Leighton comes most naturally to mind as one of the two or three young men who occasionally joined in their games, to their intense gratification and delight. Races between little boys and girls were sometimes started by these admired elders, and, in an obstacle race over croquet-hoops, a little girl once came to grief and measured her length upon the grass. Leighton's was the first hand to pick her up, but his cheerful voice rang out even sooner: "Never mind, B—, you did not show your legs!"

In 1862, Holman Hunt's friend and pupil, Robert Martineau, exhibited his picture, *The Last Day in the Old Home*. The present generation, although the picture now, through the gift of the artist's brother, forms part of the National Collection, has but little knowledge of his name, and perhaps no recollection of the great success he suddenly achieved. The picture made a triumphant progress through the country after the close of the Great Exhibition of 1862, and his name and Holman Hunt's were generally linked together. He died seven years later, and no other picture from his hand attained a like celebrity. The pathos of the subject, as well as the intrinsic merit of the painting, must have had a great share in its popularity. Happily, the work is now in the new Tate Gallery of British Art, and students may judge for themselves of its claims to lasting fame. Martineau was devoted to his art and something of a musician as well; there was no more familiar figure than his at Little Holland House, generally following in the wake of Holman Hunt. I believe at that time they shared the same studio, and were almost inseparable companions.

If Watts' studio and his own individuality formed the most striking feature, and one that is inseparably connected with the recollection of Little Holland House—has he not given its name to his present house and studio?—the charm of the delightful place was no less due to the hosts who received you there. The fine characteristic old head of Mr. Prinsep, the distinguished Indian civil servant, lives again in Watts' portrait. The same hand painted Mrs. Prinsep, her children, and her sisters, in life-size portraits that bear witness that no words could well exaggerate the grace and beauty that were the portion of nearly all. Mr. Prinsep's Christian name, Thoby, was

one of the minor wonders that exercised a youthful mind; that a venerable old gentleman should be called after Mr. Punch's dog (for years I was ignorant of the redeeming "h") was a standing puzzle, and his wife's constant calls to "Thoby," warning him not to catch cold by staying too long on the grass, etc., always seemed a little incongruous.

What a handsome stately presence was that of Mrs. Prinsep, and with how simple and natural a grace she did the honors of her charming house! Less regularly beautiful than her younger sisters, Lady Somers, Mrs. Jackson, and Mrs. Dalrymple, she must have possessed in an eminent degree the *culte* of the beautiful, to have obtained such harmonies of beauty in all her surroundings—of dress, ornament, color, and furniture—as well as the rare gift of being a perfect hostess. On those summer Sundays her drawing-room was generally the garden, Indian rugs making patches of color upon the green, and knots of chairs and chintz-covered couches gathered under the layers of green shade of widespreading trees. One big square red seat must, in its time, have afforded rest to a greater number of handsome women than did even Horace Walpole's famous shell at Strawberry Hill. The ladies of Little Holland House, as their portraits testify, had adopted a graceful and beautiful style of dress that seemed inspired by the Italian Renaissance, and was alike admirable in design, color, and material. These gracefully flowing robes were often made of rare Indian stuffs, and from India, the birthplace, I believe, of all these daughters of Judge Pattle, came also many of the ornaments they wore: the clustered pearls, the delicate Indian jewels and tinkling sets of gold and silver bangles, having then the added charms of rarity and novelty to English eyes. Let it be

remembered that those were the days of crinoline and of spoon-shaped bonnets, worn upon hair dressed à l'*Impératrice*, and that Leech's pictures in "Punch" were a very faithful presentment of the fashions of the time. On the other hand "aestheticism" was as yet unborn, and the dress of these beautiful ladies was as far removed from the lank disorder of sad-colored raiment, known to us under the misnomer of artistic dress, as it was from the grotesque deformities of fashion in its own decade. There is, in the picture-gallery of Mr. Watts' present house, a painting representing Mrs. Prinsep and her sister, Mrs. Dalrymple, standing side by side, tall, erect, and graceful. Better than any words, this picture and its compeers preserve the features and the charm of the women whose presence helped to make the enchantment of those Sunday afternoons. This double portrait used to hang in one of the drawing-rooms of Little Holland House, and the appointments and the furniture of these rooms, and indeed of the whole house, were as fit a setting as the garden itself for what was beautiful and graceful.

To eyes accustomed to early Victorian wall-papers and carpets, how describe what was the refreshment and delight of those matted rooms, with cool green walls against which hung paintings glowing with Venetian color, and the low ceilings, painted a dusk harmonious blue? In the principal drawing-room, where stood the piano, the planetary system was traced in gold upon the deep-blue ceiling. Bedrooms and all were in this scheme of color, with lattice windows framed with creepers, through which one saw the waving trees. The walls of the long narrow dining-room were entirely painted by Watts: the Seven Ages of Man, unless memory plays me false, being the subject of the paintings in the gold lunettes. When, in the course

of time, the onward march of London swept over the picturesque old house, and it was laid low to make way for Melbury Road, an attempt was made to save these mural paintings, but in vain, and these important works, by one of the greatest masters of his century, were ruthlessly destroyed.

To a mind still deeply tinged with the childish literature of fairydom, and to which its heroes were as real as those of Greece and Rome, Mr. Prinsep's two sons, Valentine and Arthur, used to suggest the fancy that they had been miscalled, and that Valentine and Orson should have been their names. Those who have seen Watts' study of the head of Arthur Prinsep in armor as Sir Galahad will understand how exactly he seemed to fit the character of Valentine, the gentle knight; but here arose a fresh puzzle, for if the stature and burly figure of the elder brother suited the outward presentment of the fabled Orson, there the resemblance ceased, and kind and humorous good-nature replaced the murderous propensities of the original. Of Mr. Prinsep's two other children, Henry, the eldest, was much in India at this time, and Alice, his only daughter, was a thin dark little maiden, giving but small promise of the startling beauty that was to be her portion a little later, and which Watts has immortalized in his portrait of her in a blue dress seated at the piano.

Mrs. Cameron, the eldest of Judge Pattle's daughters, short in stature and of homely features, was a marked contrast to her handsome sisters, but what she may have wanted in good looks was amply compensated for by her intelligence and wit and originality. She marked a new era in photography, elevating it to an art, and if her series of portraits of the men of her day were not so rapidly fading away, they would form one of the most precious collections of the portraiture of the century.

Into how many a household did not her fine photographic pictures (she seized upon every one, gentle or simple, known to her or absolute stranger, who seemed a likely model) bring the first elements of beauty and distinction from the realm of art? In his autobiography, Sir Henry Taylor says of her: "Her life having been passed almost entirely in India, where she had been latterly, in the absence of the Governor-General's wife, at the head of the European society, she made small account of the ways of the world in England; and perhaps, had she been less accustomed to rule, she would still have been by no means a servile follower of our social 'use and wont.' For, without arrogating any lawless freedom, perhaps indeed unconsciously, it belonged to her nature to be, in non-essentials, a law unto itself." Again, in one of his letters he writes: "Does Alice ever tell you, or do I, of how we go on with Mrs. Cameron? how she keeps showering upon us her 'barbaric pearls and gold'—India shawls, turquoise bracelets, inlaid portfolios, ivory elephants, etc.—and how she writes us letters of six sheets long all about ourselves, thinking that we can never be sufficiently sensible of the magnitude and enormity of our virtues? And, for our part, I think that we do not find flattery, at least of this kind (for hers is sincere), to be so disagreeable as people say it is; and we like her and grow fond of her.

"It was, indeed, impossible that we should not grow fond of her—impossible for us, and not less so for the many whom her genial, ardent, and generous nature has captivated since."

Sir Henry's wife, Lady Taylor, in describing her once said: "I could talk to you about Mrs. Cameron for a whole afternoon, and you would go away thinking she was an incarnate angel. The next day I could talk to you again for the same length of time, telling

you things, equally true, which would make you carry away the impression that she was exactly the opposite." In truth, she was neither an incarnate angel nor the other thing, but a warm-hearted, impulsive, original, and absolutely illogical woman, overflowing with goodwill towards all the world, but apt to carry out her schemes for its welfare with small heed to the individual tastes of those for whom she labored. She had no illusions as to her personal appearance, and treated it with a frank disregard of the least attempt to improve it, that had a charm of its own, though I fear it sometimes resulted in an aspect of untidiness. The hurried scuffle of her life was well represented by the attitude of a certain Indian brooch she wore—I never remember to have seen her without it; it was a silver elephant and it was *never* put on the right way up, the elephant being always on his back with his legs in the air. Her quaint unconventionalities of speech and act gave rise to many anecdotes, forgotten now. She had planned a marriage, of the absolute suitability of which she in vain attempted to convince the young lady whose happiness she wished to secure. She dismissed the subject and the lady with the words: "Her heart was black and she would not marry C—." She had bought, or hired, a piano on one occasion for her cottage at Freshwater; when it arrived no preparation for unpacking it had been made, and it lay, in its great case, stranded before the door. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Cameron sent a maidservant into the lane with orders to stop the first four men who might happen to pass by. She explained the situation to the astonished quartet as soon as they were assembled, and her piano was unpacked and placed in position *tant bien que mal*.

Mrs. Cameron was an admirable reader, and one of the pictures that stand out most vividly against the

green background of that Little Holland House garden represents the venerable figure of old Lord Lansdowne, sitting under a shady tree, his two hands resting on his stick, and his white head bent forward as he listens to Mrs. Cameron, seated on a low stool at his feet, reading Tennyson's last new poem aloud to him—"The Princess," if I mistake not. The poet himself we sometimes watched with awed and reverent attention, with his rugged face, his deep voice, his wideawake, and his long hair; wondering, perhaps, as we saw him stroll about or sit talking with a brother poet, Sir Henry Taylor, what might be the connection between poetry and long hair as exemplified by these two poets, whereas Browning, the third poet, who was a frequent guest at Little Holland House, wore hair as short as any soldier's, while Aubrey de Vere perhaps made, in length of locks, a connecting link between them.

I do not know if ever Mrs. Browning went to Little Holland House, but another poetess, the gentle Adelaide Procter, falling in health even then, with the light of her soul in her eyes, used sometimes to be there, spreading a charm all her own around her; a charm which lingered for more than twenty years in the two words—"My Adelaide;" for in these words there lived a whole world of maternal love and pride and regret, and to Mrs. Procter's last hour they were never long absent from her lips. Not to have known Mrs. Procter is a loss for which such of her contemporaries as were deprived of that delight and honor deserve the deepest pity. With Lady Taylor, Sir Henry Taylor's wife, and Mrs. Sartoris, she stands apart as one of the three wittiest and most delightful talkers of their day.

Good conversation is perhaps the most charming of all social pleasures, but, alas, it is also the most evanescent.

and when once the lips that delighted us are closed and silent, although the echo may live in our own minds as long as life itself, it is wellnigh impossible to convey it to others. Mrs. Procter simply overflowed with wit, occasionally a trifle caustic, and as Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her "Records" truly observes, so rich and abundant was her store that she often put her own good things into the mouths of her interlocutors. No one admitted to frequent intercourse with her but must occasionally have been surprised by her saying: "As you very truly said," and then would follow some happy *bon-mot*, of which one knew oneself to have been absolutely and totally incapable.

One of the most remarkable things about Mrs. Procter was her youthfulness. There was but little poetic license in the opening lines of Mr. Russell Lowell's verses to her:—

I know a young girl of seventeen
Who tells me she is seventy.

Not that there was the least affectation of youth in her dress or demeanor, or any attempt to disguise her age; on the contrary, she was ever ready, towards the end of her life almost eager, to reveal how many winters had passed over her bright intelligent head. It must have been her sheer vitality and incomparable good health that gave her such enjoyment of life, and the pleasure she gave to others seemed to return with compound interest to herself. "The study of mankind is man" might have been her motto, for her brilliant fascinating talk had seldom any other topic than her fellow-men and women. The keen wit sometimes flashed rapier-like (does not Mrs. Kemble tell us it had earned for her the title of Our Lady of Bitterness?), but it never pricked deeply, perhaps was never meant to prick at all, and though there may have been what the French call *malice* now and again in

her sayings, of malice in the English sense was there none. She was ready to admit the youngest and most insignificant of her acquaintances to her treasure-house, with an old-fashioned courtesy so entire and hearty that it seemed to receive favors while conferring them. A youth of eighteen, who had taken some little trouble to find her carriage for her after a party, was surprised and delighted to receive a letter of thanks from her the next morning, a letter as charming as one of Madame de Sévigné's.

Mrs. Procter did not much care for music or painting; there was often a little politely concealed impatience when either of these two arts absorbed the conversation for any length of time. "Why all this fuss about an exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds' works?" she asked at a dinner party a few weeks before the opening of the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery; "there has been one already; I remember it quite well." "Yes, Mrs. Procter, but that was in 1817!"

"I like expensive music," she remarked the day after a musical party, at which amateurs had furnished the entertainment. "All pretence," murmured Browning in the ear of his neighbor; "she cares for no music at all." She never refused a ball, and she must have been more than seventy years old when we found her one day deeply concerned as to her costume for a fancy ball to which she had just been invited. She went as a Quakeress, and greatly contributed to the success of the ball. A friend was one day expressing her extreme astonishment at the rumor of a marriage between one of the cleverest men of the day and a very commonplace, uninteresting woman. "Is it not wonderful?" "Not at all wonderful, my dear. She flatters him, and the man, any man, says to himself, 'Well, poor thing, she may be ugly and commonplace and tiresome,

but she is a woman of *such uncommon good taste!*" The expression of voice and feature with which the last four words were uttered was inimitable. Her predilection was for dinner parties, and there was she at her best. She one evening told Sir Charles Hallé, her neighbor at table, that her great regret on her deathbed would be the thought of the pleasant dinners she had missed. The statement was received with open-mouthed amazement, for Hallé, though one of the most delightful talkers of his day, went through the duties of society *à son corps défendant*.

There were several points of similitude between Mrs. Procter and Lady Taylor. They were both the wives of poets, and, if Lady Taylor's poet son, Aubrey, had not died at an age even younger than that at which Mrs. Procter lost her daughter Adelaide, and before his genius had had time to fulfil the promise in the few verses published in his father's autobiography, the world would have known that she, too, was the mother of a poet. They both carried to their graves a lifelong mourning for these, the most gifted of their children. Both possessed of intellectual gifts of a high order; both excellent women of business, a very necessary *grâce d'état* in a poet's wife; both displaying a large-minded easy philosophy towards the world and its ways, Lady Taylor, thanks to the Irish blood in her veins,¹ had a more poetic and picturesque element in her humor and her wit. Perhaps for the very reason that they were so much alike, these two delightful women did not get on very well together, a fact which their friends noted with amusement, and which they themselves acknowledged with half-laughing contrition. Lady Taylor had been beautiful, and the refined, delicately featured face, set upon

the fragile figure, little taller than a child's, retained a great measure of its beauty.

While Mrs. Procter hardly ever quitted London, and was as devoted to its streets as Madame de Sévigné to the *ruisseau* of the Rue du Bac, Lady Taylor made East Sheen, with winters at Bournemouth in later years, the home of her family from the year 1844. Her title of Queen of Bournemouth was a rightly deserved one. She was an admirable letter-writer, observant, sensitive, and felicitous of expression. In one of the letters quoted by her husband, writing of Alum Bay, she says: "Mrs. Cameron was sorry that the sea was so calm. She thought I should have found it grander in a storm. But I think she was wrong. The scene being in itself one of such power and simplicity and force, it was all the grander for its stillness. Where power makes itself *felt* it is sometimes better unspoken." During the same visit to Freshwater she writes again: "Mrs. Cameron and I went to tea with Mr. Jowett, to me a most agreeable man. He looks so wise, and gentle and happy, and so simple. . . . I was glad to go, but I felt very shy, too, as I always do when I am in society with Mrs. Cameron. She steers, and so oddly and so boldly that I always expect to find myself stuck in a quicksand or broken against a rock." Lady Taylor's sensations when in society with Mrs. Cameron must have been shared by many in a like case, but few could have described them so happily.

Her cousin, Aubrey de Vere, sitting opposite her in the pretty Bournemouth drawing-room, through which so many celebrities and pleasant people were constantly coming and going, as always happens where one celebrated man has set up his rest, once said to her, in a quietly contemplative tone, tinged with soft Irish brogue, "Allce, you say very clever things sometimes."

¹ She was the youngest daughter of the first Lord Monteaigle.

"Do I, Aubrey?" was the swift reply, while the humorous gleam that lit up her face seemed to acknowledge the impeachment. "Yes; the other day you were describing a terribly tiresome woman, and you finished by saying: 'One day she met a ghost, and the ghost fainted!'" Had Sir Henry and Lady Taylor possessed better health and more ambition, the mark they would have made upon the society of their day would have been a deep one.

Lady Taylor and Mrs. Procter were the only two women from whose lips I have heard descriptions of Rogers, of his dinner parties and his sayings; and their words excited no deep regret at having been born too late to have had any personal intercourse with that satirical gentleman. It was to Lady Taylor, I believe, that, in response to a remonstrance against some sarcastic speech, he made the well-known answer, a satire in itself: "I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear what I said."

Sunday after Sunday used to find Mrs. Sartoris (*née* Adelaide Kemble) at Little Holland House, and there, or wherever else she might be, it could be said, Where she sat was the head of the table, the humblest seat became a throne, around which her versatile, brilliant, and witty discourse, emphasized by a mobile play of feature and an incomparable variety of gesture, kept a charmed circle of delighted hearers. The Kemble beauty reigned in her face, and in the variety of its expressions the quiver of the nostrils played a leading part; never can a human nostril have helped its owner to express indignation, amusement, and a thousand other motions of mind and spirit as did Mrs. Sartoris'. We found her one day greatly pleased: she had had the visit of an old gentleman who had known Mrs. Siddons, and he had told her that he had been struck, on this his first interview with her,

with the similarity of one of her gestures to a favorite gesture of her aunt's—a downward emphatic wave of her fan at the conclusion of a sentence. All who knew Mrs. Sartoris will remember how constantly she rounded off her periods with this movement, sometimes striking her fan into the palm of her left hand, and will understand her pleasure at learning that she had inherited it from her illustrious aunt.

Writing of his arrival in London in 1848, Sir Charles Hallé says: "To another introduction, that to Mrs. Sartoris, I owe some of the greatest pleasures I have enjoyed in London. She was indeed a rare woman, and her somewhat taciturn husband a man of vast intelligence. Both were musicians to the core, intensely enthusiastic, and of sound judgment. Their house reminded me strongly of the 'salon' of Armand Bertin in Paris, for it was the rendezvous of most of the remarkable people in London—poets, painters, musicians—all feeling equally at home, and all finding something to interest them." Sir Charles calls Mrs. Sartoris "a rare woman," and in writing of her sister, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, shortly after her death in 1893, Mr. Henry James uses almost the identical words, "She was one of the rarest of women," and he expresses a lively curiosity about the foreign mother, the clever Mrs. Charles Kemble, "whose easy gift to the world had been two such daughters as Fanny Kemble and Adelaide Sartoris." They were both among the first and most original of talkers, but in Mrs. Sartoris there was less of the volcanic element, and the ordinary mortal could enjoy the brilliant feast of artistic, flowing, racy talk, without the latent sense of salutary fear from which no one who talked with her magnificent sister could ever quite rid himself. Nothing, however, could be more amusing or more splendid than to witness, from a safe distance, a battle-

royal of argument between the two sisters. Like thunder-clouds meeting, like armored knights bearing down full tilt upon each other in the lists, one never quite knew how much was genuine and how much was a display of finest dramatic art, but the effect was superb.

In the exquisite Hampshire home, on Southampton Water, where music and gardening were held in equal honor, and where her life was to end, Mrs. Sartoris was as happy and as much at home (perhaps more so) as in the whirl of London, and it is with the thought of her large-hearted charity that we take leave of her—a charity that once led her humbly, day by day, to the bedside of a poor old woman, to dress the wounds which no one in the village dared approach.

If it be perhaps the best of educations to grow up under the shadow of great names and to graduate in hero-worship, the young people who frequented Little Holland House were privileged indeed. And there was always some good-natured elder—most often Richard Doyle—to point out those whom we might not know. "That is Lord Lawrence." "That man walking across the lawn is Sir William Fenwick Williams of Kars." "There goes Edward Burne-Jones, commonly called Ned Jones." A world of admiration and respect was often contained in these brief indications, awaking an answering echo in the breasts of his young hearers. Dear "Dicky" Doyle, great humorist, faithful friend, preserving to his latest hour his childlike innocence of heart, capable of heroism—witness his resignation of his *gagne-pain*, his position on the staff of *Punch*, when that paper at the time of the "Papal Aggression" took to abusing the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman; his Irish light-heartedness carrying him easily through the troubles and difficulties of life, and his humorous views of society delighting the world as much through his tongue as through

his pen. In quiet drollness of manner Doyle was unapproached; a sidelong look in his eye and a kind of shy half-deprecatory twist of his shoulders with a twitch of the long upper lip accompanying the quiet witticisms, uttered with the touch of Irish brogue that accorded so well with his sayings.

He was at that time bringing out his "Bird's-eye Views of Society" in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which Thackeray was then the editor. (I believe Thackeray had some trouble in getting him to send in his drawings in time, for dilatoriness was surely his only fault.) There was a little "fuss" in society about these drawings; Doyle was accused of having caricatured certain well-known members of it, but he met all such rumors with the direct assurance that types, and not individuals, had been portrayed, with the sole exception of his friend Matthew Higgins, the Jacob Omnium of the *Times*, whose gigantic stature rears itself in the centre of one of the earlier Views. He and Thackeray were supposed to be the two tallest men in literary London. They, too, were *habitués* of Little Holland House.

Of divines at Little Holland House memory brings back only two—Mr. Mark Pattison, engaged in a solemn and elaborate game of croquet, and the Queen's Chaplain, Mr. Brookfield, with his handsome wife and their daughter Magdalen, afterwards Mrs. William Ritchie, with a face like a Mantegna, destined, alas! to an early end:

Beauty that must die,
And joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu.

There were the makings of a tragedian in Mr. Brookfield. His reading of Shakespeare was remarkable, and he was ever good-naturedly ready to read the "Merchant of Venice," or some other play, in aid of charity. An ex-

ample of his great facial expression occurred one Sunday at Little Holland House. A young lady, in going over a Northern Assize Court, had happened to see a murderer (who had slain a hecatomb of victims) upon his trial, and was expressing her astonishment that he looked so much "like anybody else." "I suppose you expected him to look like this," said Mr. Brookfield, immediately throwing into his face and whole person so melodramatically murderous an expression that it would have done credit to Macready.

If painting had its home at Little Holland House, music was there a frequent honored guest, and on many Sundays one might steal from the garden or the studio to the hushed drawing-room, with its dim green walls and blue gold-encircled ceiling, and listen to Bach and Beethoven flowing in liquid beauty from Hallé's incomparable fingers. Joachim sometimes was there, and Mrs. Prinsep often kept a few happy guests to dinner, and an evening of music followed. "Ah, precious evenings, all too swiftly sped!" Hallé writes to his wife on April 29, 1862, that he had taken Stephen Heller to Little Holland House: "*Le temps était superbe, et jamais je n'ai vu un homme plus charmé que Heller ne l'était de Watts, de Doyle, des Prinsep, du jardin, et de tout enfin.*"

Miss Treherne, afterwards Mrs. Weldon, was often seated at the piano, warbling deliciously with her fresh young voice; her pretty brown head a picture, rising from the coral-encircled throat and black silk dress.

Many are the graceful visions that stand out against the background of green garden; some stately in grand maturity, like the three sisters—the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton. Mrs. Norton, of whom Henry Taylor had written in 1835: "The night before last I plunged deep into the acquaint-

ance of Mrs. Norton. I came to the top again dripping with beauty; but I shook my ears and found myself no worse." Mrs. Nassau Senior, the Mrs. Arthur of her brother's "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Tall and slight and fair, with masses of golden hair drawn back from the broad white forehead, and the calm blue eye meeting his so deep and open—he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful." Golden haired the two Miss Edens, soon to be Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Hammersley, and golden-haired, too, the twin daughters of Mrs. Edward Villiers, afterwards Lady Lytton and Lady Loch, of the first of whom Gueneau de Mussy, when she was Ambassador at Paris, said the pretty but untranslatable word, "*Quand elle entre, elle répand une fraîcheur.*" So the gracious procession passes, down to the little children who were in their turn to be the beauties of their day, and who are even now as those three Sheridan sisters then were.

As these slight reminiscences have come back one by one, they have brought with them the conviction that, even if some magic wand could restore Little Holland House, and bring back the noble company that used to assemble there, so much have the habits and customs of society changed that it would be impossible to renew that pleasant sense of feeling sure that one would find almost the same nucleus of people, Sunday after Sunday, during the whole season, with a sufficient admixture of strangers to provide variety and stimulate curiosity. Forty years ago society still came to London for the season, and there was less flying from it perpetually than there is now. Leaving town from Saturday to Monday, except at Easter or Whitsuntide, had not come into fashion, and the easy distance of Little Holland House made it no labor for even the busiest man to leave his

work or the affairs of the nation for a quiet hour or two of freshness and repose.

The improvements and greater facilities of life are constantly being pressed, perhaps a little obtrusively, upon our

notice. May the young generation suffer their elders to remark that, with many gains, they have suffered a few losses—perhaps less insignificant ones than they imagine or would care to own.

Cornhill Magazine.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MUHAMMADANS.

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

Swift through the sky the vessel of the
Suras
Sails up the fields of ether like an
Angel;
Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou
bearest!

Womanly goodness;
All with which Nature halloweth her
daughters,
Tenderness, truth and purity and
meekness,
Piety, patience, faith and resignation,
Love and devotion.

Ship of the Gods! How richly art thou
laden!

Proud of the charge, thou voyagest
rejoicing;
Clouds float around to honor thee, and
Evening
Lingers in Heaven.

The sunset hour had come as I passed up the narrow track that skirted the river-bank, with a mob of villagers at my heels,—old men who had seen many strange things in the wild days before the coming of the white men, dull peasants who seemed too stolid and stupid to have ever seen anything at all, and swaggering youngsters, grown learned in the mysteries of reading and writing, fresh from our schools, and prepared at a moment's notice to teach the wisest of the village elders the only proper manner in which an egg may be sucked. The rabble which every Malay village

spews up nowadays when one chances to visit it, is always composed of these elements,—the old men, whose wisdom is their own, and of its kind deep and wide; the middle-aged tillers of the soil, who have no wisdom and desire none; the men of the younger generation, whose knowledge is borrowed and is extraordinarily imperfect of its kind.

The glaring Eastern sun, sinking to its rest, blazed full in my eyes, dazzling me, and thus I saw but dimly the figure that crossed the path in front of me, heading for the running water on my right. Silhouetted blackly against the burning disc in the west, it appeared to be the form of a woman, bowed nearly double beneath the weight of a burden slung in a cloth across her back—a burden far too heavy for her strength. This, alas! is a sight only too common in Asiatic lands; for if man must idle, women must work as well as weep until at last the time comes for the long, long sleep, under the spear-blades of the *Idlarg* and the love-grass, in some shady nook in the little peaceful village burial-ground. Therefore I took no special notice of the figure moving painfully athwart the sun-glare ahead of me, until my arm was violently seized by the headman who was walking just behind me.

"Have a care, *Tuan*," he cried.
"Have a care. It is Minah and her

man. It is the sickness that is not good, the evil sickness. Go not nigh to her, *Túan*, lest some evil thing befall."

The instinct of the white man always bids him promptly disregard every warning that a native may give to him, and act in a manner diametrically opposed to that which a native may advise. This propensity has added considerably to the figures that represent the European death-rate throughout Asia, and, incidentally, it has led to many of the acts of heroism that have won for Englishmen their Eastern empire. It has also set the native the hard task of deciding whether he is most astonished at the courage or the stupidity of the men who rule him. I have lived long enough among natives to know that there is generally a sound reason for any warnings that they may be moved to give; but Nature, as usual, was stronger than common-sense, so I shook my arm free from the headman's grip, and walked up to the figure in front of me.

It was, as I had seen, that of a woman bowed beneath a heavy burden—a woman still young, not ill-looking, and with the truest, most tenderly feminine eyes that I think I have ever chanced upon. I only noticed this later,—and perhaps a knowledge of her story helped then to quicken my perceptions,—but at the moment my attention was completely absorbed by the strange bundle which she bore. It was a shapeless thing wrapped in an old cloth, soiled and tattered and horribly stained, which was slung over the woman's left shoulder, across her breast, and under her right armpit. Out of the bundle, just above the base of the woman's own neck, there protruded a head which lolled backwards as she moved—gray white in color, hairless, sightless, featureless, formless, an object of horror and repulsion. Near her shoulders two stumps, armed

with ugly bosses at their tips, protruded from the bundle, motiveless limbs that swayed and gesticulated loosely; near her own hips two similar members hung down almost to the ground, dangling limply as the woman walked—limbs that showed gray in the evening light, and ended in five whitish patches where the toes should have been. It was a leper far gone in the disease whom the woman was carrying riverwards. She did not pause when I spoke to her, rather she seemed to quicken her pace, and presently she and her burden, the shapeless head and limbs of the latter bobbing impotently as the jolts shook them, disappeared down the shelving bank in the direction of the running water.

I stood still where she had left me, horrified at what I had seen,—for lepers, or indeed, deformed people of any kind, are remarkably rare among the healthy Malay villagers, and the unexpected encounter had shocked and sickened me. Of the men in the group behind me, some laughed, one or two uttered a few words of cheap jeer and taunt, every one of them turned aside to spit solemnly in token that some unclean thing had been at hand, and the headman, newly appointed and weighed upon by the sense of his responsibilities, whispered an apology in my ear.

"Thy pardon, *Túan*," he said. "'Tis an ill-omened sight, and verily I crave thy forgiveness. It is not fitting that she should thus pass and repass athwart the track, walked in by such as thou art, bearing so unworthy a load. I hope that thou wilt pardon her and the village. Truly she is a bad woman thus to bring this shame upon our folk."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She is a woman of this village,—one devoid of shame. And behold this day she hath smudged soot upon the faces of all our folk by thus wanton-

ly passing across thy path with her man, the leper, and presently I will upbraid her,—yea, verily, I will upbraid her with pungent words!"

"Is she also unclean?" I asked.

"No, *Túan*, the evil sickness hath not fallen upon her—yet. But her man is sore stricken, and though we, who are of her blood, plead with her unceasingly, bidding her quit this man, as by Muhammad's law she hath the right now to do, she will by no means hearken to our words; for, *Túan*, she is a woman of a hard and evil heart, very obstinate and headstrong."

He spoke quite simply the thought that was in his mind. In his eyes there was nothing of heroism, nothing of the glory of most tender womanhood, in the sight of this girl's self-sacrifice: to him and to his fellows her conduct was merely a piece of rank folly, the wanton whim of a woman deaf to the pleadings and persuasions of those who wished her well. He had even less sympathy with me when, regarding the matter from my own point of view, I spoke to him in her praise.

"Of a truth," I said, "this woman of thy village is greater than any of her kind of whom I have heard tell in all this land of Pahang. Thy village, O Penghulu, hath a right to be proud of this leper's wife. I charge thee say no word of reproach to her concerning the crossing of my path, and give her this—'tis but a small sum—and tell her that it is given in token of the honor in which I hold her."

This unexpected way of regarding a matter which had long been a topic of conversation in the village, was altogether unintelligible to the Malays about me; but most of them had long ago abandoned the task of trying to understand the strange motions of the European mind,—an endeavor which they had become convinced was hope-

less. Money, however, is a valuable and honorable commodity, and whatever else he may fail to appreciate, this is a matter well within the comprehension of the Malay of every class. Even in the minds of the simplest villagers, the possession of anything which is likely to bring in cash inspires something near akin to awe, and therefore my small gift had the effect of immediately drying up the undercurrent of taunts and jeers at the expense of Minah and her husband which had been audible among the headman's followers ever since the strange pair had come into view. Moreover, as I knew full well, the fact that I had spoken of her with words of praise, and had backed my remarks with silver, would do much to increase the importance of, and add to the consideration shown to, this brave wife by the people among whom she lived.

"Tell her also," I said, as I got into my boat to begin the journey down stream—"tell her also that if there be aught in which she standeth in need of my aid, now or hereafter, she hath but to come to me, or to send me word, and I will help her in her affliction according to the measure of my ability."

"*Túan!*" cried an assenting chorus of villagers, as my boat pushed out from the bank and my men seized their paddles for the homeward row. And thus ended my first encounter with Minah, the woman of the Muhammadans whom neither the threats of the village elders, the advice of her relations, the tears and entreaties of her sisters, nor the invitations of those who would have wed with her, had power to lure away from the side of the shapeless wreck of humanity whom she called husband.

Later, I made it my business to inquire from those who knew concerning this woman and her circumstances,

and all that I learned tended to increase the admiration which from the beginning I had felt for her.

Like all Malay women, she had been married when hardly more than a child to a man whom she had barely seen—to whom, prior to her wedding, she would not for her life have been guilty of the indecency of speaking a syllable. On a certain day she had been decked out in all the finery and gold ornaments that her people could borrow from their neighbors for many miles around, had been placed upon a dais side by side with the man she was to wed, and had remained there in an agony of cramped limbs and painful embarrassment while the village-folk—who represented all the world of which she had any knowledge—ate their fill of the rich viands set before them, and thereafter chanted discordantly many verses from the Kurân in sadly mispronounced Arabic. This terrible publicity, for one who had hitherto been kept in utter seclusion on the *pâra*, or shelf-like upper apartment, of her father's house, almost deprived the dazed little girl of her faculties; and she had been too abjectly frightened even to cry, far less to lift her eyes from her scarlet finger-tips, on which the henna showed like blood-stains, to steal a glimpse of the man to whose tender mercies her parents were surrendering her.

Then, the wedding over with all its attendant ceremonies, for days she had been utterly miserable. She was horribly afraid of her new lord, terrified almost to death, like a little bird in the hand of its captor. To this poor child, not yet in her "teens," a man and a stranger was much what the ogre of the fairy tales is to the imagination of other little girls of about the same age in our nurseries at home,—a creature all-powerful, cruel, relentless, against whose monstrous strength her puny efforts at resistance could nought avail.

All women who are wives by contract, rather than by inclination, experience something of this agony of fear when first they find themselves at the mercy of a man; but for the girls of a Muhammadan population this instinctive dread of the husband has a tenfold force. During all the days of her life the woman of the Muhammadans has seen the power of the man undisputed and unchecked by the female members of his household; she has seen, perhaps, her own mother put away, after many years of faithfulness and love, because her charms have faded and her lord had grown weary of her; she has seen the married women about her cowed by a word, or even a look, from the man who holds in his hands an absolute right to dispose of his wife's destiny; she has watched the men eating their meals apart—alone, if no other member of the masculine sex chanced to be present,—because, forsooth, women are deemed to be unworthy to partake of food with their superiors; and as a result of all these things, the woman of the Muhammadans has learned to believe from her heart that, in truth, man is fashioned in a mould more honorable than that in which the paltry folk of her own sex are cast,—that he is indeed nobler, higher, greater in every way than woman; and thus, as she looks ever upwards at him, the man dazzles her, and fills her simple, trustful soul with fear and awe.

So poor little Mfnah had been frightened out of her wits by the bare thought of being handed over to a husband for his service and pleasure, and her gratitude to her man had been extravagant and passionate in its intensity when she found that he was unchangingly kind and tender to her. For Mâmat, the man to whom this poor child had been so early mated, was a gentle, kind-hearted, tender-mannered fellow, a typical villager of the interior, lazy, indolent, and pleasure-lov-

ing, but courteous of manner, soft of speech and caressing by instinct as are so many folk of the kindly Malayan stock. He, too, perhaps, had been moved with pity for the wild-eyed little girl, who trembled when she addressed him in quavering monosyllables, and he found a new pleasure in soothing and petting her. And thus, little by little, his almost paternal feeling for his child-wife turned in due season to a man's strong love, and awoke in her breast a woman's passionate and enthusiastic devotion. So Mâmat and Minah were happy for a space, although no children were born to them, and Minah fretted secretly, when the hut was still at night-time, for she knew that there was truth in what the women of the village whispered, saying that no wife might hope to hold the fickle heart of a man unless there were baby fingers to add their clutching grip to her own desperate but feeble graspings.

Two or three seasons had come and gone since the "Feast of the Becoming One" had joined Mâmat and Minah together as man and wife. The rich yellow crop in the rice-field had been reaped laboriously ear by ear, and the good grain had been garnered. The ploughs had been set agolng once more across the dry meadows, and in the swamps the buffaloes had been made to dance clumsily by yelling, sweating men, until the soft earth had been kneaded into a quagmire. Then the planting had begun, and later all the village had marked with intense interest the growth and the development of the crop, till once more the time had arrived for the reaping, and again the ugly bark rice-stores were full to overflowing with fat yellow grain. Minah and Mâmat had aided in the work of cultivation, and had watched Nature giving birth to her myriad offspring with unfailing regularity, and still no little feet pattered over the lath floor-

ing of their hut, no little voice made merry music in their compound. Mâmat seemed to have become more melancholy than of old, and he frequently returned from the fields complaining of fever, and lay down to rest tired and depressed. Minah tended him carefully, with gentle loving hands, but she told herself that the day was drawing near which would bring the co-wife, who should bear sons to her husband, to oust her from Mâmat's heart. Therefore, when her man was absent, she would weep furtively as she sat alone among the cooking-pots in the empty hut, and many were the vows of rich offerings to be devoted to the shrines of the local saints if only the joy of motherhood might be hers.

One afternoon Mâmat came back to the hut, and, as was his wont,—for he was ever tender to his childless wife, and anxious to aid her in her work,—he fell to boiling water at the little mud fireplace at the back of the central living-room, where Minah was cooking the evening meal. While he was so engaged his masculine fingers touched the pot clumsily, causing it to tip off the iron tripod upon which it had been resting. The boiling water streamed over the fingers of his right hand, and Minah screamed shrilly in sympathy for the pain which she knew that he must be enduring; but Mâmat looked up at her with wondering eyes.

"What ails thee, Little One?" he asked, without a trace of suffering in his voice.

"The water is boiling hot," cried Minah. "*Ya Allah!* How evil is my destiny that because, unlike other men, thou wouldst stoop to aid me in my work, so great a hurt hath befallen thee! O, Weh, Weh, my heart is very sad because this trouble hath come to thee. Let me bind thy fingers; see, here is oil and much rag, clean and soft."

"What ails thee, Little One?" Mâmat

asked again, staring at her uncomprehendingly. "I have suffered no hurt. The water was cold. See, I am unharmed. Look at my finger—"

His voice faltered, then his speech broke off, trailing away into inarticulate sounds, while he sat staring stupidly, in mingled astonishment and fear, at his scalded hands. The little hut was reeking with the odor sent up by that peeling skin and flesh.

"What thing is this, Minah?" he asked presently in an awed whisper. "What thing is this, for in truth I felt no pain, and even now, though for certain the water is boiling, since my fingers are all a-frizzle, no pang hath come to me? What is it, Minah?"

Minah looked at the ugly hand her husband held out for her inspection, and she was as bewildered as he. "Perchance 'tis some magic that thou hast learned that maketh the fire powerless to harm thee," she said simply. Magic is too common and every-day a thing in the Malay peninsula for either Minah or Mâmat to see anything extravagant in the idea. Mâmat, indeed, felt rather flattered by the suggestion; but none the less he denied having had any dealings with the spirits, and for some weeks he thought little more about the discovery of his strange insensibility to pain. The sores on his hands, however, did not heal, and at length matters began to look serious, since he could no longer do his proper share of work in the fields. By Minah's advice the aid of a local medicine man of some repute was had recourse to, and for days the little house was noisy with the sound of old-world incantations, and redolent of heavy odors arising from the strange spices burning in the wizard's brazier. Mâmat, too, went abroad with his hands stained all manner of unnatural hues, and was deprived of most of the few things which render his rice palatable to an up-country Malay.

For some weeks, as is the manner of his kind both in Europe and Asia, the medicine man struggled with the disease he half recognized, but lacked the courage to name; and when at length disguise was no longer possible, it was to Minah that he told the truth—told it with the crude and brutal bluntness which natives, and country-folk all over the world, keep for the breaking of ill tidings. He lay in wait for her by the little bathing-hut on the river-bank, where Minah was wont to fill the gourds with water for her house, and he began his tale at once, without preface or preparation.

"Sister, it is the evil sickness," he said. "Without doubt it is the sickness that is not good. For me, I can do nought to aid this man of thine; wherefore give me the money that is due to me, and suffer me to depart, for I also greatly fear to contract the evil. And, sister, it were well for thee to make shift to seek a divorce from Mâmat speedily, as is permitted in such cases by the law, lest thou in like manner shouldst become afflicted with the sickness; for this evil is one that can in nowise be medicined, even if Petera Gûru himself were to take a hand in the charming away of the bad humor."

No one in Asia ever names leprosy. It is spoken of but rarely, and then by all manner of euphemisms, lest, hearing its name pronounced, it should seek out the speaker and abide with him for ever. But when the words "the evil sickness" sounded in her ears, Minah understood, with a violent shock of most complete comprehension; and, alas for frail human nature, her first thought was for herself, and it sent a throb of relief, almost of joy, pulsing through her. Her man was a leper! No woman would now be found to wed with him; no co-wife would come into her life to separate her from her husband; barren and childless though she be, the man she loved would be hers

for all his days, and no one would arise to dispute her right, her sole right, to love and tend and cherish him. The medicine man turned away, and walked slowly up the path by the river-bank counting the coppers in his hand, and she stood where he had left her, gazing after him, a prey to a number of conflicting emotions. Then a realization of the pity of it overwhelmed her,—a yearning, aching pity for the man she loved,—and in an agony of self-reproach she threw herself face downward on the ground, among the warm, damp grasses, and prayed passionately and inarticulately,—prayed to the Leprosy itself, as though it were a sentient being, entreating it, if indeed it must have a victim, to take her and to spare her husband. She had not been taught, as Christian women are, to turn to God in the hour of her despair; and though she breathed out prayer and plaint as she lay upon the damp earth and tore at the lush grass, her thoughts were never for a moment directed heavenwards. She was a woman of the Muhammadans, unskilled in letters, ignorant utterly of the teachings of her faith, and, like all her people, she was a Malay first, and a follower of the Prophet accidentally, and, as it were, by an afterthought. Therefore her cry was raised to the Demon of Leprosy, to the Spirits of Wind and Air, and to all manner of Unclean Creatures who should find no place in the mythology of a true believer. The old-world superstitions, the natural religion of the Malays before ever the Arab missionaries came to tamper with their simple paganism, always come uppermost in the native mind in time of stress or trouble, just as it is the natural man—the savage—that rises to the surface, through no matter what superimposed strata of conventionalism, in moments of strong emotion. But these things had power to help Minah but little, to comfort her not at all, and any

strength that she gained during that hour which she spent prone, in agony and alone, came to her from her own brave and tender heart,—that fountain of willing self-sacrifice and unutterable tenderness, the heart of a good and pure woman.

The evening sun was sinking redly when at last Minah gathered herself together, re-arranged her tumbled hair and crumpled garments with deft feminine fingers, and turned her face towards her home. The moon had risen, and was pouring down its floods of pure light, softening and etheralizing all upon which it shone, and penetrating the chinks of the wattled walls in little jets and splashes of brightness, when Minah, tenderly caressing the head of her husband, which lay pillowed on her breast, whispered in his ears the words which revealed to him the full measure of his calamity. No more awful message can come to any man than that which makes known to him that he has been stricken by leprosy, that foulest, most repulsive, and least merciful of all incurable diseases; and Mamat, as he listened to his wife's whispered speech, cowered and trembled in the semi-darkness of the hut, and now and again, as he rocked his body to and fro, to and fro restlessly, he gave vent to a low sob of concentrated pain very pitiful to hear. Leprosy has a strange power to blight a man utterly, to rob him alike of the health and the cleanliness of his body, and of the love which has made life sweet to him; for when the terror falls upon any one, even those who loved him best in the days when he was whole too often turn from him in loathing and fear. As slowly and with pain Mamat began to understand clearly, and understanding, to realize the full meaning of the words that fell from his wife's lips, he drew hurriedly away from her, despite her restraining hands, and sat huddled up in a corner of the hut, weeping the

hard, deep-drawn tears that come to a grown man in the hour of his trial, bringing no relief, but merely adding one pang more to the intensity of his suffering. Vaguely he told himself that since Minah must be filled with horror at his lightest touch, since she would now most surely leave him, as she had a right to do, he owed it to himself and to what little remnant of self-respect remained to him, that the first signal for withdrawal should be made by him. It would help to ease the path which she must tread, the path that was to lead her away from him for ever, if from the beginning he showed her plainly that he expected nothing but desertion,—that she was free to go, to leave him, that he was fully prepared for the words that should tell him of her intention, though for the moment they still remained unspoken. Therefore, though Minah drew near to him, he repulsed her gently, and retired yet farther into the depth of the shadows, saying warningly:—

“Have a care, lest thou also become infected with the evil.”

Again Minah moved towards him, with arms outstretched as though to embrace him, and again he evaded her. A little moonbeam, struggling through the interstices of the wattled walls, fell full upon her face, and revealed to him her eyes dewy with tears and yearning upon him with a great love. The sight was so unexpected that it came to him with the violence of a blow, sending a strange thrill through all his ruined body, and tightening something that seemed to grip his heart, so that he panted for breath like one distressed with running.

“Have a care!” he cried again, but Minah took no heed of his warning.

“What care I?” she cried. “What care I? Thinkest thou that my love is so slight a thing that it will cleave to thee only in the days of thy prosperity? Am I like unto a woman of the town,

one who loveth only when all be well, and the silver dollars be many and bright? Am I such a one, who hath no care save only for herself? O Mâmat, my man of mine! After these years that we have lived together in love dost thou know me so little, me thy wife, that thou thinkest that I will willingly leave thee because, forsooth, the evil spirits have caused this trouble to befall thee? Weh, I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, and in truth I cannot live without thee! Come to me, Weh, come to me.” And again she held out her arms towards him, entreating him tenderly.

For long Mâmat resisted, fighting against the temptation sturdily for the sake of the love that he bore her, but at length the longing for human sympathy and for comfort in his great affliction—a desire which, in time of trouble, a man feels as instinctively as does the little child that having come by some hurt runs to its mother to be petted into forgetfulness of the pain—proved too strong for him, and he sank down, sobbing unrestrainedly, with his head in Minah's lap, and her soft hands fondling and caressing him.

And thus it came about that Minah made the great sacrifice, which in a manner was to her no sacrifice, and her husband brought himself to accept what to him was more precious than anything upon earth.

Two or three years slid by after this, and as Minah watched her husband she marked the subtle changes of the disease to which he was a prey working their cruel will upon him. He had been far gone in the disease even before the medicine man had mustered courage to name it, and for many months after the discovery but little change was noticeable. Then, as is its wont, the leprosy, as though ashamed of such prolonged inactivity, took a stride forward, then halted again,

then advanced once more, but this time with more lagging feet, then came to a standstill for a space, then moved onward yet again. Thus, though the alterations wrought by the ravages of the disease were cruel and terrible, to Minah, who marked each change take place gradually, step by step, beneath her eyes, underlying the gray featureless face, in the blind eyesockets, the aimless swaying limbs that were now mere stumps, she saw as clearly of old the face, the glance, the gestures that had been those of her husband, and seeing this she loved this formless thing with the old passion of devotion and tenderness. He was utterly dependent on her now. Twice daily she bore him on her back down to the river's edge, and bathed him with infinite care. To her there seemed nothing remarkable in the act. She had done it for the first time one day long ago, when his feet were peculiarly sore and uncomfortable, had done it laughingly, half in jest, and he had laughed too, joining in her merriment. But now it was the only means of conveying him riverwards, and she carried him on her back unthinkingly, as a matter of course. In the same way she had come to dress and feed him, first half laughingly, before there was any real necessity for such help, but latterly his limbs had grown to be so useless that without her aid he would have gone naked and have died of starvation. Allah or the Spirits—Minah was never sure which of the twain had the larger share in the arrangements of her world—had not seen fit to send her a child in answer to her prayer, but she never lamented the fact now. Was not Mâmat husband and child in one? And did she not empty all the stores of her love, both wifely and motherly, upon him, who needed her more sorely than a baby could have done, and loved her with the strength of a man and with the simplicity of a child? She

never knew fatigue when Mâmat needed tending; she never knew sorrow when he was free from pain; she asked for no joy save that of being near him. All the womanliness in her nature, purified and intensified by her sad experience, rose up in the heart of this daughter of the Muhammadans, fortifying her in trial, blinding her to the nobility of her own self-sacrifice, obliterating utterly all thought of her own comfort, her own feelings and desires, filling her with a great content, and making the squalor of her life a thing most beautiful. Her only sorrow was that she was often forced to absent herself from the house in order to take the share in the field-work which, under happier circumstances, should have been performed by her husband; but the kindly villagers, who pitied her in their hearts, though they could not repress an occasional jeer at her eccentric devotion to a leper, lightened her tasks for her as much as was possible, so that she found her fields tilled, the crop weeded, and the precious rice grain stored, with so little labor on her part that the whole operation appeared to have been done, as it were, automatically. And thus Minah and her man spent many years of the life which even the Demon of Leprosy had been powerless to rob of all its sweetness.

It was some years after the white men had entered Pahang for the purpose of quieting that troubled land, that a new grief came to Minah, tightening her heart-strings with an anxiety hitherto undreamed of. Men whispered in the villages that the strange pale-faced folk who now ruled the land had many laws unknown to the old râjas, unhalloved by custom, not beautified by age or tradition, and that one of these provided for the segregation of lepers. At first Minah could not believe her ears when the village elders, mumbling their discontent concerning a thousand lying

rumors, spoke also of this measure, which, so men said, was very shortly to become law in the State of Pahang. What? Separate her from her man? Tear him away from her, leaving her desolate and utterly alone, while he, having none to tend him, would die miserably, crying vainly for her in the tones that none but she could now interpret? An agony of consternation racked her at the picture which the words of the village elders conjured up. She was wellnigh distraught with fear, but in her heart was also a wild desire to fight to the death to save her man from this bitter wrong, to fight as does the tigress in defence of her little ones.

Minah managed with some difficulty to persuade and bribe an old crone to tend Mamat for a day or two. Then she set off for Kuala Lipis, the town at which the white men, she had heard men say, had their headquarters. Until she started upon this journey she had never left her own village, and to her the twenty odd miles of river that separated her home from the town were a road of wonder through an undiscovered country. The ordered streets of the town; the brick buildings, in which the Chinese traders had their shops; the lamp-posts; the native policemen standing at the corners of the road—shameless folk, who wore trousers but no protecting *sarong*; the vast block of Government offices, for to her this far-from-imposing pile seemed a stupendous piece of architecture; the made road, smooth and metalled,—the wonder and the strangeness of it all dazed and frightened her. What could the white men, who had so many marvellous things, want with her poor man, the leper, that they should desire to take him from her? Ah, it was cruel, cruel, more merciless and wanton than any of the deeds of the old *râjas*, concerning which men still told grisly tales with bated breath!

She asked for me, since I had bade her come to me in trouble, and presently she made her way along the unfamiliar roads to the big house on the river-bank, round which the forest clustered so closely in the beauty that no hand was suffered to destroy. She sat upon the matting on my study floor, awed at the strangeness of it all, looking at me plaintively out of those great eyes of hers, and weeping furtively. She had the simple faith of one who has lived all his days in the same spot, whither few strangers go, where each man knows his neighbor and his neighbor's affairs. It never occurred to her that her words might need explanation or preface of any kind, in order that they might be rendered intelligible, and as she looked at me, she sobbed out her prayer, "O suffer me to keep my man and my children, O suffer them not to be taken from me! Allah, *Tuan*, suffer me to keep my man and my children!"

I knew, of course, that she spoke of her "man and her children" simply for the sake of decorum, since it is coarse and indecent, in the eyes of an up-country woman, to speak of her husband alone, even though she be childless; but for the moment I supposed that she was the wife of some man accused of a crime, who had come to me seeking the aid I had not the power to give.

"What has thy man done?" I asked.

"Done, *Tuan*? What could he do, seeing that he is as one dead? Unless one lifted him he could not move. But suffer him not to be taken from me. He is all I have, all I have, and in truth I cannot live without him. I shall die, *Tuan*, I shall die, if thou dost suffer this thing to come to pass."

Then suddenly the mist obscuring my memory rolled away, and I saw the face of the woman, as I had seen it once before, straining under a terrible

burden on the banks of the Jelai river, with the red sky and the dark green of the foliage making a background against which it stood revealed. Then at last I understood, and the sight of this woman's distress moved me strangely.

"Have no fear, sister," I said. "Thy man shall not be taken from thee if I can do aught to prevent it. Who is it that seeks to separate thee from him?"

"Men say that it is an order." To the Oriental an order is a kind of impersonal monster, invincible and impartial, a creature that respects no man and is cruel to all alike.

"Have no fear," I said. "It is true that I have bidden the headman of the villages report as to the number of those afflicted by the evil sickness, but in this land of Pahang the number is very small, the infection does not spread, and therefore, sister, have no fear, hearken to my words, the Government hath no desire to separate thee from thy man. Return in peace to thy home, and put all fear away, and if aught cometh to trouble thee, I am at hand to listen to thy plaint."

The lives of all of us, we men whom Fate has exiled to the uttermost ends of the earth, hold many days in which Discontent, born of an aching longing for all the things from which we are severed, and the Despair that the question *Cui Bono? Cui Bono?* brings to life, play at battledore and shuttlecock with our tired hearts. They are evil days, weary and dark, and we fight through them as best we can, we who are blessed with stamina, while they cram our churchyards with the bones of those amongst us who are fashioned too delicately for such rough handling. These dark hours of the exile are a trial which can never be appreciated by any one who has not himself been subjected to the cruel strain. They

crush the spirit from out the heart, and make life for the moment an empty thing and vain. At such times I like to seek comfort in the recollection of the few brown faces into which some word or action of mine has brought the light that otherwise had not been kindled; and it is then that Minah's face rises before my mind's eye, her features transformed by an ecstasy of relief, her great soft eyes dewy with unshed tears, her lips trying vainly to speak the words of gratitude which the strength and violence of her emotions will not suffer her to utter. I had done nothing for her? True, but to her it seemed as though I had given her back all the joy of life, had turned her world from sombre indigo to gorgeous rose-color in the space of a moment. I had done nothing truly; but it is something to have been the means of bringing a look such as that to the face of a good woman. In the memory I find compensation for much, nor care greatly if some there be to whom such a feeling may appear ridiculous.

So Minah returned to her home with joy in her heart and that glad look upon her face; and in that secluded up-country village, not twenty miles from the place where I sit writing these lines, she still toils unceasingly, tending the wrecked creature, that is still to her the man she loves, with unfailing tenderness and care. Men say that he can live but a few months longer, and it wrings my heart to think of what the loss will be to Minah when, to use the Malayan idiom, "the order comes" to her man. In that hour of utter desolation and profound loneliness no human voice will have the power to bring that beautiful look of gladness back to Minah's eyes; and of a Divine Voice this daughter of the Muhammadans, in spite of her pure soul and her brave heart, has no knowledge from which to seek consolation.

Hugh Clifford.

THE MAKING OF THE DICTIONARY.

It is customary to regard the dictionary as a necessary evil. Many buy it because it is a thing no well-regulated household should be without. Most consult it grudgingly; the voluntary pursuit of learning is dying out now that we are all so stuffed with knowledge. And to those who have survived the ordeal of a finished education, there may perhaps appear to be a tincture of injustice in the insistent claims of the dictionary. A language which should be "self-interpreting" is what is wanted in these busy days. The makers of English, too, indulged in most discreditable vagaries. In the search for additional words they seem to have ransacked the earth, to the terror and perplexity of their descendants. There is, however, an alternative view, which casts no slur upon our forebears. Is our education so complete? Had there been less of Greek and Latin in the class-room and more of our mother tongue, we must have leaned upon the dictionary less.

It is significant, at any rate, that when the promoters of the New English Dictionary began to look about for assistance, they found British Universities apathetic, or at best but mildly interested. Their professors were too busy with the dead languages. The promoters turned to the United States. There the English language is studied scientifically, and American scholarship at once responded to the appeal. Professors read for it and interested their pupils in the undertaking. When the Syndic of the Cambridge University Press was asked to undertake its publication, they politely declined. The delegates of the Oxford University Press consented. These delegates—amongst whom were Mark Pattison and Dr. Stubbs, now Bishop of Oxford

—may be said to have retrieved the reputation of our academies.

The New English Dictionary is an enterprise without precedent, and its value can scarcely be overestimated. It will help to make the last quarter of the nineteenth century notable in literary history. Not that this century will see its finish, that will not be before 1910 at the earliest. Yet it was in fact projected thirty-seven years ago, when Dean Trench read a paper before the Philological Society on the necessity of supplementing the then existing dictionaries. The Society resolved to undertake the work. The committee soon found that it was not a supplement which was wanted, but a new dictionary. For a time there was uncommon activity. Mr. Herbert Coleridge, a grand-nephew of the poet, was appointed editor, and some hundreds of readers got to work. Mr. Coleridge died, Dr. Furnivall succeeded him, but the interest had already slackened. When Dr. Murray—now joint editor with Mr. Henry Bradley—was appointed, it was not even a falling cause—it was a cause which had failed. Dr. Furnivall had thought the best thing would be to hand over the materials to the British Museum. There were futile negotiations with unwilling publishers; they would have condensed it till it was worthless; they could see no profit otherwise. They were doubtless right. It was fortunate that the Oxford Press then recognized its responsibilities, for there was no hope in any other quarter. They took some time in giving a favorable decision, for Oxford has obvious limitations. Some delegates disapproved of the dictionary being edited by any other than an Oxford man. But when they came to look there was no Oxford man who

could do it. Finally, Dr. Murray's qualifications so impressed the majority, that when he hesitated they said they must have him for editor or they would go no farther.

He got together thirteen hundred readers and thirty sub-editors. It would take twelve years to finish the work, he believed then. He soon found he had been too precipitate. Dr. Johnson thought his dictionary would take three years; it took nearly three times three. Webster toiled at his for twenty-four years.

And though we have grown to regard Johnson's Dictionary with a modified respect, he was still without doubt a great dictionary-maker. His reputation lasted so well that in the "fifties" readers for the New English Dictionary passed his quotations without verification. They do so no longer; for, in fact, the great lexicographer had often a slipshod way with him. Sometimes he is at fault in the text of the quotation, sometimes in the author. There is no doubt now that the Doctor frequently quoted from memory. A dictionary-maker with a sense of humor must be sometimes at a loss for an outlet. The Doctor was not, he loosed it in his pages. "Grub Street"—he writes—"the name of a street in London, inhabited by the writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems." A lexicographer he defines as—"a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

However, he gave us a splendid lead for a very poor reward—fifteen hundred pounds, out of which he had to pay his six assistants. By the way, in spite of his antipathy to Scotsmen, five of the six came from over the Border. They sat round the table in Gough Square, whilst Johnson sat in a chair upon it, so that he could overlook them.

Gough Square and the home of the New English Dictionary are in striking contrast. It is one of a row of pleas-

ant villas stretching away out of Oxford to the north. The colleges have been left far behind; it stands, in fact, on the confines of the town. There is nothing to mark it above its fellows; nothing in the neighborhood which is not common to the suburbs of scores of small provincial towns. It has an agreeable air of drowsy prosperity about it; no one would suspect it of energy or enthusiasm. There is evidence in the house itself that the owner is a man with a taste for philology, but nothing more. Dr. Murray himself asserts that his tastes are scientific, and if ever he formerly looked forward to a release from pedagogy, it was with the hope of devoting himself to one or other of the branches of natural science to which his heart was given. Yet what better qualification for a lexicographer could there be than the scientific habit? He was second master at Mill Hill—"the Wesleyan Eton" as it has been called—when invited to undertake the editorship. That his prospects would be improved by the change was more than doubtful, but the call was an imperative one. He, as President of the Philological Society, and Examiner in English for the University of London, knew the national loss which would be incurred if the publication were indefinitely postponed. So he compromised, devoting some hours to the school and some to the dictionary. This division of time and interests soon became impossible, and he removed to Oxford, the dictionary absorbing him entirely. His name betrays him as a Scotsman. He was for some years Principal of the Academy at Hawick, and is regarded as an authority on the antiquities and natural history of his native Teviotdale. He has also made some notable contributions to the history of the Scottish language and its dialects.

Overwhelming proofs of the dictionary are not wanting in the garden be-

hind the house. There stands the laboratory, or Scriptorium, as it is called. It is externally disappointing. The truth must be told: it is what the wits call a "tin tabernacle." "Of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me," says Ruskin; the rumbling of those thunders has not yet died away. But Mr. Ruskin is an art critic mainly. A political economist? That is open to question. And this is a matter of economics. An iron building is cheap, is a protection against fire, and is removable at will. Granted that it is hopelessly ugly, these considerations remain much to the point.

The scheme within is simplicity itself. Tables and desks, and along the walls row upon row of pigeon-holes, more than a thousand of them, full of slips. Every one of these slips has passed or will pass through the hands of five helpers, and four assistants at the tables are constantly at work sorting and classifying them. They contain the quotations; approximately a million of them go to the ton; there are about six tons of them. It would take you thirty years to look through them at the rate of one a minute. That only a million will be used in the dictionary gives one the impression that things are not so bad after all. Yet, as a matter of fact, the saving of labor would be immense if the whole of the six tons could be printed. As it is, they have all to be weighed in the balance. Then, when the best have been selected, they must be made of a convenient length; for the dictionary is limited to eight times the size of Webster.

On slopes against the wall and on shelves are ranged the works of reference: dictionaries, ancient and modern, in many languages. There is the work of Master Henry Cockeran, wherein "all such as desire to know plenty of the English" are invited to the story of the crocodile, "who, hav-

ing eaten the body of a man will, in fine, weep over the head." From this natural and common habit of the crocodile comes the phrase "crocodile tears." There is the dictionary "according to Crocker"—for that excellent mathematician was a dictionary-maker besides, and Johnson's own copy of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," with his annotations for his dictionary, some of them very characteristic.

We are able, however, to go back much earlier than Crocker or Cockeran, and come to the gloss. The glosses of the Anglo-Saxon psalters are the ancestors of the dictionary. These were explanations of difficult words given side by side with the text. From the gloss was evolved the glossary, an independent list of words, which was probably learned by heart. In the pictorial vocabulary of about the same period art came to the assistance of letters. But the first dictionaries were avowedly designed for women and children, though the standard of knowledge at the time could not have been so high but that the men sometimes found them useful.

But perhaps the most interesting book of them all is the Littré dictionary. It is not a bibliographical curiosity, but a proof of what a man of genius and purpose can do when he sets his heart upon it. Littré was the prince of lexicographers. His dictionary contains five thousand closely-printed pages. He gives the biography of every French word, its etymology, and illustrations of its use from authors of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He received little or no help from outsiders and read nearly all the books himself, whilst his wife and daughters did most of the copying. The collection of the materials took him thirteen years, and thirteen more were swallowed up in printing and revising them.

The slips which line the Scriptorium came from all parts of the world; from

France and from Florida, from Algeria and Amsterdam, from Upper Egypt, Stockholm, Rome, Florence and Japan. Amongst the early readers there are many distinguished names: Rossetti, Hazlitt, Perowne, Lubbock, Littledale, Lightfoot, Lushington, Craik, Page-Hopps, and Dowden. More than one hundred thousand books have been read and extracts made. It took two assistants three years, working eight hours a day, to sort the material transferred to Dr. Murray by the Philological Society. He sent out circulars to the registered contributors, five hundred of them—four hundred and fifty came back through the dead-letter office!

Twenty-six sub-editors had been originally appointed, one for each letter of the alphabet. Nearly one-half of these were dead. From executors and survivors, however, quotations came tumbling in by the ton, unearthed from lumber-rooms, from cellars, from garrets, and from cupboards. They came in cases, in trunks, in hampers, in baskets. There were trunks of nouns and bundles of verbs, sheaves of conjunctions and parcels of adjectives. In every conceivable form of package—even an old bassinet full, containing, too, a mouse and her family, reared on parts of speech! But the slips of *Pa* could not be found, nor the sub-editor responsible for them. With infinite difficulty he was traced from place to place till it was ascertained that he had last resided in County Cavan. There he had died, and there in a loft over a shed the missing words were found.

It must be understood that these sub-editors and readers have given, and still give, their services without fee or reward. To pay for preparing the materials for such a work would be a manifest impossibility. But the honorary worker has obvious defects. Some who responded to the appeal promised largely and performed nothing,

others did a great deal and it was useless. Literary men of unquestioned ability and proved performance could not so much as transcribe a quotation accurately or give an author's name correctly. The amount of work done by individual readers was ludicrously disproportionate. Out of three hundred and sixty-one thousand slips, nineteen thousand came from one reader alone, eleven thousand from another, and ten thousand from a third. And there were more than seven hundred readers during that particular year. The correspondence entailed in keeping them at work was in itself a huge matter. From thirty to forty letters a day had to be written. Altogether not less than two thousand people have had a finger in the pie.

The conditions have happily changed since then. The chief work at present consists in sorting and classifying the material. New books and new editions, it is true, come out now and again, which must be read. But a trained band of some hundred men and women undertake all that is required. Now that the stress of dealing with incompetent human material has passed, Dr. Murray is able to say that, after all, their experiences of the kind have been by no means unusual. The brothers Grimm, when they set about starting the great German dictionary, appealed for readers and received offers of help from only eighty-three persons. Six only of them proved able to give any real assistance, and of these only one came up to the editors' standard!

The scope of the New English Dictionary is wider than that of any of its predecessors. It includes all words, not only those belonging to modern English, but those which are archaic and obsolete. It is enriched with quotations from the earliest written records down to the present time. Dr. Johnson despised derivation, Horne Tooke

definition: in the new dictionary derivation and definition go together; in fact etymology is for the first time assigned its full honors in the history of words. It has been found necessary to set a limit to the inclusion of dialect words. Material for their proper treatment was not in existence, and you cannot be continually altering the plan of a work which has been on the stocks a quarter of a century. Dialect words of classic origin are given, and for the rest there is Dr. Wright's Dialect Dictionary in progress, which treats the subject in the fittest way, that is, geographically.

By a curious inversion the longest words come to have the briefest treatment in the New Dictionary. That this should be so is natural enough. Our ancestors had not the taste, or indeed the necessity, for long words. They have been recently introduced, chiefly for scientific and technical uses. They have no history worth mentioning, and no inflections, and are therefore easily dealt with.

There are, on the other hand, monosyllabic verbs, contemporary with English history, and which are infinitely inflected: such words as *go*, *get*, *come*, *be*, and *do*. Dr. Murray was at one time under the impression that *let* would be the longest of them. He refuses to commit himself now, for *get* and *go* will certainly take a great deal of beating. Words like these are used in such an extraordinary number of senses, and have had so varied a life history, that their treatment often extends to many pages. There are prepositions, too, of ancient lineage, such as *by*, *on*, and *that*, whose claims are almost as formidable.

The dictionary has been the subject of letters from Tennyson, George Eliot,

Good Words.

Stevenson, J. R. Lowell, and Mr. Andrew Lang. They are for the most part replies to inquiries as to the significance of some word which they used. Stevenson was applied to as to the word "brean," which had turned up in one of his breathless tales. To which Mr. Stevenson replied that he was sorry to say that he had not read the proofs of the book, but "brean" was plainly a misprint for "ocean!" And he goes on to show, by an example, how his handwriting made this possible. George Eliot was asked whether she wished to go down to posterity as George Elliot; she replied in the affirmative.

There have been not a few protests against the introduction into the dictionary of what some correspondents have been pleased to call "Americanisms;" in many cases the words objected to were good English centuries ago. Fallen out of use in this country, they have been preserved over sea, and have come to us again, to be coldly received as strangers. It is not the intention of the present editors to follow Dr. Johnson's arbitrary mode of inserting only such words as he thought good and fit.

The dictionary-makers of other countries have not been chary of their admiration; they have shown it in the sincerest way by following many of the improved methods of the new undertaking. The promoters of the new Swedish dictionary sent one of their editors to see how the thing was done; he went back with a full note-book. The enterprise has also given a spur to Continental lexicographers, and dictionaries of moment in Holland, Germany, and other countries are either begun or beginning.

Leonard W. Lillington.

THE FRENCH JUDICIAL SYSTEM.

France is the country that has the greatest number of judges, but it is not, perhaps, the one where justice is dispensed in the best manner. The numerous and varied jurisdictions existing there have not all come down from ancient times, several of them being of comparatively recent creation and, in fact, not yet a century old. When the narrow-minded men who brought about the Great Revolution found themselves in power, they attempted to rebuild, on the foundation of what they called their principles, the judicial edifice they had upset. They put order in place of the chaos that had been caused. Impromptu courts were no longer held in the streets, to fill the gutters with blood, but even after the repeal of the *loi des suspects* there were still some special tribunals in existence. It was necessary to rearrange the scattered elements of the old judicial system and the new, reconstitute the legal organizations, invest them with authority, define their powers, and surround them with the prestige that attaches to a brilliant staff of judges. This was not the work of a single day, and before its completion more than one of the principles laid down by the Revolution had disappeared. What has become of them? They are still being sought for to-day, and this laborious and barren pursuit revives from time to time some of those liberty-killing ideas that a sanguinary despotism put into practice not very long ago.

It was under the Consulate that the French judicial system took its present form. A law was enacted on the 24th of August, 1790, establishing a civil court in each district, and judges for them were elected. This law pro-

vided a justice of the peace for each canton (sub-division of a district), and abolished the supreme courts which had hitherto had appellate powers. The right to hear appeals was entrusted to the district courts, and they exercised it one towards another. The administration of justice in criminal cases was, a little later, given a special form in the criminal courts of the *départements*. Lastly, above all the other jurisdictions, civil and commercial, there was placed a Supreme Court, the Court of Cassation. This somewhat complicated system did not endure very long. It was replaced by another which proved but little more lasting. Finally, the law of the 7 *Ventôse, an VIII* (27th of February, 1800) laid down the permanent lines of our judicial institutions, and fixed in a firmer manner the limits of the various jurisdictions. The peace courts (*justices de paix*), the commercial courts, the criminal courts, and the Court of Cassation, were maintained. A civil court of first instance was allotted to each district, and there were created twenty-nine upper courts, which have successively been called "Imperial Courts," "Royal Courts," and "Courts of Appeal." In addition to these various tribunals, several others have been brought into existence. We will give a brief summary of the whole institution and the limits of the different jurisdictions.

The civil judicature comprises, beginning at the top— (1) the Court of Cassation; (2) the Courts of Appeal; (3) the Assize or Criminal Courts; (4) the Tribunals of First Instance; (5) the Commercial Courts; (6) the Maritime Courts, appeals from which are heard by the Courts of Appeal; (7) the Peace Courts; (8) the Councils of Ex-

perts (*Conseils des prudhommes*), instituted under the Second Empire to adjust disputes about wages between masters and workmen. This is not all, for we have to add what is called the "administrative" judicature, which is composed of *Conseils de Préfecture*, as courts of first instance, and the *Conseil d'Etat* as supreme and appeal court. These deal with the differences that arise between private individuals and the State with regard to State or local taxation, irregularities committed by government employees, and so forth. They are thus a rather original kind of tribunal, where the State is at once judge and party in the suit. Administrative works and commentaries declare this system to be necessary, and strive at great length to demonstrate this. They might add that a system more calculated to operate unfairly could not be devised. These courts rarely decide a case according to its merits, and take little trouble to get at the truth. It would be easy for us to cite instances in point, if this were within the scope of our article.

Alongside these civil and administrative jurisdictions there is another, closely allied to the former. We refer to the machinery for dealing with criminal cases. We will pass over this branch of the subject, although we think it is salutary to direct a stream of light now and then upon the manner in which this machinery works. What militates against the rendering of justice in France is that every culprit is *ipso facto* held in suspicion and looked upon as guilty. This wrong tendency is not the result of intentional ill-will, which would be odious, but is the consequence of a badly ordered judicial system.

There are two other jurisdictions to be spoken of—the military and the naval; both of which have a military character. They were long considered most worthy of esteem, respect, and

even admiration. One must have attended a sitting of a court-martial before which a simple soldier is brought for a proved and confessed crime in order to have an idea of the extreme care with which the proceedings are conducted. Everything that may strengthen the defence is heard with benevolent attention, and when sentence is passed it is difficult not to be moved by the way in which it is done. Military law is hard: in every line one finds the cruel word *death*; but at the fatal moment hearts soften, and the president's voice, so steady on parade, trembles and falters in a way that shows what it costs him to pronounce the sentence that is to banish a member of the family. Harsh as military law is, it seems less so than civil law. The private soldier is tried by officers, but the court also comprises a man belonging to the ranks, and it is he who speaks first when the time arrives to decide the culprit's fate. As a matter of fact, military executions are very rare in France. There has not been a single one during the last ten years, the death sentence having always been commuted. At the present moment there is a bill before Parliament for relaxing the rigors of military law. It is even proposed to abolish courts-martial altogether. It is always pleasant to see a harsh law made less so, but there is a difference between amendment and repeal. Perhaps an attempt will be made to dispense with courts-martial in peace time. The present method of recruiting the French army leads naturally enough to this reform. Step by step, the army itself may in course of time be got rid of. The change would probably be welcome to a section of the nation, especially to those people who look upon a man's sojourn in the barracks as a burdensome thing and a waste of time. It would, at any rate, set free a certain amount of money,

which could be used for hiring ready-made soldiers when needed. For our part, we think that the professional soldier is the only genuine one. To express this opinion may seem like returning to the ideas of the Middle Ages, whereas we know that the armed-nation system is quite a new thing that has nothing in common with past and barbarous times.

At present, there are in France three thousand, two hundred and fifty-eight civil courts, not including the commercial courts, the judges of which are unpaid, nor the councils of experts. To this number must be added one court of appeal, sixteen courts of first instance, and one hundred and two peace courts (*justices de paix*) in Algeria, making altogether three thousand three hundred and seventy-seven tribunals for dispensing justice. We might also add the police courts that exist in each district, but whose powers are confined to punishing trivial offences. Taking no notice of these, nor of the peace courts, which are little more than conciliation courts, or offices dealing only with small disputes about boundaries, the placing of seals on the property of deceased persons, and matters of like character, and which are incompetent in cases involving more than three hundred francs, we find that there are four hundred and three courts sitting regularly, and forming the actual judicial body. How many judges do these courts employ? A few provincial tribunals have only three; others have five, and some still more, distributed among several courts. Thus, at Paris there are forty-eight judges, composing nine courts; twelve vice-presidents and one president, whose post is a high one. Besides these sixty-one regular judges, there are a number of substitutes (*juges suppléants*), who await their turn to become full-fledged judges. The inquiring judges

(*juges d'instruction*) are twenty-two in number; their important duties will be described further on. This completes the list of judges, or what is called the *magistrature assise*. They have in front of them the *magistrature debout*, consisting, at Paris, of the *Procureur*, or Public Prosecutor, and thirty-nine deputies. We leave out the clerks of the court and the minor employees. From this enumeration it is seen that, for Paris alone, there are sixty-one judges to hear and decide cases, twenty-two who examine, and thirty-one whose duty it is to demand conviction or acquittal in the name of the law. The number for all France, the capital and Algeria included, is three hundred and seventy-five presidents, sixty-five vice-presidents, four hundred and eleven examining judges, and six hundred and eighty-seven ordinary judges. The *magistrature debout* numbers three hundred and seventy-five public prosecutors and two hundred and ninety-eight assistants.

The twenty-six appeal courts of France and the court at Algiers give employment to twenty-seven chief justices, sixty-three presiding judges or vice-presidents, twenty-seven public prosecutors, sixty-one attorneys-general, fifty-nine assistants, and four hundred and fifty-one councillors. Above the courts of appeal, the name of which indicates their attributions, there is the Court of Cassation, with its high and somewhat hazy duties of interpreter of the laws. This court sits at Paris, on the perilous borders of politics. The appeal courts and the Court of Cassation form what is termed the *haute magistrature*.

Criminal cases are not dealt with in France by a distinct body of judges, as in many other countries. The question of guilt or innocence is submitted to a jury, the same as in England. The presiding judge at assizes is al-

ways a counsellor of the appeal court of the district; he is accompanied by two assessors, who are also counsellors if the assizes are held in the town where the appeal court sits, but who can be chosen from among the judges of first instance if they are held in some other place. The names of the jurymen are drawn by lot from lists compiled beforehand by the public prosecutor and the chief justice. Although the rights of the accused are not so well protected in France as in England, they are nevertheless sufficiently so to leave scope for the exercise of leniency when deserved. In fact, certain juries have carried indulgence to such a point as to excite public opinion. Most of the cases known as *crimes passionnels*—that is to say, crimes arising from that one of the passions which most deeply stirs man's heart once it springs up therein—result in an acquittal, to the distress of the rigidly virtuous judge, but the delight of every tender soul. Moreover, legislation has considerably relaxed the precautions formerly taken to insure the conviction of the guilty. The judge's summing-up, for instance, which was often a veritable speech for the prosecution instead of being, as the law intended, an impartial review of the case for and against, has been done away with, and its pernicious effect is no longer felt. We cannot deny that the cause of justice has gained thereby.

It is difficult to see why three judges should be required for passing sentence after the verdict has been rendered. The law, by its numerous and subtle distinctions, has made this duty very simple. We do not conceive it possible that a good president, and consequently a good judge, can err in performing this task, and it would seem, therefore, that the two assessors have been given him in order to guard against slips and oversights.

Criminal procedure is so full of pitfalls that perhaps three heads are not too many for this purpose. The Court of Cassation is there on the watch, and does not always want a good reason for quashing a sentence regularly passed and based on solid grounds.

The Court of Cassation has only a limited staff. There is a chief justice and a public prosecutor, who are on an equal footing, three presiding judges, forty-five counsellors, and six attorneys-general. All of them receive higher salaries than the other members of the magistracy. They sit in a sumptuous court, decorated by the best modern painters. When they demand it, they have a guard of picked soldiers. They are dressed in red robes and ermine mantles. All of them try to appear grave, and the majority really are so. The advocates who plead before them form a body apart from the rest of the bar, and in jurisprudence the decrees rendered within those sacred walls have almost the weight of law, despite the fact that they are often contradictory. According to circumstances, the public opinion of the moment, or the ups and downs of politics, white becomes black and black changes to white on the same questions, and the name this court bears invests it with the necessary authority to quash its own decisions. This is the great task in which it is engaged at the present juncture. The matter deserves particular mention. The Criminal Chamber, which, like each of the two Civil Chambers, has a president and fifteen members, was recently entrusted, surreptitiously and against the opinion of the judicial advisers of the Minister of Justice, with the revision of the Dreyfus trial. It decided to conduct the inquiry with closed doors. At the same time ex-Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, who, together with a civilian, had already been brought before a civil

court to answer for the *misdeanour* of communicating secret documents to outsiders, was prosecuted before a court-martial for the *crime* of forgery and for divulging secrets concerning the national defences. It is needful to state, in order to make the subject clear, that French law does not allow a soldier who is accused jointly with a civilian to be tried by a military court. It is the civil courts that have jurisdiction in such cases: *cedant arma togæ*. Therefore, as regards the *misdeanour* of communicating secret papers, the proper and legal course was taken in prosecuting Colonel Picquart before a civil court, the one competent in misdemeanor cases. On the other hand, as he alone was accused of the crime of forgery and of having divulged professional secrets, he was only amenable to the military tribunals, and it was on this charge that he was arrested and sent before a court-martial. Moreover, the Court of Cassation had decided in this sense in another episode of the same affair.

If, in the above remarks, we have managed to throw a little light upon the preliminaries of the case, the reader will have no trouble in understanding what follows. M. Picquart is the object of a charge which touches himself alone. After the necessary previous inquiry, he is going to be tried by his peers. If he is innocent, this will be shown in the light of day. He is afraid to meet his trial, and applies to the Court of Cassation for a settlement of judges. This signifies that he raises the question of the possibility of a dispute between the civil tribunal and the court-martial. Now the conflict is non-existent, and this for two reasons: there is no possible connection between the proceedings in the civil court and those pending before the court-martial; the civil case is one of *misdeanour* in which a civilian (a barrister) is also involved,

whereas the military prosecution is for a *crime* committed by an officer alone. The civil case, in so far as it is one of misdemeanor, is purely a civil court case; the military case is one of a crime, or rather a series of crimes, to be answered for before the criminal jurisdiction, and—the culprit being alone—before the *military* criminal jurisdiction. If the charge could be invested with a civil character, it would have to be heard by the Assize Court. It is evident that there is no connection between the two cases, no clashing of jurisdictions, and consequently that there was no ground for applying for a choice of judges to be made, when these judges have to deal with two distinct prosecutions, one civil and the other military, one for a misdemeanor and the other for a crime. The president of the tribunal himself has said so, without being obliged; the same thing is affirmed by nine-tenths of the leading barristers, by the members of both Civil Chambers of the Court of Cassation, and even by the judges who form the minority in the Criminal Chamber. Yet the Criminal Chamber has declared Picquart's request to be well founded, and, without ascertaining whether there really are two tribunals in conflict, has decided that such is the case and that the two prosecutions are allied. A character in a comedy says: "*Cette molle est-elle à nous? Elle doit être à nous.*" In this strange affair, which is unbalancing weak minds and exciting even the calmest ones, we begin to see the germs of a fresh revolution—one that may have graver consequences than people imagine. Now that the Court of Cassation is caught in the maze of procedures, we wonder how it will get out without straining the law and outraging common sense. It cannot legally prolong the respite it has granted Picquart, in the exercise of its sovereign power, nor can it send

the culprit before any other jurisdiction than the competent one.

While Colonel Henry's suicide, after the confession of his forgeries, disturbed certain minds, the resignation of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire resounded like a thunder-clap. Here it is necessary to go into some detail, in order to make the matter clear. Since the middle of December rumors had circulated regarding several members of the Criminal Chamber. Three in particular were accused of concerting with the witness Picquart as to the evidence he should give, with a view of weakening the testimony of the generals. M. de Beaurepaire had heard one of the judges utter some suspicious words, and these were quoted in a number of newspapers. Certain acts were alleged. The Minister of Justice ordered an inquiry, the real object of which was to hide the gravity of these incidents, and it was after this investigation that M. de Beaurepaire, president of one of the three Chambers of the Court of Cassation, resigned his post. As one of the presiding justices of the High Court, he occupied the most elevated position in the French judicial world next to the First President and the Attorney-General. His salary was 25,000 francs per annum, and he has no private fortune. He passes for a man of great learning and talent. Now that he is free from official trammels he proclaims from the housetops the unworthiness of five or six of the judges belonging to the Criminal Chamber, and promises some startling disclosures about the Panama case, in which he played a prominent part. Thus we have anarchy in the administration of justice added to anarchy in the public mind, in Parliament, and in the Government from top to bottom.

In a debate on the investigation mentioned above, a Republican mem-

ber of the Chamber of Deputies went so far as to call the three legal luminaries who were conducting the Dreyfus inquiry a *trio of rascals*, and the Minister of Justice was called upon to institute a second and more searching investigation of the charges brought against the Criminal Chamber. This further examination was made by Chief Justice Mazeau and the two senior members of the Court of Cassation—three men who are respectable and respected. They came to the conclusion that M. de Beaurepaire's accusations were well founded. The inquiry opened by the Criminal Chamber as to whether there was ground for revising the Dreyfus trial had been vitiated from the very outset. The presiding judge, M. Loew, was, by his ties, his origin, and his family connections, unfitted for conducting the examination of witnesses impartially. To lay the case before the Chamber he had selected one of its minor members, M. Bard, who was known as having already made up his mind about it, and as having had certain confabulations with the witness Picquart. In the next place there was M. Manau, the Public Prosecutor, whose speech was a veritable pleading in the condemned man's favor. Both these speeches contained errors, misquotations and falsehoods. Moreover, numerous witnesses proved that their interrogatories had been conducted with the evident intention of preventing the truth from coming out. Thus a dilemma presented itself. It was necessary either to prosecute M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire for slander before the Assize Court, where he would have the right to produce his proofs, or to adopt the view of the committee of inquiry, which was that the task of deciding whether or not the Dreyfus trial shall be revised should be entrusted to the whole Court of Cassation, *all three Chambers united*.

Laid with great vigor before the Chamber of Deputies, the question assumed a political character, but of quite a different color from that which M. Brisson tried to give it. By a majority of one hundred and twenty-five the Chamber has coincided with the committee of inquiry and the Government. It has thus dispossessed the Criminal Chamber of the absolute right of judging alone. The clause voted is only the complement of a law already in existence, and therefore is not an exceptional measure passed to meet special circumstances.

This is how the matter stands at present. It is not done with yet, but if the head of the Cabinet, M. Dupuy, so wishes, it will soon be disposed of. He has made himself very popular by his vigorous action since he became convinced of the faults of the Criminal Chamber.

One thing has been brought into relief by these unhappy discussions, and especially by the publication of the documents touching the investigations—namely, the state of abasement into which judicial morals in France have fallen. This result was plainly foreseen in 1883, when Government and Parliament resolved to do away with the irremovable character of the judge's position, in order to make room on the bench for men of little capacity and mediocre morality.

We have shown that the judicial staff is a very numerous one, even if we leave out the three thousand justices of the peace and a still larger body of deputy-justices. Counting the subaltern employees, it forms a veritable army corps that holds the country at its discretion. It even numbers, in its secondary ranks, officers who can at their pleasure imprison people and bring them by dark and devious ways to ruin and dishonor.

A *juge d'instruction* belonging to the Tribunal of the Seine, a good, learned,

and circumspect man, was once questioned by the Emperor Napoleon the Third about his duties. With a good humor not wholly free from irony, the judge replied: "Sire, I am more powerful than your Majesty." "How so?" "You cannot, directly and of your own will, throw a man into prison; I can do that." The magistrate then explained how, on the slightest pretext, or acting upon the most trivial denunciation, an inquiring judge, once put in charge of a case by the Public Prosecutor, could have an innocent person—an entire stranger to the affair—arrested and kept in solitary confinement, if he thought the person had been concerned in it. A personal enemy could be locked up, which of course would be a disgraceful proceeding, or simply a suspected man, which would be the result of excessive zeal. The Emperor's face assumed an anxious expression, and certainly, if war had not broken out soon afterwards, he would have asked his Minister of Justice, M. Emile Ollivier, to place a limit to these extravagant powers and make some special rules as to the choice of the magistrates entrusted with such dangerous though honorable duties.

No change has yet been made in this respect, except that now the examination must be made in the presence of the accused's counsel. Do not suppose, however, that this safeguard, copied from English legislation, has come into favor in France. True, we are not likely to see a repetition of the case of the woman, accused of infanticide, who was brought, by a too skilful examination, to confess a crime she had not committed, as was proved by her giving birth a few days later to the child she had been charged with destroying; but the Panama case, the history of which is related with so much vivacity and humor by M. Henri Maret, Deputy, in his book entitled

"La Justice," and the more recent affair of the placing in solitary confinement of Major Esterhazy, are not of such a nature as to denote a great step forward in judicial methods. A deputy belonging to the Right, M. de Ramel, has recently drawn attention to the matter by bringing in a bill which, if passed, will make the liberty of the individual more of a reality, and render men's homes more secure from invasion than they are now.

There is room for several other improvements in the system of dispensing justice in France. Complaint is made that legal proceedings are too slow and too costly. It is written in our laws that justice is rendered without expense to the litigants, but this is utterly false. On the contrary, it is very expensive. If we seek the reason of this, we find that the State makes it a source of revenue in various ways—stamps, registration fees, etc. The sinuosities of legal procedure are peopled with officials who stop you on your way and make you pay dearly for the honor of their signatures. At every step in the formalities, civil or criminal, there is a tax to pay. You have no right to receive payment from a debtor for what he owes you until you have settled, for him and in his stead, the costs in which he has been mulcted. The treasury is obliged to get back somehow or other the money it pays out in judges' salaries! There are over three thousand senior officers and more than ten thousand subalterns, corporals and privates, in this army of functionaries who look to the State for their pay. The Court of Cassation does not cost less than 1,147,000 francs per annum, plus 32,300 francs of petty expenses. This is the price at which it renders its decrees, or its *services*, when required. The courts of appeal cannot live on less than 6,515,033 francs a year. The tribunals of first instance

need more—11,534,000 francs; or, if we add the salary of the judge of Andorra and certain expenses of the tribunals of commerce and the police courts, 97,700 francs more. As to the justices of the peace, they are very valuable, but costly, their price being 8,413,000 francs for France, and 697,650 francs for Algeria. The criminal courts are satisfied with 5,850,000 francs for the two countries. We say nothing about the cost of maintenance of the court buildings.

Justice is administered in France and Algeria at a total expense of not less than 25,000,000 francs per annum. If we did not know what a large number of judges are paid out of this sum, we might suppose it to be a most profitable career. This is not the fact. French judges are badly off when they have not a private fortune. Their salaries are worse than mediocre. In this connection there recurs to our mind a remark which was made by one of our friends in England. It was in the time of the Empire, but the salaries have not been increased very much since then, save in a few cases. Said our friend: "You want to be served like princes, and you pay your employees like lackeys." We will not say that France treats her judges like lackeys, but assuredly she does not pay them as they ought to be paid. A judge is a man above almost all others. He must be of unimpeachable integrity, learned, even erudite, in the law, conscientious to an extreme, well-bred, impartial, endowed with perspicacity, good sense, and uprightness, unshakably loyal to the truth, inaccessible to popularity, and beyond the reach of Governmental influences. Such a man ought not to be subjected to the anxieties of making both ends meet, nor left in uncertainty as to what the future may have in store for him and his family. By an Act passed in 1814, judges were made irremov-

able, and were, if not well paid, at all events, sure of holding their posts. There was also the dignity of the position, as in those days it was not easy for the first comer to get elevated to the bench. Every man chosen did not fulfil the ideal we have sketched, but for a very long time the judicial body retained a high character. The upheavals that came later on shook the institution no doubt, but the revolutionists were careful not to throw it down. More recently it received a deadly blow. Things were done which gave rise to the fear that Justice would have to veil her face. This apprehension was temporary, but it sprang up again the day when a blind Ministry and Parliament, in order to facilitate the task of governing, did away with the permanent character of the judge's position. This step diminished his moral weight, and from that moment he found himself beginning to be looked upon by the nation with distrust, and felt that he was descending in the public's esteem. It seemed to many people that the new magistracy was going to serve political interests and sacrifice honor to Governmental influences, but, although the

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judges no longer had the renown of former days, the new ones zealously strove to imitate the virtues of the old.

This is not enough. The great reform which will come to pass some day is not, perhaps, compatible with universal suffrage as it exists at present; but it is to be hoped that in the future our judges will be placed so far beyond the reach of improper influences that they cannot fall. Instead of the ill-paid thousands we have now, a few hundred would suffice. The idea of having single judges in the courts is gaining ground. It is seen to be a means of eliminating a number of mediocrities, of letting in only men of great talent, and of making the judge strong enough and independent enough to soar above the level of the agitated community and hold the balance evenly between small and great, weak and strong, iniquity and right. Liberal salaries could be paid—not, however, such splendid ones as those received by the judges of the United Kingdom—and yet a substantial saving be effected by the State, while the cause of justice would be infinitely better served.

A'phonse de Calonne.

TO HIS HEART, BIDDING IT HAVE NO FEAR.

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
"He who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways:
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood,
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the lonely, proud, winged multitude."

W. B. Yeats.

BURROWING BIRDS.

The "walking fish" now to be seen in the tortoise-house at the "Zoo" are the most recent instance shown in London of a striking anomaly in Nature. But it may be doubted whether the preference of these odd little fish for walking with their fins rather than for swimming is stranger than the habit which some birds have acquired of burrowing in the earth instead of building nests on which they can alight from the free regions of the air. If wingless birds, unable to place their nest, or gain security for their sitting mate and her brood, on trees or precipices, took to burrowing in the earth, they would be considered to be making an intelligent effort at self-preservation. But the burrowing birds are mainly species remarkable for their power of flight, and could choose any site they preferred to nest on. Even the puffins can fly away to the Mediterranean every year, and the kingfisher and sheldrake are both remarkable, the one for the velocity, the other for the sustained power, of its travel through the air. Sand-martins, the smallest of our swallows, and the stormy petrels, the tiniest of web-footed birds, both choose to toil at mining the earth for a nesting place, though both belong to families famous for flight both over land and sea, and neither has the slightest special equipment for such arduous labor. Other petrels, true ocean birds, and independent, except at nesting time, of any element but air and sea, burrow in the earth by choice when the single egg is to be laid. It is not even a successful device. The capped petrel, now believed to be extinct, was killed off in its only breeding places, the islands of Guadeloupe and Dominica, largely because it did burrow, and so was easily caught both by men and small carnivorous animals.

Yet the zeal with which such tiny birds as the petrels or sand-martins work at their tunnels, shows that they believe them to be a necessity for success in life. Early last spring a freshly arrived party of sand-martins reached the mouth of the river Otter, in Devonshire, almost at the beginning of April, and at once selected a bank, just over the stream, for an experiment in burrowing. The little birds were almost as tame as bees; possibly they were all young birds of the past year, and in the solitudes of Libya had not yet learnt any fear of man between the days of their leaving and returning to the banks of the Otter. They clustered and fluttered like brown moths against the red earth, and competed for "claims" with gentle rivalry. Though they could hardly have recovered from the fatigue of their flight from Africa, their first thought was to select a site for this abnormal and unnecessary labor of excavation.

The stormy petrels nest just above the Atlantic surge on the islets near Iona, and the Hebrides. There above the rock on certain islands is a black, buttery soil, in which they burrow like little winged mice, and on a nest of sea-pink lay one white egg. As this desertion of the regions of light and air by birds is something outside the natural course of their lives, it leads to various odd and unexpected social complications and domestic problems. Among the latter is a serious one, the difficulty of keeping the underground house clean or moderately cool. It is usually very hot. Sand-martins, for instance, do not attempt to ventilate their burrows as rabbits and rats do, neither do kingfishers nor the stormy petrels when they make their own burrows, and do not creep into chinks between piles of

stones or rocks. Evidence of the high temperature of this "hot chamber" where the young petrels are hatched is seen in a very pretty popular belief in the Outer Hebrides. The people say that they hatch their eggs, not by sitting on them, but by sitting *near* them, at a distance of six inches, between them and the opening of the burrow. Then the petrels turn their heads towards the eggs, and "coo" at them day and night, and so "hatch them with their song." This, which sounds like a fable of the East Atlantic islands, has really a basis in fact. Mr. Davenport Graham says that the account is "very correct; though I never heard the cooling noise by day, I often did in the evening. It is rather a purring noise. When its nest is opened up, the bird is usually found cowering a few inches away from its egg." This hot and stuffy atmosphere may aid the hatching of the eggs; but there is no doubt that it brings into being other and very undesirable forms of life. The nests and burrows of sand-martins are full of most unpleasant insects, and those of the king-fisher are nearly as bad. The sheldrake and puffins, which take possession of old rabbit-holes, live far better in their burrowed quarters. The latter sometimes excavate burrows for themselves, sometimes nest in hollows of the rocks, and sometimes in rabbit-holes. The former we incline to think always use the burrow of some other creature, usually that of a rabbit in a sand-hill. Sand-hill rabbits are the healthiest of their race, and the young "burrow-ducks" which succeed them have a dry, comfortable, and well-ventilated house in which to make their start in life. It is generally believed that the bird takes the young away as soon as they are hatched. If so, she follows the example of most other ducks, whose ducklings "run" as soon as their down has dried. But a visitor to the Sandringham estate, before it

was purchased for the Prince of Wales, informed the late Mr. H. Stevenson that the keeper had shown him a burrow from which an entire brood of young sheldrakes would come out to be fed when he whistled, and disappear into the hole again after their meal.

Other evidence of the acquired nature of the burrowing habit among birds is seen in the case of some birds which show "occasional conformity," but are not always troglodytes at nesting time. Stock-doves usually nest in rabbit-holes, or in holes in trees, or crevices of rock. But they will also lay their eggs in a simple hollow, in ivy, or on a wall. Even the sand-martins, which seem to take a real pleasure in their mining work, do not invariably nest in this way. On one of the chalk precipices of the Isle of Wight are a number of sand-martins' nests, built like those of the swallow, of little pellets of white, chalky earth, against the precipice. The writer has often watched these nests carefully, and can speak with certainty as to their species. They are sand-martins, and not house-martins, though a few of the latter also nest against the cliffs. This suggests the conclusion that the sand-martins *really* know how to build mud nests, and have not lost that knowledge, though probably there are very few places in this country where they make use of their ancient accomplishment. In the same way, most nuthatches excavate burrows in decaying trees; but there is a Syrian nuthatch which makes a mud nest, like a swallow, against a wall under a crevice, and adds a small tunnel of mud as a vestibule. As our nuthatches occasionally plaster up part of the entrance to their holes, the inference is that these too took to burrowing (in wood) later, and that somewhere in the back of their brains remains the knowledge of how to make a nest of masonry.

If the bad construction of the bur-

rows is due, as we surmise, to the modern diversion of birds' industry to this form of nest-making, the reluctance which many species show to doing the mining for themselves is additional evidence that the taste is of recent origin. No birds, except perhaps woodpeckers, wrynecks, and nuthatches, who burrow in wood, seem to take kindly to the business. Most ground-burrowing birds, if they possibly can, shirk the labor of making a burrow, and try to use, or to share, that of some more skillful miner. The result is a most nondescript system of "chummage," to use the language of the old debtors' prisons, in which the birds, strange to say, are always the intruders, and the beasts the householders on whom they billet themselves. The prairie owls are the best known of these uninvited guests; but though their case is probably the most interesting, it is by no means without parallel. These little owls are not incapable of digging a hole for themselves by any means. On the contrary, they are expert miners, scratching out the sand with their feet at a great rate. But where they can avoid it they never do this, preferring to live in the cave of indolence. On the pampas of Argentina this is always provided by the vizcacha. For some reason the vizcacha, though it had crossed the broad waters of the Parana, had not at the time of Darwin's visit succeeded in crossing the Uruguay River. North of this there were no vizcachas, but plenty of burrowing owls, which in the absence of the vizcachas formed burrows for themselves.

Vizcachas, being humble-minded and

The Spectator.

sociable creatures, are probably good neighbors. But on the other side of the Atlantic we find some of the meekest of little birds "chumming" themselves occasionally on the otters. In the islet of Soay, near Iona, were tunnelled dwellings inhabited by otters, sheldrakes, and stormy petrels. The outer and main galleries were those of the otters and the sheldrakes, while the petrels lived in little side burrows, not much larger than mouse-holes, leading from the larger tunnels. The otters' burrows were really well made, having a drainage system for carrying off water, circular and oval chambers for the otters to sleep in, and a rubbish-hole near the entrance, but on one side of the main burrow, as a dustbin for fish-bones and refuse. Sheldrakes, when they were common in Norfolk, seem to have been as importunate beggars of shelter in the rabbit-holes as the burrowing owls are in the vizcacha-burrows. Sir Thomas Browne called them "Bar-gunders" (burrow-gunders), "a noble-colored fowl which herd in coney-burrows about Norrold and other places." At Winterton they were very numerous, but "being supposed to disturb the rabbits," as many were killed as possible. Rabbits and sheldrakes seem anciently to have lived in the heaths and warrens of Norfolk in just the same partnership that vizcachas and burrowing owls do on the pampas. Though the sheldrakes are sea-duck, they came some distance inland, tempted by this offer of free lodgings for the spring, if Sir Thomas Browne's note is correct.

THE WESTERN PIONEER.

I can hear the willows whispering, 'way down the Arctic
slope,
Every shivering little leaflet gray with fear;
There's no color in the heavens, and on earth there seems no
hope,
And the shadow of the winter's on the year.

An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when the russet gold
is shed,
An' the naked world stands waiting for the Doom;
With the northern witch-fires dancing in the silence overhead,
An' my camp-fire just an island in the gloom.

When the very bears are hiding from the Terror that's to
come,
An' the unseen wings above me whistle south;
When except the groaning pine-trees and the willows, Nature's
dumb,
And the river roadway freezes to its mouth.

But I cannot strike the home trail. I would not if I could,
An' I want no other's smoke across my sky;
When I drop, I'll drop alone, as alone I've allus stood.
On the frontier where I've led, let me lie.

I wouldn't know men's language, I couldn't think their
thought,
I couldn't bear the hurry of mankind;
Where every acre's built on, where all God made is bought,
And they'd almost make a hireling of the wind.

I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass high,
Since my father's prairie schooner left the Known
For a port beyond the sky line, never seen by human eye,
Where God, and God's creation dwell alone.

'Way back I heard men callin'; one woman's voice was fond,
An' the rich lands towards harvest murmured "Rest."
But a sweeter voice kept callin' from the Unexplored Beyond,
A wild voice in the mountains callin' "West."

I heard it in the foothills—then I climbed the Great Divide;
In the canyon—then I faced the rapids' roar;
In the little breeze at dawning, in the dusk at eventide,
The voice that kept a-callin' went before.

The True Significance of "A. K. H. B."

My crooked hands are empty, my six-foot frame is bent,
 There ain't nothing but my trall to leave behind,
 An' the voice that I have followed has not told me what it
 meant,
 An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly blind.

But I hear it callin' still, as I lay me down to rest,
 An' I dream the Voice I love has never lied,
 That I hear a people comin', the Great People of the West,
 An' maybe 'twas His Voice callin' me to guide.

The Spectator.

Oliver Philipps-Wolley.

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF "A. K. H. B."

It is evident that the tragic misadventure which last week ended in the sudden death of the best known and least "typical" of Scottish ministers has created a profounder impression than the death itself. "That event," to use A. K. H. B.'s characteristic euphemism, had been expected at least twice within the past few years. The first of his two very serious illnesses was lacking in no element of pathos. It all but robbed him of life; it did rob him of his first wife, his assiduous and self-sacrificing nurse. Either of the two deaths that were, apparently with good reason, anticipated, would have seemed an appropriate and not ungraceful end to such a career as Dr. Boyd's. But there is something violent as well as painful, inartistic as well as unexpected, in this dying of one of the crudest of poisons, in this stretching out the hand to find the means of prolonging sleep, and finding only the means of shortening life. It suggests some wanton outrage, like the shattering by a schoolboy's stone of the little bit of Sèvres which, come from no one knows where, is to be found among the precious treasures that lie hid in the "ben" of the weaver of "Thrums." Yet the tragedy has given to the melancholy solemnities of this week in St. Andrews

precisely that flavor of profundity in sympathy, which, unmarked by anything of the nature of demonstrativeness, distinguishes a public funeral in Scotland from a funeral anywhere else. For even north of the Tweed—or, perhaps, more there than anywhere else—the suspicion was entertained that the too often bitingly effective *raconteur* had at the best but half a heart, that the Country Parson, even although he might not be positively insincere, never quite got rid of artificiality even when he was penning his "graver thoughts," that he was absolutely without the fundamentally Scottish and ever-present earnestness of *sunt lacrimæ rerum*. But the disaster, swift and sudden, in the Bournemouth lodging has altered all that. It has been "poor Boyd" all this week, and the future reader of "Recreations" and "Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews" will, when he is a little wearied if not irritated by minute dissertations "concerning Smith's drag," or by details of the constituents of the lunch the author gave to this or that "dear man" who visited him, bethink him once more of "poor Boyd," and relapse into that gentle pensiveness which is divided by the thinnest of partitions from fraternal sympathy.

The peculiar and almost provoking

fascination which A. K. H. B. has for more than a generation exercised over the minds not only of the tens of thousands who in all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world—as he records with complacent gratitude in his diary—have bought his volumes of miniature sermons, but over critics who have found him "a bundle of affectations" and "woefully lacking in spirituality," is due to the unique and isolated position he holds at once among English essayists and among Scottish ministers. As a minor moralist and diarist, he has been compared at once to Tupper and to Pepys. One can easily recall certain "points of contact" which suggest both writers. But the one comparison is distinctly unjust to A. K. H. B.; the other is unjust both to him and to Pepys. It is true that he prattles commonplaces, more especially in those earlier volumes which brought him his vogue, with a facility which recalls the "Proverbial Philosophy." But these commonplaces, whether of actual experience or of religious and moral deduction from experience, have the indubitable air of reality—though it may be of eminently petty reality. Tupper, on the other hand, is so very exasperating because his generalities seem to have no connection with actual life. It is as clear that they might have been written at any time as that they are not written for all time. A. K. H. B. notes, too, the little incidents of everyday existence, and especially the intrusions of external nature and its eternal processes upon man's purposes, almost as carefully as does Pepys in the midst of his scandals and his sorrows, or even as does Laud himself in the thick of his pedantic follies, his insane cruelties, his fatuous preparations for martyrdom. Reading "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews," and the less satisfactory volumes which followed it, one can almost say in advance at which page it will be recorded that the first

easterly "haar" has settled on the links, and when the first rosebud of the season will be seen by the author as he saunters down to write letters and glance at the newspapers in the Royal and Ancient Club-house. But he has none of Pepys' appalling capacity for personal revelation, for "that indecent exposure of self-consciousness" which is his weakness as a man and his strength as a literary classic. A. K. H. B. may even be garrulous in his egotism. There is occasionally a suspicion of dubious taste in his thinking aloud about himself, about his Scottish contemporaries like Caird and Tulloch, Shairp and Macleod, about "dear" and "good" men from England like Stanley and Froude, Helps and Bishop Thorold. He is deficient in that dignity of official position which never deserts Dr. Jessopp, to whom, indeed, as a Country Parson, he can no more be compared than an average rural naturalist whose papers appear in the "Transactions" of a provincial Society can be mentioned in the same breath with White of Selborne. Yet A. K. H. B. knew when to draw in, or rather when to button up his egotism. He is never to be seen in *déshabille*, seldom even in mufti. He may be the Country Parson, making calls upon his parishioners, and showing that there is a community of interest between himself and them, yet he never forgets or allows them to forget the relationship between them. Still, the number of folk who do not wish to be troubled about the deeper things of the spirit and at the same time like to see an interest taken in the smaller emotions of conventional life, is enormous. This public A. K. H. B. made his own, at least for a time. He attained this position, too, without resorting to any of the tricks of the literary trade. In one of his essentially autobiographical letters to a critic he tells how he made up his mind while a very young man

that if he ever became a preacher he should aim above all things at being "interesting." He succeeded, and he carried the same theory into the practice of essay-writing. He may be superficial and conventional; but he *is* interesting. He is a master of the short sentence, a believer in the doctrine that good writing ought to be good—and cultured—talk. His "philosophy" is no more oppressive than his diction. He can, when he chooses, be gently sarcastic; he is invariably cheerful. He is as hopeful as Emerson, and can be understood of the common Phillistine, which Emerson cannot. Thus, A. K. H. B. had in his lifetime no rival near his throne. Nor will he have a successor.

A. K. H. B. holds an equally isolated position among Scottish preachers. He was not a great ecclesiastical force or party leader. He had a certain sympathy with the Latitudinarian movement in the Scottish Church, of which his friend Principal Tulloch was the leader. He had—in virtue of his fastidiously artistic nature he could not help having—even keener sympathies with the agitation for æstheticising Church worship and services, which was begun by the late Dr. Robert Lee, of Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, which has filled Scotland with organs, and which seems destined to flood it with prayer-books. But he never pretended to be—and could not have been even if he had pretended—the spokesman of a High Church or of a Broad Church party. For such a task he had neither the adequate amount of enthusiasm nor the adequate skill in organization. He cherished and never disguised his liking for the ways and the methods of the Anglican Church. Whenever he had a chance, he dated a letter on Good Friday or Easter Monday, on Shrove Tuesday or Ash Wednesday. He was the intimate friend of more than one well-known prelate. It

has been often said that he would have been in his element as a bishop. This is probably a great mistake. He would unquestionably have looked the part to perfection. Yet his lack of organizing faculty and perhaps, also, of the art of managing men, would have made him absolutely useless as a prelate, at least during such a period as the present. He would have been impotent—and a source of impotence to his ecclesiastical inferiors—in presence of such a crisis as that which threatens to destroy the Church of England, or to save it only by means of disestablishment. The truth is that if Dr. Boyd was anything more than himself—the sufficiently notable and interesting A. K. H. B.—he was a survival, with nineteenth-century variations, from eighteenth-century Moderatism—the Moderatism of Robertson and Blair, of "Jupiter" Carlyle and Burns' friends the Ayrshire "Auld Lights," the Moderatism which was submerged by the perfervid Evangelicalism which in 1843 established the Free Church of Scotland. It is true, as has been already said, that he was a Moderate with modern variations. He made his sermons "interesting," and to that extent there was no affinity between them and what the late Principal Caird, although no friend of Evangelicalism, styled, when speaking of the pulpit efforts of Dr. Hugh Blair, "the frigid cento of prudential maxims, correct platitudes, colorless panegyrics of virtue and lukewarm exhortations to what was termed 'rational and sober piety.'" But Dr. Boyd, like the divines from whom anything in the shape of apostolic succession can alone be traced in his case, kept his sermons free not only from unctuous pietism, but from spiritual fervor and the enthusiasms of simple and orthodox faith. Like many, too, of the better Moderate ministers—like the best of them all, Dr. Davidson, in "Ian Maclaren's" annals of Drum-

tochty—he was a singularly faithful and vigilant parish minister, greatly esteemed by the members of his congregation for his assiduity in keeping in touch with them and their lives through informal visitations. A. K. H. B. will, as a personage in the Church and in

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literature that had the courage of his egotism and his foibles, not be soon forgotten in Scotland or even in England. The memory of Dr. Boyd will long remain green in the parish of St. Andrews, where his best and least-known work was accomplished.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.*

The fourth volume of the Verney Memoirs, written with such singular grace, patience, and historic sense by the present Lady Verney, extends from the Restoration to the very eve of the eighteenth century. Less occupied with tragic affairs of State than some of its predecessors, it is no whit behind-hand in all the qualities of domestic and sentimental interest. To say of a history that it is as interesting as a novel, is perhaps scant praise; but the truth is, that this intimate chronicle, drawn from the yellowing papers in a real archive room, of life once actually lived, reminds us of nothing so vividly as of the deliberate photographic presentation of a society removed from Sir Ralph Verney's by the space of a hundred years, which Jane Austen has left us in the pages of a half-a-dozen masterpieces. So close comes genius to nature, for the precise effect which in Jane Austen is due to art springs in the "Verney Memoirs" precisely from their artlessness, from the innocence, the complete absence of *arrière-pensée*, of the every-day letters and account books that furnish their material.

As in the Commonwealth, so at the Restoration, the centre of things at Steeple Claydon is Sir Ralph Verney, the old Parliament man, the son of the standard bearer who fell for Charles.

Puritan by instinct and training, there must have been much in the new order of things which did not please Sir Ralph; but the reaction of manners and morals under Charles II. had but little effect on the country districts, and the revels and wantonings of Whitehall reach Steeple Claydon merely as echoes and distant gossip. Sir Ralph's numerous London correspondents regale him occasionally with some anecdote of the times. Dr. Denton describes how

neighbour Digby did uppon a wager of £50 undertake to walk (not to run a step) 5 miles on Newmarket course in an houre, but he lost it by half a minute, but he had ye honor of good company, ye Kinge & all his nobles to attend & see him doe it stark naked (save for a loincloth) & barefoot;

and how

the Queen, for a joke, in a disguise rid behind one to Newport (I thinke Faire) neare Audley Inne to buy a paire of stockins for her sweet-hart; ye Dutchesse of Monmouth, Sr Bernard Gascoigne & others were her comrads.

More serious matter is sometimes the burden of these letters. Lady Hobart writes from her house in Chancery-lane, with the Great Fire of London blazing at Baynard's Castle within a few hundred yards of her:

* The Verney Memoirs. Vol. IV. Compiled by Margaret M. Verney. (Longmans.)

Thar was never so sad a sight nor so dolefull a cry hard, my hart is not abell to express the tenth nay the thousenth part of it, thar is all the carts within ten miles round, & cars & drays run about night & dy, & thousens of men & women carrying burdens.

Sir Ralph is getting an old man, and the claims of his somewhat troublesome family take up much of his time; but he sits once more in Parliament, and gets black looks from My Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys for opposing him in Bucks politics, and in the end lives to see a second Revolution, and to join with the other county squires in welcoming in Dutch William. To the last of his days the resolute, self-confident, dictatorial, but, on the whole, kindly hearted man is master of his family and of his surroundings generally. Naturally, however, the sentimental interest slips away to another generation, and especially to the household of his eldest son, Edmund or "Mun" Verney, of whose philanderings with Mary Eure a former volume has told. Edmund Verney is not such a man as his father: an indolent, good-natured fellow, and but little a man of the world, for all his French polish, he grows fat and gouty for want of employment, while his estate dwindles and becomes burdened with debt through his shiftlessness and ill-management. There is a sadder tragedy than this in his life. He marries Mary Abell, heiress of the White House at East Claydon, whose lands march with his father's. Soon after her marriage the poor lady becomes moody and hysterical. "Zelotypla," writes Dr. Denton, "is gott into her pericranium, & I doe not know what will gett it out." She quarrels with those about her, becomes slovenly in her manners and indecorous in her speech. "She gos out with her mayd to Linesondend Chapell. They goo so lick tramps, so durty 'tis a sham to

see them." She thinks herself bewitched, and accuses Lady Hobart of having an evil eye. "Ephsome waters," then coming into fashion, are prescribed, and presently she is better, and is working "a dimity bed in gren cruells." There are three children, and then the cloud comes upon Mary Verney and her house again. She lives many years, outlives her husband and all her children, and dies at last, as the parish books recall, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. "She was the Relict of Edmund Verny, Esq. . . . who for several years, xxx, was very Melancholy, during her husband's life . . . & continued soe 27 years after his decease, Lady of this Manor; and notwithstanding her lunacy shee was a Woman of Extraordinary Goodness, Piety & Devotion."

An interesting chapter is made up of the letters between Edmund Verney and his younger son, also an Edmund, during the lad's days as a fellow-commoner at Trinity College, Oxford. He starts off gaily with his "new sylver-hilted sword, his new striped Morning gown," and his "6 new laced Bands, whereof one is of Point de Lorraine." But, as is not unknown among modern under-graduates, he soon finds that his costume is not quite in the latest mode.

Most Honoured Father,—I want a Hatt, and a payre of Fringed Gloves very much, and I Desire you to send them me if you can possibly before Sunday next, for as I Come from Church everybody gazeth upon me and asketh who I am. This I was Told by a friend of Myne, who was asked by Two or Three who I was.

He gets his hat, and doubtless his fringed gloves, and a silver seal engraved with his arms into the bargain. Presently he bespeaks a new table and cane chairs, and the father, as fathers will, turns restive.

I Do not understand why you should Bee at that unnecessary Charge, as long as you Have that wh. wil serve yr turne, neither Do I like the Vanity. You do not tell me whether you are matriculated yet or noe, and I am impatient till I know Thats done. You say you want money, whc. I will supply you with very shortly, but not to Lay out in Vaine moveables, and so God blesse you.

The undergraduate's elder brother dies, and he becomes the heir, and pious letters, formal of phraseology, but breathing of tenderness beneath, pass between father and son. Presently the lad distinguishes himself in his studies and is to speak verses in the theatre; but there is a fear lest the small-pox, which is in the college, may prevent him. The father writes:

Child,—I pray when you speak in the Theatre doe not speak like a mouse in a chees for that will be a great shame instead of an honour, but speak out your words boldly and distinctly and with a grave confidence, and be sure to articulate your words out of yr mouth Soe that every body may heare them playnly.

The next letter contains even more amusing and equally sound advice:

Child,—I heard that the players are gon down to Oxford, but I am unwilling that you should go to see them act, for fear on your coming out of the hot play house into the cold ayer, you should catch harm, for as I did once coming out of the Theatre at a publick Act when it was very full and staming hot, and walkin a Broad in the cold, and gave me sutch a cold that it had Lik't to a cost me my Life. Your best way in Sutch a cold is to go hom to your own Chamber directly from the play house, and drink a glass of Sack, therefour Be sure you send your Servant At your hand for a bottle of the Best

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Canary and Keep it in your chamber for that purpose. Be sure you drinck no Kooleing tankord nor no Cooling drinks what so ever . . . harkon Thou unto the voyce & Advise of mee thy ffather, Loving Thee better than him selfe.

Edmund Verney.

After all, the verses do not get spoken, for Bishop Fell—the hero of the famous lines

I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell, &c.—

dies, and Act, or Commemoration, as it is now called, is put off. In the autumn the scholar gets into trouble. His tutor writes that he comes not to afternoon lecture, and will give no reasons. Still worse, he “lay out of the College on Wednesday night last.” In fact, it is clear that the authorities were reluctantly going to send him down, when the small-pox breaks out again, the whole college is dismissed, and Mr. Verney's particular matter blows over. He goes up again with his father's advice to avoid “Damed Company,” gets his accounts into disorder, strains his arm wrestling, buys “a Cravat Ribbon of any modest color,” wants to learn “Chymistry” (which his father confuses with alchemy), does learn to fence and exercise the pike and musket, and forgets to send home the desired news of Magdalen College, then, in the days of James the Second's persecution, the cynosure of every political eye. The happy, careless life, so little different in essentials from the undergraduate life of our own day, comes to a sad and sudden end. The elder Edmund dies suddenly in his sleep. His estate is in disorder, and the tale of his debts draws words of unusual bitterness from the austere and mortified Sir Ralph:

I finde yr Brother died very much in debt [Sir Ralph writes again to John], but as yet I cannot say how

much, therefore in my opinion it will be the best way to bury him privately in the night-time, without Escutcheons, or inviting of Neighbours to attend with their Coaches, which is very troublesome & signifies nothing.

The younger Edmund comes home to take up the burden of his inheritance, but in less than two years he, too, is dead of a fever caught in town. And so old Sir Ralph has outlived two generations of those who should have been his heirs when the day comes for him who so long has been the mainstay and prop of his family and his country to receive his own quietus. He has left

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orders for a very private burial, but they hang with black "the entry from the Hall door to the Spicery door, and the best Court Porch, likewise the Brick Parlor from top to bottom," and "the rooms looked very handsomely, though the Heavens wept with all his relations at the funeral."

So ends one of the books fullest of humanity and entertainment with which we are acquainted. We trust that the good old Verney habit of keeping private letters did not end with the seventeenth century, and that Lady Verney will some day trace for us the fortunes of this typical English family through yet another age.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Lo! the spirit has fled, and only the casket is left
In its emptiness here!
Of voices and feet, of laughter and sorrow bereft,
There remains to us—fear!

In the glory of noon, if open the shutters you throw,
Flooding chambers to gold,
The silence will breathe of a past that we never may know:
'Tis a tale that is told!

Much more when the moon is hallowing woodland and hill
Shall we start at each sound:
At the whirr of a moth, at a mouse, our heart will stand still
In the silence profound.

In a mirror's pale gleam we shrink from an awe-stricken
face,
And we strain sharpened ears;
But 'tis haunted alone by the ghosts of Days dead, is this
place,
With their laughter and tears.

The Speaker.

F. B. Donovan.

